

I HAVE AMERICA SURROUNDED

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The Life of Timothy Leary

John Higgs



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For Joanne, with love

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"In religion the future is behind us."

-KAKUZO OKAKURA, The Book of Tea

Foreword

by Winona Ryder

HREE MONTHS AFTER I was born, my dad, who was Tim's archivist, went to see him in Switzerland, where Tim was living in exile after escaping prison and being called "the most dangerous man in the world" by Nixon, who was furiously trying to hunt him down.

My dad and Tim took acid and went skiing, and my dad pulled out a picture of methe first one ever taken (I was a day old)-and showed it to Tim and asked if he would be my godfather. Tim said: "Sure."

We didn't meet until seven years later, after Tim was released from prison and came to visit us on our commune in Mendocino County. We were walking along a dusty road on a remote mountain ridge. It was sunset and we were holding hands. I looked up at him and said: "They say you're a mad scientist."

Tim smiled and said: "I know." I think he liked the sound of that.

Around the time I became a teenager I wanted to be a writer. This, of course, thrilled Tim and we constantly talked about books. My favorite literary character was Holden Caulfield; his was Huck Finn. We talked about the similarities between the two characters-especially their feelings of alienation from polite society. I wanted to catch all the kids falling off the cliff and Tim wanted to light out for the territory. It was a time when I was in my first throes of adolescence and experiencing that kind of alienation. And talking to Tim was the light at the end of the tunnel.

He really understood my generation. He called us "free agents in the Age of Information."

What I learned from Tim didn't have anything to do with drugs, but it had everything to do with getting high. His die-hard fascination with the human brain was not all about altering it, but about using it to its fullest. And he showed us that that process-that journey-was our most important one. However we did it, as long as we did it. "You are the owner and operator of your brain," he reminded us.

Tim was a huge influence on me-not just with his revolutionary ideas about human potential, but as someone who read me stories, encouraged me, took me to baseball games-you know, godfather stuff. He was the first person outside my family-who you never tend to believe while growing up-to make me believe I could do anything. He had an incredible way of making you feel special and completely supported.

F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a letter to his daughter in which he said that he hoped his life had achieved some sort of "epic grandeur." Tim's life wasn't some sort of epic grandeur. It was flat out epic grandeur.

It's easy sometimes to get lost in all the drug stuff that Tim's famous for-all the "Turn on, tune in, and drop out" stuff, especially in a society that loves a sound bite. But it wasn't Tim's only legacy. It was his vitality, enthusiasm, curiosity, humor and humanity that made Tim great-and those are the real ingredients of a mad scientist.

Delivered at Timothy Leary's memorial service, June 9, 1996, Santa Monica CA

I HAVE AMERICA SURROUNDED

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I'll Free You, My Love

THE SIGNAL THAT the jailbreak could go ahead was a telegram. It arrived on the afternoon of Friday, September 11, 1970, while Dr. Timothy Leary was exercising in the prison yard. He was called into the control office and handed a slip of yellow paper, which read:

BELOVED

OPERATION TOMORROW DOCTORS FEEL BEST NOT TO WAIT TOTALLY OPTIMISTIC ABOUT SUCCESS AND NEW LIFE DON'T WORRY ILL BE BRAVE WON'T BE DOWN TO VISIT SUNDAY BUT WE'LL BE TOGETHER SOON I AWAIT YOU I LOVE YOU CONTACT ME AT THREE TREE RECOVERY CENTER.

YOUR MATE

The sergeant who had handed him the telegram had done so with a look of sympathy. The message was from Tim's wife Rosemary, and inmates always reacted badly to canceled visits. Tim nodded and kept his face blank.

The telegram confirmed that arrangements for the necessary cars, drivers, safe houses and fake identity papers were complete, and that the "operation" could go ahead the following night. The "three trees" mentioned at the end of the telegram referred to the rendezvous. This was a group of trees, joined at the root, which stood a few hundred yards outside the penitentiary. If Tim could get himself outside the prison and reach the three trees, he would find a car waiting to take him to freedom. The symbolism was ideal, for Leary had Irish blood, and a group of three trees, always in fruit, was a symbol of unstoppable life in ancient Irish myths.

The stakes were high. If he did not reach the trees there was little hope that he would ever be a free man. Leary had just been informed that he would be flown to Poughkeepsie in New York State the following week, where he would face further charges relating to the raid on his house in Millbrook nearly five years earlier. The likelihood of receiving more jail time was strong. This would destroy any hope that he had of escape, for this extra time would almost certainly trigger a transfer to a higher security prison. If he was to break out, it was Saturday or never. But that

Friday, the sky was a brilliant blue. His plan needed a foggy night in order to succeed. Without fog, there would be times during the escape that he would be silhouetted in the sights of the gun trucks and the armed guards. Without fog, only a miracle could prevent him from being shot.

He spent the following afternoon in the television room, watching the Stanford-Arkansas football game, and returned to his cell for the 4 p.m. head count. At 4:30, the whistle blew to signify the end of the count, and he waited for his cellmate to go to the food hall. Tim declined to join him, saying that he had eaten on the early line. The moment that his cellmate left, he got to work.'

He opened his locker. He removed the white laces from his sneakers and replaced them with dark ones. Then he sat down in front of the locker, a newspaper across his lap, and painted out the white stripes on his shoes and handball gloves with black dye. There was a sudden jangle of keys outside his cell door, and he quickly stuffed the shoes back in the locker. His heart was pounding as he sat motionless, listening to the guard move slowly away. By the time that it was safe to retrieve the shoes and return to work, he was sweating. He was rushing now, and his hands got covered in the dye. He wiped them on his handball gloves and shoved them back in the locker with the sneakers. Then he moved to the sink where he began to scrub the black paint off his hands with a wire brush. He used his towel to mop the spilled paint off the floor in front of the locker. Finally, he hid the stained towel under his mattress.

There could be no going back now that his escape preparations were underway. He would not be able to explain why he had painted out the white on his gloves and shoes. He had crossed the line. He returned to his bunk and wrote what, at first glance, appears to have been an extraordinarily self-righteous farewell note to the guards. "In the name of the Father and the Mother and the Holy Ghost," it read, "Oh, Guards-I leave now for freedom. I pray that you will free yourselves. To hold man captive is a crime against humanity and a sin against God. Oh, Guards, you are criminals and sinners. Cut it loose. Be Free. Amen." Those who knew Leary well could recognize his sense of humor at work here, but everyone else could be forgiven for seeing only the arrogance and ego that so annoyed his enemies.

Tim then had to wait until after the next count, at 8:30, before he could make his move. Outside the sky was darkening and the weather was becoming cloudy. But there is a big difference between cloud and fog.

THE THOUGHT OF escape had been present when he was first imprisoned, seven months earlier. During her very first visit, Rosemary had looked at Tim and made him a promise: "I'll free you, my love."

This was at Chino, a maximum security prison used as a holding centre for new prisoners. It was where convicts were evaluated and assigned to the most suitable

prison to serve their time. It was here that Tim learned about his potential future homes within the California prison system. Tehachapi, San Quentin and Folsom were all considered escape-proof. So was Vacaville, which was where the mentally disturbed were usually sent. It had a reputation for unpredictable maniacs and sudden violence, but it was not as feared as Soledad. Soledad was nicknamed "Gladiator School," and was notorious for homosexual rape. The only options from which escape seemed possible were the forestry camps in the mountains, and the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo. This was a minimum-to-medium security jail for professional and elite prisoners. But it seemed unlikely that he would be sent to either of these two facilities. These were options for quiet, uncontroversial prisoners, and according to President Nixon Timothy Leary was "the most dangerous man in America."2

A factor in the choice of jail that he would be sent to was his status among the younger prisoners. The penitentiaries of California were notoriously brutal and violent. This was evident to Leary on his first night, when a burning mattress fell past his bars. It was accompanied by screams and shouts from convicts who were attempting to burn the jail to the ground while they were still locked inside.

New prisoners had to be quick to show allegiance to a particular clique or racial group, for a lone prisoner with no protection was seen as weak and vulnerable. When Leary arrived he was a hated figure in much of America. As one inmate told him, "If I had teenage kids and they were into drugs and I thought that you encouraged them, I'd have no hesitation in shooting you in cold blood." This was a common attitude from the guards as well as many of the older cons. These were men who were on the wrong side of the generation gap, who often felt powerless to protect their children from the horrors of drugs and drug culture. And if there was one man who could be held responsible for the tsunami of drug use that swept the nation in the last years of the i96o's, it was Dr. Timothy Leary.

Yet Leary was an untouchable figure in the prison system. This became apparent shortly after his arrival, when he intervened to stop the beating of a convict believed to be a snitch. Tim called for the guards, who rescued the man before he was seriously hurt. In doing so he broke the cardinal rule of the jail, that of minding your own business. This should have earned him a beating, but the attack never came. Leary was protected by his status among the younger inmates. He was a living legend to prisoners in their early twenties and below, and especially to all those who had been involved in the drug culture. Drug use within the prison system was a long way removed from the idealistic, pacifist ideals of the flower children during the "Summer of Love." Inmates would take whatever pills they could get, and those with a taste for amphetamines were unpredictable, violent and genuinely scary. It was immediately evident to the guards that, if he wished, Leary could wield his influence

and cause a great deal of trouble, and a potential agitator is something that prison officers need to take very seriously.

So a move to the low-security penitentiary at San Luis Obispo, the California Men's Colony West, did make some sense. The inmates here were older, white-collar prisoners, and the jail was regarded by many as a "country club." The amount of time inmates were confined to their cells was kept to a minimum, and well-behaved prisoners were granted privileges such as contact with visitors or personal gardens. The convicts were aware that they had it good and that they had a lot to lose if they strayed from the conformist path, so they generally resigned themselves to doing their time peacefully. In case anyone was harboring seditious plans, a semi-official "snitch" system was in place involving certain prisoners reporting the inmates' gossip to the officers in return for privileges. It was an ideal place to neutralize any potential Leary had for rocking the boat. And he was, after all, a 49-year-old academic and not some hardened street punk.

But was he an escape risk? San Luis Obispo was a low security prison that did not usually take prisoners with long stretches to serve, as this placed them in a high-risk category. Tim had already been sentenced to a potential 20 years inside and, for a man a few months short of his 50th birthday, this was a life sentence in all but name. It appeared that it would take something close to a miracle to put Tim in a low security prison but, as Leary once explained, he was "in the miracle game."

On his third day at Chino he was sent for the mandatory psychological assessment and presented with a set of tests. A significant part of these, he was shocked to realize, had been written by himself, 14 years earlier, when he had been one of America's leading psychologists. They were known in psychological circles as "The Leary." As he scanned the questions he knew exactly what personality traits they were assessing and measuring. He was able to answer each question in such a way that he would appear as close to a model prisoner as it is possible to get. The completed tests clearly showed, to the surprise of anyone who had read the newspapers during the previous decade, that Dr. Timothy Leary was docile, conformist and meek. He was, the paperwork insisted, in no way an escape risk, and no one was prepared to argue with the paperwork. So the decision was made: Tim would be sent to San Luis Obispo.

THE ESCAPE BEGAN at about ten to nine on the evening of Saturday, September 12,1970. Tim put on his dark blue prison jacket and placed all his letters and treasured possessions in the pocket. He put on the blackened sneakers, left his farewell note in his locker and stepped out of his cell into the hallway.

Directly in front of him, at the end of the facing corridor, was the door to an internal prison yard. This was a square of grass enclosed on all sides by four

cellblock corridors. It was also where a single tree grew, which seemed close enough to the corridor to enable getting onto the roof by climbing the tree and jumping across from its highest branches.

As he walked toward the door, a couple of convicts stood in the corridor and watched him pass. Tim had no choice but to walk past the prison yard door and round into another corridor, before turning back on himself and making another pass. The two cons were still watching. He walked past them again and headed into another cellblock. He was starting to act suspiciously now, he knew, but he had no option but to keep moving. He walked past them once again, and this time, once he had doubled back, they had gone.

He strode up to the door. As he was about to open it he glanced into the adjacent cellblock where three more inmates were talking. One of them, a known snitch named Metcalf, looked up and glanced at him at the very moment he was about to reach for the door handle. Tim stopped himself and Metcalf seemed suspicious. Tim walked past and, after doubling back once more, found that when he reached the door again all three of the inmates were looking at him. There was no way that he was going to be able to get through that door unnoticed. He walked on.

There was another entrance to the yard, on the opposite side, but it was risky. He would have to walk across the floodlit square to reach the tree, and no one ever went in the yard after dark, not even the guards. But what choice did he have? He walked through this second door, into the light, and strode quickly and quietly across the yard praying that no one glanced out of the windows of any of the four surrounding corridors. When he reached the tree he discovered that it was directly in front of the window facing Metcalf. There was no way he could climb up without being spotted. He ducked down and sat on the steps by the door, feeling very exposed, listening to the talk of the convicts a few feet away. What was he to do? He knew that he couldn't stay where he was for long. He would have to climb the tree and make a break for it. It would take Metcalf a few minutes to raise the alarm, and while this only offered a small hope of success it was the only option that he had at that moment. He stood up, grabbed a branch, and pulled himself up.

With impeccable timing, as Tim's body appeared in front of the window he saw Metcalf turn and face away from the window. Tim shot up the tree and, within seconds, he had dropped down onto the slanted tiled roof of the cellblock. From here he could look down and see the guards lounging in the custody office. He removed his sneakers and padded barefoot along the corridor roof and across the cellblock, trying not to run into the television aerials that were nearly invisible in the dark. He could see into the neighbouring cellblocks and he knew that their lights must have lit him up against the dark sky, but he was too elated to care. He reached the end of the cellblock and found his final obstacle: a telephone wire.

CALIFORNIA MEN'S COLONY West was originally an old army base on the central Californian coast, just north of San Luis Obispo. It had been converted into a prison i6 years earlier, and consisted of rows of two-storey wooden barracks that had been connected by roofed-in walkways. It was, and is, considered a model prison, geared toward community work and rehabilitation, and at the time it did not suffer from the chronic overpopulation that has come to characterize the Californian prison system. There were flower beds and lawns, and uninterrupted views to the hills of the Pacific coast. There were no gun towers or walls, but gun trucks guarded the corners of the compound. Anyone attempting to climb the fence could be shot before they reached the top.

The jail offered regular, unmonitored contact visits, and Tim could spend hours with Rosemary every weekend. They could walk together through the gardens. This allowed Rosemary to pass LSD to her husband. It also allowed them to plan an escape.

Rosemary had organized a team of people who were prepared to get Tim out of America. There had been many obstacles to overcome. Once out of the prison they would have to avoid the roadblocks that would appear across central California as soon as his absence was noticed. Tim would need to be moved to a safe house, and there was the matter of disguises and fake paperwork, and of finding a way to leave the country unnoticed. There was also the matter of the finance needed to fund the entire operation. It was not a simple task, but Rosemary was intelligent and determined, and Tim had legions of supporters who were more than willing to help. Assistance like this was a luxury that Tim did not have in his part of the operation. It was his job to find a way to get himself outside the jail, without being shot.

Many options were considered while Rosemary made arrangements and the months passed. Tim studied the movement and timings of the guards and the gun trucks. He discretely made inquiries among the few cons he felt he could trust. The simplest idea was to wait until the winter, when the thick sea fogs rolled in. Then he could simply climb the fence at the back of the compound under cover of the fog, and pray that he could slip unnoticed past the guards who patrolled the open land. But real, thick fogs were unpredictable, making it difficult to synchronize the escape with Rosemary's preparations. It would also mean waiting until the middle of winter, which he had no intention of doing. Besides, he thought he had found another way: an escape route that could just work. There was a telephone wire that ran for 40 feet from the roof of the cellblock, across an internal road, and ended at a telephone pole that was on the far side of the fence. For weeks he studied it out of the corner of his gaze, wary of being caught looking too intently at any part of his route. He found that the best way to study it was during the yoga practice he performed daily in the yard, stretching his body into positions in which his half-closed eyes could look beyond the

fence into the freedom beyond. He began playing handball, in order to improve his physical fitness. And he waited for the signal from outside.

TIM CROUCHED AT the edge of the cellblock roof, looking down at the 20 foot drop below the cable. The height was integral to his plans, as the cable was higher than the floodlights. This meant that on a reasonably foggy night he could pull himself across without being spotted by the guards or snipers watching the fence. But it also meant that it would take a lot of courage to launch himself away from the security of the roof, with nothing but faith and a thin wire between him and the ground below. He had been able to study this cable out of the window while sitting on the toilet, and felt sure that it could hold his weight. He would now put that belief to the test.

He put his sneakers and handball gloves on. Lying down on the edge of the roof with his head hanging over the drop, he clutched the wire in both hands and hooked his legs over it. Was it foggy enough? It was not a perfectly clear night, but there was more visibility than he would have liked. But there was nothing that he could do about that, and from the moment he stepped out of his cellblock, turning back had not been an option. It was now time to risk everything. A fall could kill him; and if he was seen from this point on he would be shot on the spot. He tensed both hands and pulled himself away from the roof and out into the void beyond.

He had thought that the crossing would be short: a series of long, smooth pulls that would take no more than a couple of minutes. Instead, he found that a second telephone cable was suspended from the first, and the hoops that attached it every io inches or so got caught in his hands and feet. Swinging wildly, he struggled for every inch. After about 50 pulls he was exhausted, and physically couldn't move any further. He was still no more than a third of the way across, hanging over the patrol road a good 20 yards from the fence. Leary hung on to the wire for dear life, sweating, panting and hurting, the 20 foot drop below seeming like an abyss. He was too old for this, he realized. It was just a month before his 50th birthday and his body simply wasn't up to it. Why hadn't he given up smoking, or worked out more? Was this why no one had ever escaped this way? Perhaps the wire had been placed there as a trap, as a joke by guards who were laughing at him even now, through the scopes of their rifles? He glanced down and saw inmates sitting around in the TV room. Then he was lit up in a sudden glare of light.

A patrol car had appeared around the corner. He could see the blue of his denim sleeve turning yellow in the headlights. Slowly the car came toward him along the tarmac road. It passed underneath him. He looked down and could see the guard extinguishing a cigarette in the ashtray.

The car kept moving. He hadn't been seen.

Then, from somewhere deep inside him, there erupted an enormous surge of energy. He was no longer thinking rationally, but his body was working, his arms and legs moving desperately. He was fixated on the fence. If he was shot, then he wanted to fall on the other side of the fence. At some point he was aware of his glasses falling away, but his limbs kept moving. "I wanted Errol Flynn," he later wrote, "and came out Harold Lloyd."5 Then his fingertips touched the wood of the telephone pole. He grabbed the metal stakes at the top of the pole with both hands, before letting go of his legs and swinging down and around to the far side of the wood. It was a move he had practiced many times on the end of his bunk. He half climbed, half slid down the pole and lay in the grass, still and panting, watching the lights of the prison that now lay behind the fence. The camp was quiet.

Then he spotted his glasses, glinting in the grass, laying just a few inches from the free side of the fence. He retrieved them and adjusted them on his nose with what he called his "funny professorial gesture." For a moment he had regained the Errol Flynn-like composure that was an integral part of his mental rehearsals of this escape. Then he completely lost it again as he turned to walk quietly down the bank away from the fence, slipped on a stone, and tumbled down among an avalanche of rocks.

He ran though the dark, listening out for patrols, following a route from memory that Rosemary had described to him. Walls of illuminated prison windows watched him disappear across the open land, run alongside a dry creek bed and follow a small ditch past the main prison gate. He ran past the sign that announced "California Men's Colony-West Facility," and found the railroad tracks that ran alongside Highwayi.

The awareness of his new freedom hit home as he ran at full speed along the highway, stopping only to hide in bushes when headlamps signalled the approach of a passing car. This short sprint triggered an ecstatic, almost animalistic feeling. Despite his difficulty on the telephone wire, he was in good shape for a 50-year-old man. He was six feet tall, with a bouncy way of walking that made him seem taller and physically more imposing than he really was, and his slender build was more characteristic of a tennis coach than an academic. At the time of his arrest his hair was starting to turn gray, which accentuated the classical aspect of his features. But while his face was aristocratic, his mannerisms were restless and American, and his eyes and smile had an unmistakeably Irish charm. It was this subtle Irish glimmer that overrode the American and classical aspects of his appearance and became the prominent characteristic in the memories of those who knew him. His reckless Irish streak could also be relied on to override the other elements of his personality at pivotal moments of his life.

Moments later, he reached the three trees.

The Children Will Grow Up Wondering About Their Mother

IMOTHY LEARY'S ARREST and imprisonment was not the first time that his love of forbidden narcotics had got him into trouble. His military training ended in such a fashion, after he enrolled at the prestigious West Point military academy. On this occasion the drug in question was whisky.

Leary had been excited and a little over-awed when, on July 1, 1940, he was accepted into the American armed forces. He was 19 years old and war was engulfing the globe. West Point was steeped in the pageantry of American military history, and the sense of theater created by the parades, flags and uniforms really appealed to him. But as soon as the need to conform began to be drilled into him, his doubts started to surface.

The physical side of the army wasn't a problem. He completed the toughest part of the training without difficulty. This was "Beast Barracks," or army basic training done in half the time to make it twice as hard. What was problematic, however, was the requirement to unthinkingly obey his superior officers. Tim's interest lay in battlefield strategies and military history, and when he joined the army he had thought that it would be an essentially intellectual career. He hadn't seemed to realize that he would initially be trained to disengage his intellect and simply do as he was told. With hindsight, it is difficult to see how Tim ever thought that he would be suitable for the army. In later years he would sum up his philosophy with the phrase, "Think for yourself. Question authority." In the military an attitude such as this could get a soldier and all his squadron killed.

Another problem was the monastic conditions that the new cadets lived in. Opportunities for meeting girls were almost non-existent. Their best chance was when attending sporting events, because they were allowed a few hours of free time between the end of the event and the return to barracks. On the day that the sporting season came to an end, the cadets knew that they needed to make their last opportunity count. Following the Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia,' Leary and a friend managed to find a brothel. Feeling magnificent and indestructible when he left, Tim bought four half-pints of whisky. He ended up sharing these with the senior cadets in the toilets on the troop train home. This was a terrific honor, for the strict class system at the academy usually forbade the first years, or "plebes," from speaking to the senior, first classmen.

Leary's involvement in this illicit drinking session was immediately obvious the following day, when he missed the morning reveille formation. Too hung over to attempt anything, he failed to make it out of bed. He readily admitted to the drinking, but did not offer the information that he had supplied the alcohol. When this was discovered, the Honor Committee decided that he had lied to them. They requested his resignation.

How should he respond? Tim knew that resigning from West Point would be a huge disappointment for his mother. But, more importantly, he felt that the Honor Committee was wrong. He had not lied; he had simply not told them the whole truth. Others considered that this was splitting hairs, and that his statement had still infringed the ethical code of the honor system. Tim, however, was a man who was almost incapable of accepting blame, and he clung to this detail as proof that he had behaved ethically. He announced that he would not be resigning.

A court martial was arranged. The military trial in the elegant, wood-paneled room, with the officers in full dress, their sabers laid on the table, was just the sort of event that had initially attracted Tim to West Point. The court examined all the evidence regarding the forbidden drinking session, and declared that there were no grounds for dismissal of Leary from the service. But he was still guilty of defiance. As punishment, he would be "silenced."

Being silenced, or "sent to Coventry" as it is also known, is a mili tary punishment that effectively turns a recruit into a non-person. The victim is ignored, and the rest of the squadron are forbidden to speak to or acknowledge him. Tim's roommates were moved into new sleeping quarters and he had to sit alone in the mess hall, surrounded by empty seats. It is a harsh punishment, similar to being jailed in solitary confinement while simultaneously having to undergo the rigors of regular training. Few people can take it for long. To make matters worse, the Honor Committee planned to get rid of him by "demeriting" him. His every action was scrupulously studied for signs of failure. He was written up for "untrimmed hairs in nostrils." A shaving cut was cited as "careless injury to government property."

It may have been the injustice of his punishment that inflamed Leary's stubbornness. It may have been a test of personal integrity, or it may have been nothing more than sheer bloody-mindedness, but despite now having no hope of a military career, Tim took this punishment and stayed in the academy. He refused to let it beat him. Months passed.

This was not what was supposed to happen. The point of silencing someone is that they will, sooner or later, break down under the treatment. They are not supposed to be able to keep going, especially when that cadet is in his first year and still has over three and a half years to serve. Leary threw himself into reading and sports. The strain turned him into a chain smoker, but he still won the long distance run and

competed at baseball.

In due course he became a sophomore, or third classman. The new influx of cadets saw him and started asking questions about his treatment. The last thing the military wanted was an influx of recruits who start questioning the system. Senior cadets were starting to speak out, too. As time went on, the judgment of the Honor Committee started to look more and more questionable. In August 1941, after nine months of silencing, Leary was approached by a pair of cadet officers who were acting as unofficial go-betweens for the Honor Committee. They asked him what his terms would be to leave West Point.

Leary replied that he would need a written statement of his innocence from the Honor Committee, and he wanted it read out publicly. After a couple of days, this was agreed to. The Cadet Adjutant called for silence during lunchtime in the mess hall, and read out the brief statement of innocence to an unprepared audience. At first there was a stunned silence, and then applause from some of the braver cadets. After lunch Leary packed his bags and left.

When Tim told this story in later years, he framed it as a terrific victory, a triumph of one innocent man's will against a seemingly unbeatable bureaucracy. Ultimately, of course, he had been rejected by the army and his peers, and had been forced to resign. Yet he found a perspective on events from which he could view his failure as a personal success. He had rejected the consensus viewpoint of the Honor Committee and instead invested his own point of view with a greater level of importance. He had learnt that it was possible to position a defeat in such a way that it appeared to be a success. There is much in this incident that seems to foreshadow the path his life would take, from the forbidden drug to his willingness to fight authority. But it was his ability to choose the way he viewed the events that was perhaps most indicative of the events to come. That, and the realization that the personal cost of a fight like this could be extremely high.

FORBIDDEN ALCOHOL AT West Point had previously paid a different, more fundamental role in Tim's life. He had been conceived on the base following a dance at the West Point Officer's Club.' It was January 17, 1920, the day after Prohibition had made alcohol illegal, and his parents were loosened by bathtub-distilled gin.

His newly married mother, Abigail Ferris, was not accustomed to this sort of behavior. The Ferris family were farm gentry from the village of Indian Orchard, Massachusetts. It was a strongly Catholic household, full of religious art and books, but years of social respectability had given the family's religion a puritanical, almost Protestant air that differed from normal Irish Catholicism. Abigail was extremely devout and is said to have attended Mass daily. There were no wild parties in the farmstead, no drinking or dancing or merriment. The family was ruled by a series of

pious spinsters. Men were not to be trusted, and sex was too horrific to contemplate. Abigail's sister Mae wept for three days when Abigail got married, and begged her not to go on a honeymoon. Tim's father never visited the Ferris homestead.

The Learys were polar opposites. They were city dwellers in Springfield: rich, sophisticated, and fun. They were among the first generations of Irish immigrant families to rise up and become professionally respectable. Tim's grandfather was a professor at Tufts University, and became the medical examiner for Boston. He had significant real estate holdings and was thought to be the richest Irish-American in Western Massachusetts. Like the children of many a wealthy patriarch, the younger generation of Learys veered more toward hedonism than enterprise. There were affairs, intrigue and glamor. Gossip and laughter were more common than religion or worry.

Tim's father, also named Timothy but commonly known as "Tote," gradually slipped into alcoholism after Tim was born. After West Point he practiced dentistry but, although he was successful enough to become General Eisenhower's dentist during World War II, it seems to have been a career that he had little enthusiasm for. He knew that he would be a wealthy man when his father died, and the drink helped the years to pass by while he waited. Tim grew up, caught in the culture gap between the two sides of his family. It was to the Leary side of the family that he was most attracted, and the Ferrises could see this. The Leary blood in him would be a constant worry for them.

Tim was an only child and was often lonely in his earliest years. Like his father and grandfather, he was named Timothy after Saint Timotheus4 and was raised as a strict Catholic. He did what was expected of him by attending mass and becoming a choirboy, but he never seemed happy or engaged by his life. He had an imaginary friend,' for whom he would make his mother set an extra place at the table. He enjoyed the conversation of his imaginary friend and was an avid reader, but real people didn't seem to interest him. He much preferred the cartoon character Felix the Cat, who merrily smiled and whistled throughout all his adventures. Prohibition may have made alcohol illegal at the time, but this never concerned Felix. He would usually have a glass of champagne in his hand. It wasn't until Tim discovered sports and, later, girls that his more sociable, charming side started to emerge.

His grandfather' died when he was 14, and the family discovered that the wealth that they had been expecting had all but disappeared in the stock market crash, family loans and poor management. Tote went out to get drunk and never returned. Tim would not see him again for 23 years.

Tote had been a poor father, but he was a strong influence. He was a charming rogue, a storyteller and a drunk who had a passionate dislike of middle class morality and institutions. When he left he seemed to become an archetypal loner

figure for Tim, a nonconformist who walked away from his life when he realized that it wasn't sustaining him. Long-suppressed feelings of abandonment would surface many years later, during a psilocybin trip with Jack Kerouac, but the overriding impact of his drunken, occasionally abusive father was that he was the first person Tim knew who was brave enough to "drop out." Although there was good reason to, Tim could not bring himself to hate his father for it.7

THE WEST POINT silencing was a terrible disappointment to the maternal side of the family. It was clear by this point that a pattern was emerging in Tim's life. His career at Classical High School, Springfield, for example, initially showed great promise. He became editor of the school newspaper, The Recorder, and helped it win the interstate award for excellence. He was popular, concerned more with his extracurricular activities than his academic work, and the girls voted him the "cutest boy." But poor attendance and some controversial editorials in the paper led to a confrontation with the principal that soured his leaving. The principal, Dr. William C. Hill, had adopted Kant's Categorical Imperative as the school motto: No one has the right to do that which if everyone did would destroy society. Tim and Dr. Hill clearly saw the world very differently. Leary's reprimand for absenteeism ended with Dr. Hill shouting, "I never want to talk to you again. Just stay away from me and this office." Strings were then pulled to get Tim into the Holy Cross Jesuit College. This meant a great deal to his mother, since she dreamed that he would become a priest. Again he started promisingly, before the lack of girls started to become unbearable. He started gambling, skipping classes and indulging in general schoolboy mischief. It was around this time that Tim, previously a diligent choirboy, began to question Catholicism, and rejected his faith. He dropped out during his second year. After entering West Point and being silenced he enrolled in the University of Alabama and, more by accident than design, started studying psychology.° He was found spending the night in the girls' dormitory, and expelled.

Aunt Mae worried that Tim was doomed to keep falling into trouble, letting himself down and distressing his family. In a pattern that he would repeat throughout his life, Tim would use his intelligence, drive and potential to raise himself into lofty situations which he then allowed the rebellious part of his nature to hijack and destroy. What could be done about his Leary blood? How could his behavior be improved? It is ironic that these concerns were being raised about him, for his later professional career would be dedicated to trying to answer those very questions.

BEING KICKED ouT of university meant that he lost his draft deferment. Tim returned to the army in 1942 and enlisted into the anti-aircraft artillery. Here he learned how to load meter-long artillery shells into enormous 90-millimeter cannons,

only to have his hearing damaged by proximity to the artillery. He was forced to wear a hearing aid, and the disability prevented him from being sent into combat. He was given a clerical position in an army hospital, and took the opportunity to complete his psychology degree. He left the army with an honorable discharge shortly after the war, by which time he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. He was awarded the standard certificate signed by President Truman, which extended to Tim the "heartfelt thanks of a grateful nation" for answering the call of duty and bringing about the "total defeat of the enemy." He does not appear to have treated this certificate with a great deal of respect or care, for it is now damaged and looks as if at some point a dog has tried to eat it."

Leary wasn't cut out to be a soldier or a priest, but psychology did appeal to him. It was an intellectually adventurous pursuit, on the cutting edge of scientific knowledge. It seemed that great advances were being made in understanding the human mind. On this frontier he could hunt for answers to profound questions, such as why do people act in a destructive manner? How could a person's behavior be changed? How can a person be made "better?" Of course, he wasn't searching for answers in order to improve himself. He didn't think that his behavioral patterns were too bad at all. It was other people who had the problems, and it was them he wanted to help.

The stifling conformity of 1950's America was, intellectually at least, supported by contemporary psychological thought. There exists, the psychologists argued, such a thing as "normality". This is how people's minds, personalities and behavior should be. But many people differed, by varying degrees, from this norm. They may have been unmotivated, homosexual, radical or mysteriously unhappy. These people were considered abnormal. It was the job of the psychologists to cure them, and make them "normal."

The psychologists were confident that they were up to the task. Wonderful new anti-anxiety drugs such as Librium and Thorazine had recently been invented, and they were being prescribed at a terrific rate. Therapy became fashionable. And if these methods were not sufficient to deal with severe deviancy, then whole sections of problematic brain tissue could be removed or neutralized through surgery or electric shock treatment.

Psychologists and psychiatrists took over the role in society once occupied by priests or shamen. It was their job to make sure that everything was all right. America couldn't train psychologists quickly enough in those days, for it was believed that if they only had enough head doctors, then society could be made perfect. For a bright, ambitious young man like Timothy Leary, the field of psychology allowed him to rapidly establish himself, achieve financial comfort and respectability, and settle down to just the sort of idealized life that psychologists and the American Dream

were offering. After the war he returned to academia and embarked on the longest period of conformity in his life. He moved to California and, in September 1946, he became a doctoral student in psychology at Berkeley. He would consider himself a Californian, jail and legal status permitting, for the rest of his life.

Tim's professional rise was quick and seemingly effortless. After finishing his studies he worked as a consultant, an instructor at the University of California's Medical Center, and in private practice. In 1954 he became Director of Psychology Research at the Kaiser Foundation Hospital, and published nearly 50 papers in psychology journals. His work culminated in the publication of a book called Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality: A Functional Theory and Methodology for Personal Evaluation." A huge work, 518 pages long and stuffed with diagrams and charts, it created a big impression in the world of psychology. The Annual Review of Psychology named it their "Best Book on Psychotherapy of the Year" in 1957 and called it a "must read" for American psychologists. It was followed by a manual of diagnostic tests called Multi Level Measurement of Interpersonal Behavior, which sold well to institutions such as the prison system. It was these tests which, 14 years later, labeled Tim as a model member of the Californian prison population.

Interpersonal Diagnosis was essentially a method of categorizing patients based on their personality types. The system would be used for decades to come and was an important step toward the personality tests commonly used today, such as the Myers-Briggs assessment. It included many ideas that were radical at the time. It argued that the definition of normality in psychological therapies was nothing more than a reflection of the white, middle class values of the vast majority of psychologists." It claimed that the profession was too hung up on symptoms when it should have been analyzing the patient's environment and circumstances. Too often, what was considered abnormal, neurotic or psychotic behavior was a "healthy, pro-survival adaptation" of an individual to a unhealthy situation. And he argued that ultimately a patient is not a victim, and should not be encouraged to seek a cause of their problems which they can blame, such as bad parents, the system or their background. Instead, they must accept responsibility for their lives and their own reactions to the situations in which they find themselves. This is an idea that is now a familiar concept in the twenty-first century personal development movement. Although many of Tim's staff contributed to the work that went into the book, the ideas behind it and the overall philosophy were clearly his. It earned him a nickname: Theory Leary.

Interpersonal Diagnosis was the high point of Leary's psychology career. But despite his success, his dissatisfaction with his profession was slowly becoming visible. For years, his research team had been keeping score of the success rate of psychology. The results were sobering. No matter what types of psychotherapy were being used, a third of patients would get better, a third would stay the same, and a

third would get worse. Control groups, where the patients did not receive treatment, showed exactly the same scores. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that the profession he studied simply didn't work.

TIM'S PERSONAL LIFE flowered during this period. He met Marianne Busch during the diagnosis of his hearing problem in the army and fell in love at first sight. She was intelligent, musical, sophisticated and very sexy, and they were married on April 12, 1944. Once in California, they bought a \$40,000 house in the Berkeley Hills, at 1230 Queen's Drive, with a terrific view of San Francisco across the Bay. Their first child, Susan, was born three years later, and their son Jack followed two years afterward.

Their social life revolved around parties with other professional and academic couples. These were flirtatious, alcohol-fueled affairs, but they always remained on the right side of respectable. No one really misbehaved, or at least not publicly. Like everyone else, the Learys drank heavily and, despite Tim's father's alcoholism, they thought nothing of it. Jugs of Martinis were thought to be sophisticated, and those who didn't drink were considered prudes. Cracks had started to appear in the marriage after the children were born, but alcohol helped to mask them and so they stayed, in true 1950's style, hidden and ignored.

In 1953, after months of friendship and flirting, Tim realized that he was in love with his project manager, Mary della-Cioppa, more commonly known as Delsey. They started an affair that lasted two years, meeting three or four times a week in a small apartment that Tim rented in Telegraph Avenue. The affair became common knowledge, but although Marianne knew, it was never mentioned. Her drinking increased. She started seeing a psychiatrist.

No one realized how badly Marianne was suffering. She kept up the proper, respectable 1950's facade when she could have complained and argued and screamed. She could have escaped through separation or divorce. She could have taken the children and moved back in with her parents. Instead, she got out of bed on the night of October 21, 1955, carefully avoiding waking Tim, and went downstairs to the garage. She closed the heavy redwood garage door, which was always left open because it had swollen in the damp weather. She got in the car and she started the engine.

When Tim woke the next morning, it was his thirty-fifth birthday. He was hung over. He searched the house, looking for his wife. His cries of "Marianne!" woke the children, and they were following him when he went outdoors. The sound of the engine idling could be heard from within the garage door. He wrenched the redwood door open and inhaled the sudden rush of exhaust fumes. Marianne's body was in the front seat.

The note she left was brief. "My Darling," it said, "I cannot live without your love. I have loved life but have lived through you. The children will grow up wondering about their mother. I love them so much and please tell them that. Please be good to them. They are so dear.""

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO say how anyone, whether spouse or child, can recover from an event like this. The Learys found their own ways to cope. Tim dealt with the situation by turning to Delsey for support and, after the funeral, they were married. They honeymooned in Mexico with the children, a vacation that Jack Leary would later describe as "short and unpleasant." After returning to California, Tim felt the need to really get away. He took a leave of absence from his job, rented out the house and packed the family off to Spain. The voyage was miserable and Tim and Delsey separated shortly after they arrived.

This self-imposed European exile would be a period of transition for Tim, and the end of his previous life would prove to be painful. The children were having a horrible time being dragged between various European schools. He had lost his faith in his profession. Marianne's death hung over him, and he now had two failed marriages to add to his failures at Classical High, Holy Cross, West Point and the University of Alabama. He caught the clap from a Spanish prostitute during the Christmas of 1957. His money supply started to dwindle.

Tim rented an Olivetti typewriter and began work on a manuscript that outlined the changes he felt that his profession needed to make in order to achieve results. It was called The Existential Transaction. In it he argued that psychologists shouldn't stay inside clinics, but needed to venture out into the real world and see patients in real-life situations, as the act of going inside a hospital and seeing a doctor changes the patient's psyche. He also argued that the psychologist himself should not try to be a neutral observer. He had to become involved with the patient, and be prepared to be changed by the process as much as, or even more than, the patient. This was a radical stance to take in the field of psychology. It recalls the paradigm shift in physics caused by Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principal, which stated that the act of observing an event changes the event. This was the "transaction" of the book's title: the idea that something had to pass between doctor and patient if there was to be any change in the patient's condition.

IN JANUARY 1959 Tim became ill. He was staying in an apartment that had been tunneled out of the rock in Calle San Miguel, in the south of Spain, where water ran down the bare rock walls and the beds were always damp. His scalp began to burn and his face began to swell. Water blisters formed on his cheeks. "Tim's head was almost double in size," his son recalled later, "completely swollen up, incredible! He couldn't see; his eyes were completely shut!"" The Spanish doctors were unable to diagnose exactly what it was that was wrong with him, for they had never seen

anything like it before. The swelling and blisters began to spread to his body. Jack and Susan were sent to stay with a nearby American family, and Tim checked into a warm hotel. The mysterious disease spread to his hands and feet. He could barely walk and began to smell of decay.

The hotel did not permit guests to have pets, so he Tim had had to smuggle Jack's puppy into his room. The dog was also sick, and soon left a river of slimy yellow diarrhea across the floor. Tim knew that he would be evicted from the hotel if the maid saw it, so he crawled to the bathroom, collected the toilet paper and set about mopping up the mess. It took him the best part of an hour. Then he discovered that the toilet had broken, and he couldn't flush the evidence away.

The window overlooked the yard at the back of the hotel, so he crawled over to it and threw the paper out. It landed on electrical cables below, fluttering like flags for all to see. The only way to reach it was to head out across the hallway, down the stairs, and out into the back yard. Every step was agony. He used his umbrella as a cane but fell more than once. Somehow he climbed on top of a packing crate where he frantically waved the umbrella, desperately trying to reach the paper that dripped above his head.

When he finally made it back to his room, hours later, he collapsed into his chair. The pain was great and he had no intention of ever moving again. As the hours passed and the day turned to night, Tim basically just gave up. As he would later write, "I died. I let go. I surrendered. I slowly let every tie to my old life slip away. My career, my ambitions, my home. My identity. The guilts. The wants. With a sudden snap, all the ropes of my social life were gone."" And then there came an incredible feeling of liberation.

At some point in the depths of that night Tim felt something new growing in him. When the dawn came he found the swelling had gone from his hands. The disease was leaving him. But it was not just physical healing that occurred, because for the first time in his life Tim believed that he had experienced something spiritual. He felt that he had been reborn, and he suddenly had hope and confidence. He felt that he could move away from the life that he had led, and embrace whatever new life was about to arrive.

THIS NEW LIFE was not long in coming. Tim heard that Professor David McClelland, the director of the Harvard Center for Personality Research, was taking a sabbatical in Florence. Professor McClelland had read Interpersonal Diagnosis and the pair met for lunch. Leary explained his thoughts in The Existential Transaction. They echoed emerging theories from a number of American psychologists, and McClelland recognized that these radical theories seemed to offer a way forward for the field of psychology. Impressed, he offered Leary a job. Tim would be returning to Massachusetts. He was off to Harvard.

But Don't You Think He's Just a Little Bit Square?

T I MOTHY LEARY ARRIVED at Harvard at the tail end of 1959. It was a good time to draw a line under the past and focus on the future. The sixties were about to begin.

His new position called for a new outfit, so he visited a Harvard Square tailor and emerged wearing a tweed jacket, with leather elbow patches and a button-down shirt. With his greying hair, horn-rimmed glasses and hearing aid, he looked every inch a stereotypical East Coast academic. The only clue to his rebellious instincts were the white tennis shoes that he wore everywhere. He moved into a nearby hotel and enrolled the children in yet another school.

He soon settled into life at the Harvard Center for Personality Research, and his classes made an immediate impact on the students. There was some suspicion among the more conservative members of the faculty about his ideas, but he was undeniably interesting and it was possible that he was on to something important. He made friends quickly and was soon part of a drinking group called the White Hand Drinking Society. Evenings were spent hanging out in Harvard Square bars, discussing work and generally putting the world to rights. The return to Massachusetts also brought him near to his childhood home, so he was able to spend more time rebuilding his relationship with his mother. She was horrified when she discovered that her grandchildren had never once attended Mass, but at least Tim's current position gave her cause for pride.

Tim got into the habit of returning to his small office on Divinity Avenue to read and drink wine late at night, after his children were asleep. In this relaxed atmosphere he began to attract visits from eager and curious graduate students. Tim was always welcoming and gave his time to their questions and concerns. It was during this time that he met Assistant Professor Richard Alpert, a man also prone to late-night hours. Alpert was io years younger than Leary, and was shorter with a fuller build and a round, friendly face. Like Leary he was ambitious, a trait inherited from his extremely wealthy family. His father was a noted Massachusetts lawyer who had previously been president of the New Haven Railroad, and Richard had grown up in an atmosphere of money and success. He was a warm, fast-talking, eminently likeable psychologist who was a big hit with Tim's children. When Tim decided to spend the summer vacation in Mexico, Richard agreed to join him. Their respective methods of journeying south said much about their different personalities. Tim was

planning to make the journey in an old Ford that he had just bought, a plan which struck those who had seen the car as being both dangerous and extraordinarily optimistic. Richard tackled the journey with a little more style. He bought a small airplane and flew himself there.

That holiday took place in a Spanish-style villa at Cuernavaca. It was an idyllic environment, with a long veranda, terrace, swimming pool and a lush green lawn surrounded by Ahuehuete trees and colorful, flowering vines. Tim's daughter Susan spent the summer with friends in Berkeley, but Tim and his son Jack were visited by many friends and colleagues, including Professor McClelland, Richard Alpert and an old friend and drinking buddy from graduate school in Berkeley, Frank Barron. Frank had been instrumental in setting up Tim's meeting with Professor McClelland in Florence, which led to the offer of work at Harvard. Tim had returned the favor by recommending him for a similar position at Harvard soon after he had arrived.

When he visited Tim in Italy in 1959, Frank had been talking enthusiastically about some "magic mushrooms" that he had obtained from a Mexican psychiatrist. Tim's response to this was fairly standard for a psychologist in the 1950's. He was disconcerted and a little embarrassed when his previously rational friend had suddenly begun raving about mystical states and visions, and he warned him that he was in danger of losing his scientific credibility if he "babbled this way" publicly.'

The idea of magic mushrooms had only become known to mainstream society a couple of years earlier, following an article by R. Gordon Wasson in the May 1957 issue of Life magazine. Wasson, an ex-vice-president of J. P. Morgan and Company, had the unlikely hobby of ethnomycology, the study of mushrooms in human society. Together with his wife Valentina, he had traveled the world investigating the importance of toadstools in tribal society. He had spent two years in Mexico investigating an intriguing report by anthropologists who, in 1936, witnessed a "sacred mushroom" ceremony in a remote Mexican village. This report seemed to provide evidence that a mushroom cult, believed to date back 4000 years, was still in existence. This cult was centred on the ingestion of a mushroom called teonanacatl, or "God's Flesh." These ceremonies had been driven underground following the arrival of the Catholic Church in Mexico. The cult had been dismissed as myth, and botanists had claimed that these fungi simply didn't exist.

The Life article, a huge 17 page feature in the magazine's "Great Adventure" series, detailed how the Wassons had traveled to the remote highlands of Mexico where they eventually met a curandera, or medicine woman, from the teonanacatl cult. Being included in a ceremony wasn't easy, for it was only permitted to inquire about the mushroom "when evening and darkness come and you are alone with a wise

old man or woman whose confidence you have won, by the light of a candle held in the hand and talking in a whisper." The mushrooms themselves had to be picked by virgins before sunrise at the time of the new moon.2 But eventually their perseverance paid off, and Wasson and his wife became the first white people in recorded history to sample God's Flesh. Wasson's sense of detached scientific observation "soon melted before the onslaught of the mushrooms," he later wrote, and following a night with his body on the dirt floor of a remote hut, and his mind flying over incredible landscapes observing wondrous visions, "the word ecstasy took on real meaning."

The mushrooms grew on a line of volcanic peaks just north of the villa where Tim and his friends spent the days lounging in the sunshine by the pool. A frequent visitor to the villa, Gerhart Braun from the University of Mexico, thought that he could obtain some of these fabled mushrooms. Did Tim want to try them? The stories about the mushrooms were undeniably intriguing. But the idea of taking them was a little frightening. Tim's life had turned a corner and seemed to be on the right track, and there was no reason to jeopardize what he now had with the risk of madness. Yet there was also a professional curiosity involved. Frank had claimed that these strange fungi might play a role in their search for meaningful behavior change, and this fitted with Leary's suspicion that the "transactional element" between doctor and patient that he had been searching for might only be possible with a chemical key-a drug.

And he was on vacation. He agreed to try them.

Braun and several friends headed off to the old Indian town of San Pedro, near the volcano Toluca. Here he met a curandera known as Crazy Juana and, by the side of a church away from the market, she sold him a bag of the mushrooms. They ate them the following Saturday.

They were black and moldy. They smelled rotten and damp and tasted bitter and stringy. Sitting in bathing suits by the side of the pool, all but two of the party joined in. They ate six or seven each, and sat back to see what would happen. One abstainer, a friend of a friend named Bruce, was appointed as the official observer and was given the job of recording the reactions of the rest. After half an hour the effects of the drug started, and the world just came alive. Tim looked at Bruce, who was diligently writing down his observations, and was struck by the realization that Bruce had no idea at all what he was observing. He found this realization incredibly funny, and the earnestness and detachment of the scientific community suddenly appeared to him as ludicrous ignorance. How could they even begin to understand something that they were so separated from? The giggles kept coming and soon Tim was engulfed in uncontrollable laughter. Gathering his wits together, he saw to it that the children went into town to catch a movie, and headed indoors for a nap. Then the visions

really started, his mind gently split open and he was away.

When normality returned, Tim was a changed man. The slight change to the chemistry of his brain had altered the entire world. Time and space had been different, and he had understood the world with a clarity that he had never previously believed possible. "In four hours by the swimming pool in Cuernavaca I learned more about the mind, the brain and its structures than I did in the preceding fifteen as a diligent psychologist," he later wrote.4 Could this be the key to making genuine changes to the mind? And had he stumbled on a method to explore the methodologies he argued for in The Existential Transaction? If a psychologist took the drug with a patient he would no longer be an uninvolved observer in therapy. The role of the doctor would become that of a guide, reassuring the patient and steering them toward understanding the causes of their destructive behavior.

But he had experienced something else as well, something inexplicable. He had felt himself slipping back down what can only be described as his genetic history. He had been able to stop and feel each life on his evolutionary ladder. He had mentally traveled back through the eons, from the time of the simplest land animals to that of life in the oceans, from times of jungles and great ferns back to the start of life on earth. It was a powerful, vivid experience, and it differed from a dream in one important respect. Dreams are imaginative jumbles of experience but they are based on past events and memories. But where had this come from? He had no previous experience to account for the things he saw and felt. The brain had done something that, according to all the literature, was simply impossible.

How should he respond to the experience? Tim could still remember his own reactions to Frank's admission of his mushroom use, and he knew that he would receive the same uncomfortable reaction when he talked about what had happened. But now he knew that the effect was real, and if all existing theories of the mind were unable to explain it, surely it was the duty of a scientist to investigate further? Surely any scientific model of the mind had to include these inexplicable experiences if it was to be comprehensive and accurate?

It's no exaggeration to say that this was the pivotal moment in Timothy Leary's life. He had a new sense of purpose, as if his life's work had just begun. From that day on he dedicated himself to understanding the psychedelic experience, never doubting the intrinsic value of the experience or the importance of chemicals in exploring the mind. But somehow he had to convince the rest of the world. And the only way he could do that, it was clear, was to persuade other people to try them.

THE RETURN TO Harvard was an adventure. Tim and Jack accepted Richard's offer of a flight back in his Cessna. "I didn't tell him I didn't have a licence yet," recalled Alpert later,5 "That would have scared him, I thought." Some fundamental flying errors led to the threat of arrest at a Mexican airport, a situation that could

have become more serious if it had been discovered that Jack was smuggling an iguana into America, and Richard was smuggling two pounds of grass. Leary's response was calm and unconcerned. "Let's go and have lunch," he suggested, before smoothing things over with a bribe of \$ao. This was the start of a pat tern that would emerge over the next few years. Whenever Tim and Richard were together, something unlikely would invariably happen and they would always end up having an adventure.

Once safely back in Harvard, Tim began to establish what became known as the Harvard Psychedelics Research program. His first task was to obtain a supply of the mushrooms, and fortunately Sandoz Laboratories in Switzerland had isolated the active component, which was called psilocybin. It was a simple matter to order as much as he wanted, and soon little, clinical pink pills had replaced the foul mushrooms.

Leary put together a study proposal entitled A Study of Clinical Reactions to Psilocybin Administered in Supportive Environments. "This investigation sets out to determine the factors-personal, social-which produce optimally positive reactions to psilocybin," it stated. "Positive reactions" were defined as "Pleasant, ecstatic, non-anxious experience, broadening of awareness and increased insight." It also detailed the study's "ethical and interpersonal principles, which stress collaboration, openness [and] humanistic interchange between researcher and subjects." These included participants alternating between the roles of observer and subject, running the sessions in "pleasant, spacious, aesthetic surroundings," and the right of participants to select their own dosage of psilocybin. The proposal did raise a few eyebrows, for ultimately it was a license for a bunch of academics to hang out in nice places, take as many drugs as they wanted and learn how to have a really wonderful time. But academic freedom was an important principle in the culture of Harvard, and the department approved their proposal. In October 1960 they started work.

Setting up the research was stepping into uncharted territory. There were no text books or papers for them to follow, as no academics had attempted to do exactly what they were setting out to do. But luck was on their side, for the perfect guide arrived in Massachusetts at exactly the right time. It was a man with one of the sharpest minds of the twentieth century. He was the British novelist Aldous Huxley.

Huxley found fame in the 1920's with books including Point Counter Point and Chrome Yellow, but he is best known for his prophetic novel Brave New World. This was a vision of a nightmarish future that, with the benefit of hindsight, is far more uncomfortably accurate than other acclaimed dystopias such as George Orwell's 1984. Unlike 1984, which shows a nation oppressed by a totalitarian government, Brave New World predicted a civilization that willingly enslaves itself in order to keep itself supplied with diverting but ultimately meaningless luxuries. As well as its

observations about human nature and the political process, the book also predicted many scientific and social revolutions, and everything from genetic engineering to sexual liberation and middle class narcotic use was prophesied with remarkable accuracy. The relevance of Brave New World grows with each passing year, and with it the understanding of just how perceptive Huxley was. It is difficult to believe that the book was written as long ago as 1932.

Although some believe that Huxley was given a dose of the psychedelic cactus peyote by the occultist Aleister Crowley in 1930,° it seems more likely that his first drug experience was in 1953, when he took mescaline. He tried LSD shortly afterward and detailed these experiences in the books The Doors of Perception and Heaven and Hell, which have since become classics of drug literature. It was to these books that Leary turned after returning from Mexico, in an effort to understand what he had experienced. And as luck would have it Huxley, now aged 66, was at that time a visiting lecturer at the nearby Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Tim wrote to him and asked his advice in setting up his psychedelic research program, and they met for lunch at the Harvard Faculty Club. In one of those happy coincidences that can easily be interpreted as a good omen, the soup of the day was mushroom. They both ordered it.

Huxley was delighted that these drugs were going to be studied at Harvard, for he understood well enough the controversial nature of the research, and knew that it would take an institution with the stature of Harvard for the work to be taken seriously. It was also a pleasing coincidence that Leary's faculty had been established by William James, who had written The Varieties of Religious Experience in 1902, a book about his experiments with the mind-changing drug nitrous oxide. Huxley introduced Tim to Dr. Humphry Osmond, the British psychologist who had coined the word "psychedelic and used mescaline to treat alcoholics in Canada. Osmond later recalled his first impressions of Leary. "It was the night of the Kennedy election. Tim was wearing his gray flannel suit and his crew cut. And we had a very interesting discussion with him. That evening after we left, Huxley said: 'What a nice fellow he is!' And then he remarked how wonderful it was to think that this was where it was going to be done-at Harvard. He felt that psychedelics would be good for the academy. Whereupon I replied, 'I think he's a nice fellow too. But don't you think he's just a little bit square?' Huxley replied, 'You might well be right. Isn't that, after all, what we want?""

Osmond would later describe this impression as "a monumental ill judgment." Huxley participated in psilocybin sessions and gave advice and counsel. He warned Tim that what he was doing was not going to be easy and that the opposition

would be great. His work had implications for social change and it had the potential to overturn existing scientific paradigms. But there were also religious implications. He was, after all, breaking the original taboo, for mankind had been forbidden to eat from the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden. The Wassons had spent years studying ancient cults and visionary religions for any hint of mushrooms or secret potions of unknown recipes that were given to initiates. They had found a considerable amount of evidence from all corners of the globe, and in later books Wasson claimed that psychoactive fungi had caused the emergence of religion in prehistory. This is undoubtedly a controversial idea, but it is one that has received surprisingly little criticism from the scientific community. This is arguably because the scientific community lacks many other alternative theories to explain the emergence of the religious impulse, and because it provides a physical, chemical cause that is backed by strong historical evidence. It is hardly an idea, however, that is accepted by large, conservative religions. Such religions tend to preach against drug use and are offended by the suggestion that the visions of their founders were in any way chemically induced.

Huxley advised Tim to give the drug to powerful and important people. He said that Leary should run sessions for artists, intellectuals, business leaders and politicians. In this way he would cultivate some powerful friends who could protect his work and spread the word through important networks. Contrary to public belief, psychedelic experiences were not new. They had been practiced from the dawn of time, but only by an elite class of priests, scholars and the rich. Secrecy, laws and privilege had been used to keep them from the general population, who were allowed only simple stimulants like alcohol. There was a reason for this. These substances were powerful. Widespread use could threaten a functioning, stable civilization.

Like Tim, Huxley wanted psychedelics to be better known and understood. He thought that if they were used correctly they offered humankind a way out of its eternal self-destructive cycles of war and oppression, and this could only be done if powerful men understood them. But it had to be done carefully. He told Tim that because of his charm and respectability, he was the perfect person to "front" such a campaign. This idea appealed strongly to Leary's ego, but he protested, and questioned whether he was already too old. Huxley replied that this may well be the case, but ultimately he was the best candidate they had."

Where could Leary find leading artists and opinion formers who would be prepared to take his mushroom pills? The best candidates were the leading light of the Beat Generation, few of whom were unfamiliar with drugs and all of whom were eager for new experience. Tim ran sessions for men like Jack Kerouac, Neal Cassady and William Burroughs.

Allen Ginsberg was an early convert who did much to help the Psychedelic

Research program. Ginsberg was born in New Jersey in 1926. His father was a poet and his mother was active in the Communist Party USA. As a young boy he reported spontaneous visionary experiences, and this led to his later interest in Buddhism and mystical states. He was influenced by writers like William Blake and William Carlos Williams, and developed a style of poetry reminiscent of the rhythms of jazz. His best known work is Howl, which was banned for obscenity shortly after its publication in 1956. The ban caused an outrage among supporters of the First Amendment, and was eventually overturned. By this time Ginsberg had become a prominent advocate of left-wing politics, and was considered to be a threat to internal security by the FBI.

Ginsberg approached Leary after hearing about his work from a New York psychiatrist, and in December i960 he arrived at Harvard with his partner Peter Orlovsky, eager to experience this amazing new drug. They took the drug one evening at Leary's house and had a profound experience, during which Ginsberg prophetically realized that it was time to start "a peace and love movement." He then ran naked around the house, attempted to get Kruschev and Kennedy on the telephone and announced to the operator that he was God. He thoughtfully spelled this out to the operator to ensure that there was no confusion.

After the trip Ginsberg was as committed as Huxley to supporting the program, but his advice was the opposite of Huxley's. Drugs like this had to be wrenched away from the self-serving elites and scattered among the masses, he argued. Who could say that any man does not have the right to experience visionary bliss, to have the veil of illusion removed and know the divine for themselves? After all, were they not Americans? Did the egalitarian foundations of their country count for nothing? It was Leary's job, Ginsberg argued, to make sure everybody knew about what he was doing, and had access to the drugs in order to do the same themselves.

Over the next few months, while Leary and Alpert tried to assess these two conflicting arguments, they ran psilocybin sessions for over 200 colleagues, graduate students and volunteers. Typically they would take the drug with the volunteer and reassure and calm them if necessary. They would also train suitable volunteers to run sessions as guides themselves. The pair made a great team, and their enthusiasm and credentials enchanted all that they met as they travelled the country giving seminars, workshops and lectures. All the initial feedback was overwhelmingly positive, but what Tim really needed was some undeniable, objective method to measure these subjective effects that he and his study were reporting. He needed hard data, a set of statistics that would withstand the peer review of the scientific community and convince even the most cynical audience that psilocybin was a breakthrough in behavioral research. He also wanted to satisfy the second part of his Existential Transaction: the concept that psychology should leave the clinics and enter real-world scenarios.

The solution was undeniably radical. They set up a program to work with inmates in the Massachusetts prison system. Their aim was to lower the recidivism rate, which at the time was running at 70%. If less than 70% of the inmates who were given psilocybin reoffended after release, then Leary would be able to show that the drug was an effective tool for convict rehabilitation. But this was not a plan that was without its political risks and dangers. If one prisoner who had been given drugs by Harvard killed or raped after release, then the press would have a field day. Tim went to work and set about persuading the warden and psychiatrist of Concord State Prison to approve the plan. Both were receptive, and the psychiatrist was put on the Harvard payroll as a consultant. It would be his job to arrange the volunteers.

IN MARCH 1961 Leary entered the prison, clutching a small supply of psilocybin. He was accompanied by two graduate students, Gunther Weil and Ralph Metzner," and their aim was to spend the day tripping with six prisoners who were nearing release. The prisoners would use the drug to gain and share insights into why they had committed crime, and they had also agreed to participate in a support program after release.

Tim took the drug first in order to gain the inmates' trust. When the effects kicked in, he started to feel terrible. A windowless room in the heart of a penitentiary was not a location that was conducive to a positive trip. They had brought a record player and books of classical art with them in the hope of improving their surroundings, but they could not hide the fact that the atmosphere, and the company, was oppressive. Tim was conscious of how ugly and repulsive the bank robber at his side appeared to him. Nervously, he tried to speak, and they asked each other how they felt. The drug caused Leary to respond truthfully, so he told the prisoner that he was afraid of him. The prisoner was surprised because he was also feeling afraid of Tim.

"Why are you scared of me?" the convict asked.

"Because you're a criminal. Why are you afraid of me?"

"I'm afraid of you 'cause you're a fucking mad scientist."

They both laughed, a connection was made and the atmosphere started to improve."

The Prisoner Rehabilitation Program continued and expanded. It was conducted in as open and public a manner as possible, and many visitors to Harvard found themselves invited to observe sessions. Word got out among the inmates, and the list of volunteer prisoners expanded rapidly. When the results eventually started to come in during the following year, they were astonishing. They appeared to show that recidivism among volunteers who had undergone psilocybin therapy had dropped from 70%, to i0%."

It was almost too good to be true. The implications were enormous, and if it

continued, prison populations could be drastically reduced. But the reaction from the academic community was uncomfortably muted. Few people were comfortable with the idea of psychedelics and results such as these forced them onto the academic agenda. Not everyone was prepared to accept this. To the uninitiated, there is something fundamentally frightening about the idea of psychedelic trips, and while the idea of the psychologist taking the drug may have been intellectually acceptable in theory, in practice it seemed wholly irresponsible. Tim had already been gaining political enemies on campus because his work had been attracting more than his fair share of the brightest graduate students. Now he was reporting results that trod on a lot of toes.

It was never claimed that the psilocybin in itself was a "cure." It was part of a system of support and therapy. As Leary noted after his first few experiences with psilocybin, the psychedelic experience did not actually solve anything itself. What it did do, he claimed, was give a much clearer understanding of life's problems and that was a useful springboard for finding solutions. The prison program involved an extensive support system to help the patients after release, in order to help them restructure their lives following the insights of the mushroom sessions. The team helped the ex-inmates to find jobs, worked with their parole offices, and Tim even let prisoners stay at his home while they were being housed. Critics claimed that the success of the experiment was due to the extra support and not the drug. A follow up study 20 years later found that the recidivism decline had not been significant after all, and that the original study used misleading figures in the base-rate comparison. 14 It did find, however, that there was other evidence for personality change. Behavior change, whether in convicts or psychotherapy patients, is notoriously hard to prove, but it does seem that the use of psilocybin in this particular support program produced results that warranted further study."

Leary's next project did little to calm his critics. Dr. Walter Pahnke from the Harvard Divinity School approached Tim in order to do a thesis on a comparison between the psychedelic experience and "true" religious ecstasy. In what came to be known as the Good Friday Miracle, 30 graduate students and trained psychedelic guides arrived in the small chapel of Boston University for an Easter service. Each took a small pill. Half of the pills were nothing more than placebos and half were psilocybin. The experiment was run under strict "double blind" conditions, in that no one present was aware who had been given which pill, but it soon became obvious as to who had taken the psychedelic and who hadn't. The Easter service and the church surroundings soon had the drugged students wandering round with looks of revelation and bliss across their faces, shouting out praise to the Lord. Analysis of the volunteers' reactions by Divinity students found no differences between the experiences of 90% of the tripping volunteers and that of the saints and other Christian visionaries. Later experiments also confirmed that the number of people

who reported a religious revelation after taking a psychedelic drug was as high as 90% when the drug was administered in religious circumstances." Indeed, when the volunteers were tracked down 30 years later, they still made the same claims for the profound nature of what they had experienced that day." The implication here was that a state which had previously been considered a blessing from God could be induced by man, more or less at will. The Church may not be able to achieve this, but Leary's magic pill could. He couldn't have offended people any more if he tried.

Time published a favorable article about the research and its implications, but it met with a wave of disapproval and criticism. Few people were prepared to accept that a chemical-induced Gnostic revelation was comparable with the "real thing". Leary was vocal in his conviction that all criticism of his work was ignorant, groundless and came from those with no experience of the subject in question, an attitude that would not help him politically. He regarded any attack as the result of the "Semmelweis effect," which claims that the opposition to a scientific discovery is directly proportional to its importance. This effect is named after the nineteenth-century obstetrician who massively reduced the mortality rate in surgery by insisting that doctors wash their hands, but who was ridiculed and driven out by his colleagues for his troubles. Semmelweis was eventually driven to madness and suicide.

At this point what Leary needed was a period of calm to reduce the political pressure, and to consider carefully his next steps. He did not get it. Instead, his life was blown apart by a substance far stronger and dramatically more controversial than psilocybin. In November i96i, Dr. Leary was introduced to LSD.

Then He Licked the Spoon

HE STORY OF LSD starts with a hunch: on April 16, 1943, the Swiss chemist Albert Hofmann responded to a "strange feeling" that he should revisit a certain ergot derivative that he had synthesized five years earlier. Ergot is a rye fungus that is rich in alkaloids, and Hofmann, in his role as a research chemist at Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Switzerland, was attempting to find a circulatory stimulant more efficient than aspirin.

This particular compound was the twenty-fifth that he created in a series of lsyergic acids. Initial tests had proven unpromising, and he had left it to gather dust since 1938. But on this day some unexplained urge persuaded him to mix up a new batch of this substance, lysergic acid diethylamide-25. He would later claim that he believed that "something more than chance" was behind this decision. A minute amount was absorbed through his skin and, following a three hour "remarkable but not unpleasant state of intoxication," he realized that he had something interesting on his hands. After thinking it over during the weekend, he returned to work on the following Monday and swallowed the first deliberate dose of LSD. He took a mere 250 micrograms, a millionth of an ounce, convinced that the effect of such a tiny dose would be negligible. This was not the case, and his journey home from work that day has gone down in history as perhaps the most memorable and harrowing bicycle ride ever.'

Hofmann's creation was noticed by the CIA, which at the time was trying to discover an odorless, colorless, truth drug. They would ultimately spend many millions of dollars researching LSD, which they described in 1954 as a potential new agent in "unconventional warfare." But during that time they never managed to pin down just exactly what it was that the drug did. Initial reports, greeted with much excitement, claimed that it not only acted as a truth drug, but it also caused the prisoner to forget what they had told their interrogators after it had worn off. Later reports declared that it was utterly useless as a truth drug, and went as far as recommending that agents be equipped with a dose that they could self administer if they were captured and interrogated. This would prevent them from being able to reveal secrets, or indeed say anything coherent at all.

It was then decided that LSD was a psychotomimetic, a drug that recreated the symptoms of schizophrenia or other mental illnesses, and was therefore a useful tool for the study of these conditions in laboratory conditions. The drug could also be secretly administered to enemy leaders to discredit them, and it showed great

promise for use in psychological torture. Work continued along these lines for a while, but eventually it was admitted that the effects were really nothing at all like any known mental illnesses. It was almost as if the drug was mocking all attempts to understand it, giving hints and suggestions but always remaining one step ahead of researchers. The CIA would not be the only people that worked with the drug who would fall prey to its innate trickster qualities.

Despite not knowing what LSD really did, there is no doubt that there was much enthusiasm for it at the Agency. Alarmed by the idea that enemy agents might spike CIA operatives with the drug, they started administering it to their own agents in order to train them to recognize the effects. Initially this was done in controlled circumstances, but eventually it was felt that it would be more valuable to spike operatives without their knowledge. Clearly on a roll now, this scheme was broadened so that it covered not just the unit involved in the research, but the entire Agency, and for a while surprise hallucinations and incapacity became something of an occupational hazard. The scheme was eventually stopped after a plan to spike the punch bowl at the CIA office party was discovered, amid general concern that the whole thing had blatantly gotten out of hand.4 Hundreds of Agency staff took LSD during this period, some on numerous occasions. There has been speculation that this may be linked to some of the more bizarre CIA programs that emerged at this time, such as research into ESP, or the idea of dusting Fidel Castro's shoes with a chemical that would make his beard fall out.

The military was also investigating the drug, and it was US army scientists who coined the word "trip" to describe the period of its effects. It was clear that LSD could have a profound effect on the battlefield, and over the course of research it was administered to nearly 1500 military personnel. The British army also experimented with the drug, and a unit was filmed attempting to undergo maneuvers in a wood while under its influence. Unable to understand their maps, radio equipment and rocket launchers, the soldiers became increasingly hysterical and eventually gave up, at which point one man climbed a tree in an effort to feed the birds. Much to the surprise of the authorities, American soldiers began stealing this horrific, madness-inducing weapon, and began using it at parties.

Much of what is known about the US Government's experiments with LSD was revealed in 1977, during Senate hearings in which Ted Kennedy, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research, attempted to discover the extent of a CIA program called Operation MK-ULTRA. Operation MK-ULTRA was the umbrella program that covered all of the CIA's research into chemical and biological weapons during the Cold War. Much of the work was shockingly immoral. Hundreds of mentally ill patients had been used as guinea pigs in research into brainwashing and mind control, and they were dosed with a variety of drugs without

their consent or knowledge. At a hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, researchers had given inmates LSD daily for up to 76 days in a row. An American doctors who had sat on the Nuremberg tribunal against Nazi war criminals was discovered to have since undertaken work that clearly violated the Nuremberg Code for medical ethics. Perhaps the most scandalous experiments involved spiking random, unsuspecting members of the public. Drugaddicted prostitutes in San Francisco were hired to pick up men and bring them back to a CIA safe house which was operating as a brothel. Here the prostitutes would administer the drug in drinks so that the CIA could observe the results. The agent in charge of this operation was named George Hunter White. He used to sit on a toilet behind a two-way mirror sipping martinis while he observed the action. From pipe cleaners he made models of people in whatever sexual positions he felt were most effective in removing their will and causing them to let secrets slip, and he sent these models to his superiors for analysis.6 White would later praise his job on the grounds that "it was fun, fun, fun." He went on to add about his time working for the CIA, "Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape and pillage with the sanction and blessing of the All-Highest?"

During this time the CIA was also monitoring, and at times covertly funding, other research on the drug in civilian medical and academic circles. Some of these experiments were based on the Agency's pet theory that the drug mimicked madness, such as the work of Dr. Louis Jolyon West at the University of Oklahoma. Dr. West, who was a CIA contract employee, conducted an experiment in which he gave an elephant the equivalent of 2000 human-sized doses of LSD, in order to see what would happen.,, The elephant in question lay down and never moved again. Any possibility of repeating this experiment in order to confirm these findings was dashed, unfortunately, when Dr. West attempted to revive the elephant with a variety of chemical stimulants, and accidentally killed it.

But there was also work going on that seemed to contradict what the CIA understood about the drug. Doctors and psychiatrists, notably Dr. Humphry Osmond in Canada and Dr. Oscar Janiger in Los Angeles, were using the drug therapeutically. LSD was being used to cure alcoholism, study creativity and was even being given to patients in therapy. It became fashionable in Hollywood, and was administered to patients including James Coburn, Anais Nin and Andre Previn. Jack Nicholson used his treatment as the basis for his screenplay for the film The Trip.9 Cary Grant took over ioo trips to treat depression after the failure of his marriage, and claimed that as a result he had been "reborn.""

This was baffling to the CIA. As they understood it, LSD was an "unconventional weapon" that had the power to send people temporarily insane. They had successfully used it as a form of torture in interrogations. How could this be

prescribed by psychiatrists in order to improve mental health? The effects of drugs are supposed to be predictable; a doctor should be able to prescribe a drug and be confident that he knows what it will do. LSD was not like that at all. Somehow it was able to produce totally different effects in different experiments. It just didn't make any sense.

LEARY WAS INTRODUCED to LSD by an Englishman named Michael Hollingshead. Hollingshead was working for the British American Cultural Exchange Institute in New York when he, together with his friend Dr. John Beresford, bought a gram of LSD from Sandoz Laboratories for C285. Obtaining it was simple; they wrote to Sandoz on a piece of paper with a New York hospital letterhead, and claimed that they wanted to use it as a control drug in bone marrow experiments. The drug arrived in a small brown vial and, in order to transfer it into more manageable doses, Hollingshead mixed it with water and icing sugar and transferred it to a i6 ounce mayonnaise jar. Then he licked the spoon.

Fifteen hours later, when he came back down again, he knew that he had something unprecedented on his hands. He had a jar containing 5000 doses of a life-changing chemical, but no idea what to do with it. As he had first heard about LSD from Aldous Huxley, he called Huxley and asked for some advice. After a bit of thought, Huxley suggested that he contact Leary. "If there's any one single investigator in America worth seeing," Huxley assured him, "it is Dr. Leary. He is a splendid fellow.""

Leary invited Hollingshead to Harvard but initially declined his offer of a spoonful of LSD from his mayonnaise jar. This was partly because the drug had already gotten a dubious reputation from the CIA's military experiments, and partly because he believed that one psychedelic was more or less the same as any other. But when he saw the faces of people who had taken a dose, his curiosity got the better of him. He took a trip from which he would never really return. It was much stronger than psilocybin.

"It was the most shattering experience of my life," he would write later.12 "It has been 20 years since that first LSD trip with Michael Hollingshead. I have never forgotten it. Nor has it been possible for me to return to the life I was leading before that session. I have never been able to take myself, my mind, or the social world quite so seriously. Since that time I have been acutely aware that everything I perceive, everything within and around me, is a creation of my own consciousness. And that everyone lives in a neural cocoon of private reality. From that day I have never lost the sense that I am an actor, surrounded by characters, props, and sets for the comic drama being written in my brain."

Leary's work had already started to create a slight separation, or dislocation, between his sense of self and the world at large. Over the years he had come to reject

the notions of "normal" and "abnormal" behavior, and instead saw all behavior patterns as nothing more than "games" that individuals had been trained to play. He saw himself at the time as simply playing the "psychologist game." His daughter was performing the "schoolgirl game" just as, for example, a murderer would be performing the "murderer game." This viewpoint is not intended to deny moral responsibility entirely, but it does tend to dissociate the ethical element from behavior patterns. It also removes the sense of seriousness from people's responsibilities, and makes it harder to take social and institutional rules seriously. They are, after all, merely part of the "game." When a Harvard colleague joked that they should form a "Psychopath Club" with those who followed this philosophy, Leary had replied that he genuinely was a psychopath." He told his colleagues that he had violated "every part of the American Psychological Society's code of ethics," particularly the part about not sleeping with patients."

But it was only after acid that Leary felt himself became truly distinct from the everyday world as other people understood it. This is not to say that he retreated, ignored or dismissed the world of normal consciousness. He just no longer viewed it as being the ultimate reality. He now knew that what he was really living in was not reality itself, but a model of reality created by his own brain. He knew that he had constructed this model, and that he was responsible for it. He also knew that he could change it.

It's generally accepted that what we "know" to be the real world is not the real world itself, but a model constructed by our brains based on our senses and our previous experience. The brain receives information from the five senses," which it collates in order to produce a mental model of the world, and it is this that we inhabit. This model differs from "true" reality in many ways. We may look at a car and see that it is red, for example, but the car itself has no intrinsic color. Our notion of "red" comes from the way our visual system interprets the way some photons of light are reflected from the car while others are not. We may see a chair and believe that it is solid, yet science assures us that this churning soup of particles and energy is mostly empty space. It only appears to support our weight because what particles are there repel us. We also know that there is a lot of information "out there" that we do not perceive, such as television signals, or the fluctuations in the magnetic fields that certain animals can use to navigate with. However, we generally assume that while our model of reality is not perfect, it is at least reasonably accurate and consistent with the real world. We certainly believe that we are passively observing the world we live in, rather than participating selectively in its construction.

Increasingly, it seems that this is not the case. Research done in areas such as

assessing the validity of eyewitness reports has shown that individuals are prone to see only what they expect to see, and can ignore anything that seems anomalous or contradictory to their beliefs. In a famous experiment at Harvard University, Dan Simons and Christopher Chabris showed volunteers a recording of a basketball game and asked them to count the number of passes made. Around 40% of volunteers completely failed to register that, early in the footage, a man in a gorilla suit walked slowly across the court, remaining clearly visible for about 45 seconds. This concept was used by Douglas Adams in his novel Life, the Universe and Everything, to create a spaceship that could land on the field of a busy sporting event and not be seen by the crowd. The brains of the observers, the spaceship's owner knew, would reject the visual information that their eyes reported, regard it as "somebody else's problem," and refuse to acknowledge its existence.

Over time, we create a mental model of the real world that is strongly influenced by our beliefs, prejudices and experience, and that model will differ from that of other people in far greater ways than is usually accepted. The world that we consciously inhabit increasingly resembles our own "world view." Should an optimistic person walk down a street, for example, they would be inclined to register happy couples, pleasant weather or playing children. A cynical person walking down exactly the same street may completely miss those details, and see instead the homeless population and the graffiti. Of course, the street itself hasn't changed between the two observations, but this is almost irrelevant, as no one is aware of the "true" street in its entirety." The same principal applies to every aspect of life, from the mechanism that decides which news stories you pay attention to, to the personal qualities in others that you respond to or overlook. The result is this is that the "world" in which we live is not an objective, distinct environment, but a model constructed in our own image. In the words of Alan Watts, the influential writer on Eastern Religions, "Reality is only a Rorschach ink-blot." Or as Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote back in 1860, "People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character."

Leary called these personal mental models "reality tunnels."" Each person lives in a different reality tunnel from everyone else, and is personally responsible for constructing their own existential reality. To be truly "free" it is necessary to recognize this for, in the words of the Discordians," "Whatever you believe imprisons you. Convictions create convicts." This is a difficult concept to grasp, but it is profoundly important in understanding both Leary and his influence. It is the concept that explains the post-modern move away from the rational beliefs of the eighteenth-century Age of Enlightenment, which viewed reality as an absolute that could be understood through rational inquiry. Enlightenment thinkers assumed that everyone operates in the same reality but that, Leary believed, was just not true on a practical level. Concepts, relationships and events were now relative, and could only really be understood when analyzed alongside the reality tunnels that created them. Our understanding of the physical world had been fundamentally changed when

Einstein recognized the importance of relativity and now, Leary thought, it was time for the mental world to undergo a similar revolution.

Most people, however, go through life without ever questioning the validity of the world they inhabit, for these personal realities are convincing, seductive and consistently coherent. It is difficult to recognize their limitations, although the practice of meditation is useful for "switching off" the brain's participation in what is perceived. Not everyone would want to do this, of course. The realization that what you believe to be "reality" is in actual fact a flawed, personal construction can be a frightening idea, which can leave you feeling groundless, lost or alone. This explains the importance of religious, social and political movements, such as Christianity, environmentalism or communism. Movements like these attempt to "synchronize" the individual realities of a large mass of people around accepted priorities and attitudes; a process that can be personally comforting."

The idea that the world that we are aware of is just an abstract of "true" reality is fundamental to Leary's later ideas, his behavior and his sense of humor. The concept, however, existed for a long time before Tim. It existed at the beginning of Western society, in Plato's claims that the world we are aware of is like the "shadows on the wall of a cave." It is also a fundamental concept in Hinduism and Buddhism, where it is known as Maya, the world of illusions. But Leary was one of the first to approach the concept from an empirical, scientific viewpoint, and one of the first to use a synthetic chemical to see through the veils of Maya. As a result he could make others experience this awareness without them undergoing years of religious training and practice. And unlike earlier mystics, who went to extraordinary lengths to achieve even a glimpse of the larger reality, he was also able to achieve this state whenever the mood took him. Indeed, he got into the habit of achieving it at least once a week.

Tim believed that LSD allowed you to reject a personal reality and imprint a different one. He argued that it was crazy to live in a reality that was negative and unrewarding, because there were an infinite number of other "realities" that the brain could use instead. This is the idea that underpins the majority of Leary's philosophy. It is made explicit in the titles of some of his work, such as the LP You Can Be Anyone This Time Around or the book Changing My Mind, Among Others, and in remarks such as "You're only as young as the last time you changed your mind." By understanding how to re-program your brain, you could step out of one reality and into another. It was a theory that Leary would repeatedly put into practice. His personal reality and his associated persona had changed before, but slowly, under the natural evolution of time. He had been a choirboy, a soldier, a sophisticated professional and an academic, and his version of reality had been shaped differently

in each of these guises. From now on, however, Tim would be changing his version of reality every few years, or even every few months. Ideas and beliefs that had been intrinsic and crucial to him would be casually swept away by changing circumstances. Should his present reality prove to be inadequate, he would simply adopt a new one. But this was not a technique that would be easy on those around him.

People who met Tim now could tell almost instantly that there was something different about him. Some found him cold and slightly sinister, even almost inhuman. The majority, though, were spellbound. "I knew, the day he walked in, I'd never met anyone like him," recalled one of his students."" "For a few years, I believed that he was the most creative human being that I had ever imagined." recalled Alpert, "He was head and shoulders above anybody else at Harvard or anyone else I'd ever met."" He seemed to have developed a knack of not imposing himself on people, but rather allowed those he met to project their own interpretation onto him. In this way he could be all things to all people-friend, scientist, charlatan, genius or irresponsible idiot. It is noticeable today, over 40 years later, that those who knew him at the time still describe him more as a legend than a real person. The impact he had on people has not faded with time. It may be tempting to blame, or thank, LSD for creating these reactions, but as his friend Lisa Bieberman once remarked, "To attribute Leary's personality to acid is absurd, for there have been millions of LSD users, but only one Timothy Leary.",

After LSD, any thought of toning down his work to appease his critics at Harvard went out of the window. From now on, psilocybin was out. LSD was the only tool strong enough for him. The fact that the use of this more controversial drug would only inflame his critics further was not a concern. Leary believed that LSD was more important than Harvard, and he wanted everyone to know it.

ONE PROBLEM THE research team faced was that the existing medical terminology for "abnormal" states was overwhelmingly negative. The language that typified the LSD reports emanating from the CIA and their partners used terms such as "manic," "neurotic," and "psychotic." The researchers who were actually taking the drug themselves found themselves searching for words that better described the bliss and awe that they were experiencing. When the scope of psychology proved inadequate for their needs, they found themselves drawn more and more to referencing eastern religions, which had spent many thousands of years attempting to describe these ineffable states. This seemed a natural progression because those who had done most to popularize eastern thought during the 1950's, the Beats, were the very same people who were participating in the research.

This did little to calm the concerns of other faculty members that Leary and

Alpert's work was becoming increasingly unscientific. Harvard academics were clearly not sure how to react when they discovered Swami Vishnudevananda performing a headstand on the conference table in the Center for Personality Research, clad only in a loincloth. Tim seemed unconcerned by the reactions his work and life were generating. His house in Newton Center had become a multifamily commune, with Leary, Alpert and Metzner living together with various children and partners. This was unheard of at the time, and neighbors filed suit with the city, claiming that they were in violation of zoning laws that limited occupancy to single families. The old lady next door complained to everyone she could about "weird people who all wear beatnik uniforms." A young man who had grown his hair down to his shoulders was a particular concern. "Every time I look at him," she confessed, "I want to vomit.""

It has been claimed that, by the end of 1962, the house had become increasingly chaotic. The English author Alan Watts, who is credited with popularizing Buddhism in the west, was amazed at the mess that he found in Leary's house. He could not understand how anyone who had experienced such expanded awareness could live in such squalor. Those who lived in the house, however, find this reaction a little unfair. Ralph Metzner lived in the commune throughout its existence and claims that the mess was "no more than average, although on some days it might have seemed excessive."24 Metzner also doubts claims that psilocybin pills were left lying around where they could be found by children, for there was very little psilocybin available during the time of the Newton Center commune and people were very protective of their supplies. Jack Leary, however, has claimed that he found and ate some when he was aged 12. He later recalled staring at the dog, trying to understand how it could be sitting normally and jumping up in the air at the same time. The dog was equally mystified, as Jack had fed it some of the pills beforehand.25

HUXLEY WAS BECOMINGLY increasingly concerned about Leary's progress. He was not treading the cautious, considered path that they had discussed. Indeed, he seemed to be almost wilfully courting controversy. "Yes, what about Timothy Leary?" Huxley wrote to Osmond in December 1962. "I spent an evening with him here a few weeks ago-and he talked such nonsense ... that I became quite concerned. Not about his sanity-because he is perfectly sane-but about his prospects in the world; for this nonsense-talking is just another device for annoying people in authority, flouting convention, cocking snooks at the academic world; it is the reaction of a mischievous Irish boy to the headmaster of his school. One of these days the headmaster will lose patience ... I am very fond of Tim ... but why, oh why does he have to be such an ass?"26

Huxley's words, as ever, were prophetic. The CIA had been keeping an eye on

Tim's work. They were aware of all LSD research because they were alerted by Sandoz Laboratories to every purchase of the drug.27 Initially they were content to quietly monitor activities in the hope that his results would be of interest. But it soon became clear that Leary and Alpert were a touch too evangelical and too public with their work, and that their influence was spreading.

Leary had been crossing the country turning on influential people and talking to whoever would listen. He had taken the drug to Hollywood, where his growing fame made him an honored guest at many film industry parties.2" It had also taken him to Washington, were he had been approached by a woman called Mary Pinchot Meyer and trained her to guide people on LSD trips. Meyer had recently divorced Cord Meyer, an influential CIA agent noted for his work in covert operations. She explained that she intended to organize LSD sessions for a group of "very powerful men" and their wives and mistresses. Meyer has since gone on to feature in a number of conspiracy theories; a mistress of JFK, she was shot dead by an unknown assailant on a canal towpath in October 1964.29 It was Meyer, Leary claimed, who convinced John F. Kennedy to try acid, which he took, as well as other drugs, while in the White House.3°

Tim loved all this attention. He loved being in the company of the rich, the famous, and the brilliant. He loved his own growing sense of fame and notoriety. The volunteers who came to the project knew that Tim was the oldest, the smartest and the most psychedelically experienced of the group. It was around this time that, in the words of Ralph Metzner, "the issue of leadership, with its associated complex of idealization and disappointment, was beginning to rear its ugly head.""

It soon became apparent that the participants in the program were looking to Tim for guidance and expected him to lead them. This seems to have initially bothered Leary, but once he accepted that this was to be his role, he grasped the nettle firmly and never let go. Soon he was the unquestioned alpha male of the psychedelic project, and this position was strengthened with each new person he turned on. Under the influence of the drug the tripper would often see the guide and drug-giver as an almost divine figure, the benign patriarch who had blessed them with this experience. It was an effect that Tim understood well, for during his first trip he had seen Michael Hollingshead in the same light. It had taken a couple of weeks for this perception to wear off, during which time he had embarrassed Alpert by following Hollingshead around like a lost puppy. For many that he gave the drug to, Tim became the personification of LSD itself. Young women, in particular, would fall hopelessly for him. It was a situation that was easy to take advantage of.

Much to his later embarrassment, Leary had not initially noticed the sexual element

of the psychedelic experience. He had always approached a trip as a pure death and rebirth experience that needed to be treated with great respect. He had known that all the senses were heightened and that strong emotional bonds developed between participants, but he had not realized what the natural outcome of this would be, until he tripped in a sensually decorated Manhattan apartment with a beautiful Moroccan model. Afterward, he felt almost embarrassed about how long it had taken him to grasp this most obvious effect. How had he been so square and inhibited all this time? He consulted Huxley. "Of course it's true, Timothy," Huxley told him, "but we've stirred up enough trouble suggesting that drugs can stimulate aesthetic and religious experiences. I strongly urge you not to let the sexual cat out of the bag.""

But if Tim had failed to notice the obvious, his growing circle of "converts" were not so blind. There was a core of around 40 committed trippers at this point, and they were increasingly becoming based not in the classrooms and research labs of Harvard, but in Leary's large communal household in middle class Newton Center. Rumors started to abound of wild drug-crazed orgies in the Leary house. Locals were all too aware of the influx of junkies, homosexuals, beatniks, foreigners and perverts to their safe Massachusetts suburb. "LSD is so powerful," Tim remarked, "That one administered dose can start a thousand rumors." In situations like this the reality of the situation rarely lives up to the events that are imagined by those on the outside. In this case, however, the straight world had no reference points to allow them to even begin to grasp what was happening. Behind the doors of the Leary household a constant stream of sexual and spiritual experimentation occurred that was far wilder than they could ever have imagined.

Although it is easy to assume otherwise, it was not just the hedonism and sexual liberation that made those early experimenters so enamored with the drug. The main factor was intellectual, the belief that taking LSD gave them an increased awareness and understanding of the world. The drug gave insights which, although often lost after the trip was over, still affected people enough to convince them that they had become better or wiser through the experience. Such a sense of improved awareness is difficult to imagine, but it is helpful to consider the metaphor of a cup that is either half full or half empty. The idea here is that an individual decides which of these descriptions applies to his "take" on life, and this illustrates whether that person is optimistic or pessimistic. But to an individual who has been psychedelically informed, the whole concept can appear absurd. They would look at the cup and see that it is half full and that it is also half empty. The two positions are inseparable and there is no contradiction which requires an "either/or" choice. Indeed, to see the cup as either only half full or only half empty takes a lot of mental effort on the viewer's part, as it is necessary to blind yourself to what is undeniably in front of you. After undergoing such an "obvious" realization as this, hearing anyone refer to a cup as being only half full or half empty seems somewhat blind or foolish. It was a series of insights similar to this that made those who took LSD feel that they now understood things "better" than people who had not turned on. Increasingly, users of psychedelics began to feel that they had "outgrown" the rest of the population. As the social critic Diana Trilling observed, "I have observed a curious transformation in all the young people I know who have taken the drug; even after only one or two trips they attain a sort of suprahumanity, as if purged of mortal error.""

THE FACULTY SOON became aware that there was a growing black market in LSD among the students. It was spreading far beyond the limits of the research program. Parents were becoming concerned. They were paying a lot of money for a Harvard education because they wanted their children to become the future leaders of American society. They had not expected telephone calls from their sons and daughters announcing that they had found God. They were not happy when they decided to drop out in order to study yoga by the Ganges.

The inevitable confrontation came in the form of a staff meeting organized at the request of Dr. Herbert Kelman, in order to air the faculty's growing grievances and concerns. Kelman was a respected and powerful academic who had received grants from a CIA-funded organization." The turnout for the meeting was so great that it had to be held in an auditorium. A string of complaints against Leary and Alpert poured out, from concerns about the scientific validity of their methodology, to accusations of irresponsible experimentation, corrupting students and damaging the department. Academic journals that stated that LSD was dangerous were debated, and a committee was appointed to oversee Leary's and Alpert's future work. An under graduate journalist, Andrew Weil, was investigating the emerging Harvard drug underground and decided to attend this supposedly private staff meeting.;5 His account was printed in the student newspaper the Harvard Crimson and the story was picked up by the Boston Herald. It made a good story, and concern about this "Harvard drug cult" reached the US Food and Drug Administration, an organization which had assisted the CIA in its drugs research.

Shortly afterward the axe began to fall on American LSD research. The FDA declared that LSD was dangerous, and as such should only be administered by a trained medical physician. Leary was ordered to hand over his supply. From that point on, anyone who wanted to work with LSD had to obtain permission from the FDA. Moreover, it was designated an "experimental drug" and hence could only be used for research, not for general psychiatric practice. The LSD therapy community blamed Leary for the ban on their previously legitimate work, but it seems more likely that he was the excuse, rather than the cause, of this change in government policy. The FDA would not have made such a decision against the wishes of the CIA.36 By this point the Agency had been studying the drug for over a decade and no longer considered it reliably controllable. They had successfully deployed it in

operations, but their focus was increasingly moving to a new drug, quinuclidinyl benzilate, or BZ for short. BZ would knock people to the ground, and they wouldn't move for three days. It was cheaper to produce, more reliable and, unlike LSD, could even be administered in the form of gas on a battlefield. As far as the CIA were concerned, BZ was a much better weapon than LSD.

Leary and Alpert knew that their days at Harvard were numbered, but they already had bigger plans. They started a non-profit psychedelic organization which they hoped could expand to have bases in cities around the world. They called it IF-IF, the International Federation for Internal Freedom. It would perform research and publish a scholarly journal, but more importantly it would train guides who could go forth and teach others how to use the drug safely. The CIA, of course, found this very interesting. They issued a secret memo which instructed any CIA personnel involved in psychological and drug research to report all contacts with Leary, Alpert or any of their IF-IF associates."

The idea behind IF-IF was that anyone could approach them and request a guided LSD trip, and provided they met certain standards of mental health and suitability they would receive one. In this way, the psychedelic experience would spread far wider than if they remained working solely in academia. Tim and Richard set up the organization knowing that there was growing awareness of their work from the press and public, but they were unprepared for the scale of interest that followed. IF-IF's first public operation would be a psychedelic "summer camp" in Mexico. Five thousand applications poured in for the fifty available places.

It was while Tim was in Mexico making arrangements that he heard that he had been fired from Harvard. The official reason was that he had left classes without permission." He was the first Harvard Faculty member to be dismissed since the great American philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1838, who had scandalized the Harvard Divinity School with a lecture in which he urged his audience to reject organized Christianity and find God inside themselves. A month after Tim's dismissal, Alpert was fired for giving LSD to an undergraduate. Previously, in November 1961, he had given a written promise to the faculty that no undergraduate would receive the drug. It probably did not help matters that Richard was starting a homosexual relationship with the student in question. It certainly did not help that, according to Jack Leary, the student's father was on the Harvard Board of Trustees and that the student went home and said: "Fuck you, Dad! ... I'm taking acid and sleeping with a professor!"" A deluge of press interest followed the firings. The first Leary's mother would know about it was when she saw it in the paper. This would be one scandal for which she'd never forgive him.

"It tears out my heart to see what happened to them," remarked Professor McClelland. "They started out as good, sound scientists. Now they've become

cultists."a"

IN THE EVENTS that followed, Leary might have behaved differently if the influence of Aldous Huxley had been stronger. But Huxley died of throat cancer on November 22, 1963, five hours after the shooting of President Kennedy.

Huxley had known he was dying when he was writing his final major novel, Island (1962), which was in many ways a more ambitious and remarkable work than Brave New World (1932). In that novel he had depicted a frighteningly real dystopia but in his later years, following his psychedelic experiments, he realized that a far greater achievement would be to disregard the cynicism and attempt to design a genuine utopia. He wrote a pivotal death scene, in which the grandmother was guided through a psychedelic trip in order to ease her passing, as a model for his own departure." He had confided this to Leary a few week's earlier, during Tim's last visit. His final words to him were, "Be gentle with them, Timothy. They want to be free, but they don't know how. Teach them. Reassure them.'12 But with Huxley's presence waning, his influence on Tim would no longer be able to counteract that of Ginsberg. Tim would eventually dedicate himself to the widespread, egalitarian advocacy among the young against which Huxley had strongly argued.

During the hour of Kennedy's assassination, too ill to speak, Huxley wrote "LSD-Try it. Intermuscular, ioomm." on his writing tablet." His doctor reluctantly consented, and his wife Laura administered the injection herself. She sat and read to him from an advance copy of The Psychedelic Experience, a reinterpretation of the Tibetan Book of the Dead that Leary, Metzner and Alpert had written, at Huxley's suggestion, to guide LSD trips. The injection of LSD produced a noticeably beneficial effect in the dying man. Huxley became relaxed, comfortable, and at peace. Very quietly and gently, he slipped away.

Jesus Christ, Do I Have to Fuck Every Girl Who Comes to This Place?

IM AND RICHARD had run a psychedelic "summer camp" in Mexico the previous year, in 1962, and it had been a great success. They had rented out the neglected and decaying Hotel Catalina, which sat on the beach about a mile and a half down a dirt road from the town of Zihuatanejo, 180 miles north of Acapulco. Electricity and water supplies were erratic, but the setting was idyllic and they knew they would not be disturbed. About 35 academics, students, friends and interested parties attended, and they spent six weeks running countless LSD sessions together.

According to Huxley's insights into how to run a positive, successful trip, the beauty of the location and the calm atmosphere were important. The key was to pay attention to what Leary called "set and setting." Here "set" refers to the individual's mental state, or "mindset," and "setting" refers to both the environment and the people present. It was important to be in a good frame of mind, not anxious or distracted by other concerns, and to be in a harmonious location with people you trusted and liked. If set and setting were good, a positive and pleasurable trip would occur. If they were lacking, however, then the horrors of a bad trip could result. LSD amplifies the surroundings and pre-existing feelings, Huxley realized, but it does not create anything that is not already present. It was the recognition of this principal that explains the different results obtained by Leary and the CIA, and why the same drug could be regarded by different researchers as causing either visionary ecstasy or profound terror. Individuals who were spiked with the drug without their knowledge, or those who were administered it in a clinical medical facility by unfamiliar doctors, were almost guaranteed to descend into nightmares.

For Leary's party of like-minded friends, relaxing for weeks on a blissful Mexican beach, the results were about as positive as could be. The LSD sessions were joyful, and relations with the local Mexicans were good. Before they returned to America they played a baseball game against the villagers, with most of the American team still under the influence of acid. This gave them an unfair advantage, they discovered, as time kept slowing down after the baseball was pitched. They found they had all the

time in the world to study the ball and line up their swings.2 After quickly going 8-o up, Tim instructed his team to stop scoring and let the opposition catch up, in order to preserve good international relations. The game ended a draw, and "everybody urged us to come back next year," Tim wrote.' "And we planned to. Those six weeks at Zihuatanejo had given us a glimpse of Utopia."

The following summer, however, was not a success. It started promisingly, and the guests arrived in good spirits. A 25 foot tall wooden observation tower was built on the beach where it could be seen from every part of the complex. One person would stay in the tower, tripping, for the duration of the summer camp. Being selected to be in the tower was a great honor, and there would be a ceremony whenever a new person was chosen. Ralph Metzner has since described a memorable night in the tower, "watching the moon rise and travel over the bay, its silvery radiance reflecting from the murmuring surf. I watched it set behind the mountains as the pink-orange light of dawn suffused the sky. Hour-long electrical storms soundlessly shattered the sky into shards of yellow, turquoise and violet."4 But there were signs that such memorable experiences could not continue much longer. Tim received a telegram from Mary Pinchot Meyer in Washington warning him that his summer camp was "in serious jeopardy."

The hotel started to attract visits from young impoverished American travelers, people who in a few years time would be given the name "hippies." They had heard about LSD and wanted to try it, but were turned away by Tim. They took to sleeping on a beach on the opposite side of the bay. Then a gruesome murder was linked by the press to their project. "Harvard Drug Orgy Blamed for Decomposing Body" ran one newspaper headline, although there seemed to be no reason to connect the death to the camp. According to Tim, it had occurred in a village ioo miles away. When the police came to investigate, however, a tripping middle-aged woman, who resembled "the lank-haired vampire mistress from cartoonist Charles Addams' haunted Victorian house," jumped out at them from a doorway in a narrow corridor. She was naked except for a red and blue ink drawing of a "grotesque artistic parody of the crucified Christ" on her body." This was not the sort of thing that went down well in Catholic Mexico.

The police informed Tim that his summer camp was being shut down. The official reason was because he was running a business on a tourist visa. His attempts to appeal against the decision failed. He was told that the President of Mexico himself was insisting that they go, for he had received calls from the American ambassador, the CIA and the Justice Department, all urging Leary's expulsion.

If this was the case, the most likely reason for this high level pressure was the publicity that Leary was generating. The CIA had managed to keep their work on behavior modification relatively secret. While parts were available in academic

journals, much of the rest of the work was considered to be military intelligence and should not be available to foreign states. IF-IF, however, had a press officer who naively invited the world's press to Mexico to witness Tim's work. Life, CBS, NBC and the BBC all planned stories, and Time, Newsweek, and scores of other newspapers were also invited. This was Tim's reaction to the dismissal from Harvard. As he was no longer protected by the reputation of the famous university, he needed some other form of power base to support his work. Public opinion seemed to be the best option, so he did everything he could to court the press. It made a great story too, thanks to the firing from Harvard and the idyllic surroundings of the Mexican beach. The majority of the press coverage was negative, but the idea of the establishment stamping down on a rebel scientist, who claimed to be able to create enlightenment, took hold in the public imagination. Thanks to his academic background, his enthusiasm for the drug, and his willingness to talk to journalists, Tim was by now firmly established in the eyes of the press and the public as the figurehead of LSD.

While the police were shutting down the summer camp, and with the residents in the process of being deported, a few people decided to take a last acid trip. This broke the golden rule of set and setting, and the more paranoid, persecuted atmosphere helped trigger the first cases of prolonged negative effects that Leary had ever seen. One tripper came to believe that he was a gorilla. He went swinging through the trees and terrorized everyone he met. He was eventually captured by Tim and five other men, who trapped him with a rope, tarpaulin and blankets. He was given a tranquilizer and returned to some form of lucidity the next morning. Another casualty, however, went into an almost catatonic state and remained like that for many days. Tim went through this man's wallet and found several US government identity cards that attested to high-level clearance. When the airline refused to allow him to fly back to the United States in his catatonic state, Tim sent a wire to the US Defense Department. It read, "Your agent Duane Marvy is in the Chapultepec Mental Hospital, Mexico City." Then Leary returned to America in order to plan his next move. His first exposure to the dangers of the drug had in no way dampened his enthusiasm for it.

By now IF-IF had a head office in a medical center in Boston, which boasted the wonderful address of Zero Emerson Place. The first issue of their journal The Psychedelic Review" had been published and was a great success. It had a circulation of around 4000 copies, the majority coming from subscriptions. Tim, Richard and Ralph also completed their psychedelic reinterpretation of the Tibetan Book of the Dead, which was published as The Psychedelic Experience. This was intended as a manual or a guide to navigate the realms of inner space, which emphasised the similarities between an LSD trip and the Tibetan description of the soul's journey after death. IF-IF was clearly a productive organization and could

hardly be considered a failure, but it still had not managed to found a retreat or a centre to which people could come for a safe, guided psychedelic session.

Tim set off to Dominica, on an ultimately futile journey to seek a suitable location in the Caribbean. That he was starting to become a little desperate was shown in his attempts to settle here, for he considered the location to be far from the idyllic paradise demanded by the laws of set and setting. At night the black sands and thick jungle seemed oppressive and sinister. The island was poverty-stricken and dependent for survival on the foreign corporations that ran the banana industry.

Initial approaches to the island's officials were highly favorable, how ever, until a sudden change of mind further up the chain of command led to them being told to leave. Tim has claimed that this was because of an approach to the island's governor by the CIA. He left the island and headed to Antigua, where he met Richard Alpert. Alpert was still in the process of traveling to Dominica and was furious that Tim had got himself thrown off the island before he had even arrived. They set up in an old seafront bar called The Bucket of Blood, which was deserted and almost devoid of furniture, in order to investigate the possibility of establishing themselves in Antigua. They were now about \$50,000 in debt and Richard had taken to selling his antiques and his Mercedes to support their efforts. The pair began to fight during a group acid trip. "There were, like, 14 people sitting around us in a circle," Alpert recalled, "and Tim felt that what we were really fighting about was sexual in nature and so he took off all his clothes and offered himself to me, really. And the whole thing was totally bizarre. So we rolled around on the floor and then worked it out and we all went swimming the next morning. There wasn't any real sex between us; not that time or ever. Tim was threatened by homosexuality. I think he'd had some unpleasant episodes in his life that he wanted to forget.""

One of those present, a man called Frank Ferguson who was working as Tim's secretary, had a psychotic episode during the trip. The group were attempting to befriend the leading psychiatrists on Antigua in order to gain support, and one of these was known to be a specialist in lobotomies. As the IF-IF group had come to view the brain as an almost sacred organ, they viewed performing a lobotomy as an almost evil act. Ferguson was troubled by the ethics of dealing with this man. While under the influence of LSD, he decided that the only thing to do was approach the unsuspecting doctor and offer to be voluntarily lobotomized himself, as a sacrifice." This he promptly did and, following the resulting scandal, any hope of IF-IF being accepted in Antigua was over.

Their luck didn't improve when they flew back to the US. Their LSD was in a mouthwash bottle in Alpert's luggage, and he saw his bag fall to the ground while being loaded into the cargo hold. The bottle was smashed, and the drug soaked into his white linen suit. Obtaining new supplies of LSD was difficult now that it was

regulated by the FDA, so for the next few months they were reduced to nibbling the suit when they wanted to trip."

Fortunately, their luck improved considerably once they returned. They found the base that they had been searching for.

THE HOUSE AT Millbrook was a 64-room Gothic mansion in Duchess County, New York, about 80 miles north of Manhattan. The grounds covered 2500 acres across landscape where Rip Van Winkle, the stories said, had once encountered the Dutch elves. There were orchards, hills, pine forests, a waterfall, a three-storey gatehouse and a separate bungalow. It was empty and deserted when Richard first saw it, exploring its labyrinth of rooms by candlelight, and despite it being an "exquisitely horrible house," he knew that they had found their home.

The house had recently been bought by Billie and Tommy Hitchcock, two grandchildren of William Larimer Mellon, the founder of Gulf Oil. The Hitchcocks were young businessmen, and their trust funds alone give them an income of around seven million dollars a year each. Their sister, Peggy, had been a strong supporter of Tim's since Harvard, and she arranged for Richard to introduce Billie to acid in order to convert him to the cause. Once enlightened, he agreed to allow Tim, Ralph, Richard and a fluctuating group of between io and 20 of their friends and families to set up a communal home at Millbrook for a nominal rent.

It was a fitting home for the history-shaping research that they intended to pursue. "Big houses with intricate floor plans figure prominently in the drama and fantasy life of individuals and races," wrote a Millbrook resident, Art Kleps. "One expects, quite reasonably, on the basis of experience, personal and vicarious, that if one is destined to perform noble deeds or to encounter great and mysterious figures, that such a setting will be provided. We do not expect history to be made in hovels.""

And so began the story of the experimental commune at Millbrook. Their presence was at first cautiously welcomed by the local town people, for the new residents were friendly, kept up a respectable academic demeanor and spent a lot of money in the local liquor store. Initial concerns were minor. The estate "once employed several dozen gardeners," one newspaper commented, "but has not been manicured lately."" Only slowly did stories about the lifestyle within start to circulate, and the realization that the new "lords of the manor" were dedicated to strange drugs, group sex and the most un-Christian interpretation of religion imaginable. It did not help matters that the grounds backed onto those of Bennett College, a private girls' school. The Millbrook estate was quickly declared "out of bounds" for the pupils, who were informed that any visits could result in their expulsion. This, the president of the college declared, was just "a precautionary measure."

Once installed at Millbrook, Tim adopted a public persona that was, for him, surprisingly cautious. Plans to open IF-IF centres across the country were shelved, as legal access to LSD had become too difficult. Instead he focused on the religious dimension of the psychedelic experience, and explored ways to communicate this to people without the use of any psychedelic drug. "Chemicals are only one psychedelic method," he told Newsweek. "There are hundreds of others we can employ here-diet, fasting, dance, breathing exercises, sensory withdrawal, Zen, photography, archery."14 He announced that Millbrook would host a series of drugless consciousness-raising seminars each weekend. "The beats come, they see a straight scene, and they go away," he claimed.

These drugless seminars were unusual events. Guests paid 60 dollars a head for the weekend, and would find themselves meditating alone in empty rooms while cards containing written instructions were occasionally posted under the door. The guests had to dress in togas and eat meals together in total silence. A voice would intermittently read "bright sayings" over a tannoy system, or a gong would be hit. For the full-time residents of Millbrook, who gobbled endless LSD tablets and giggled away in the background, the whole thing was completely ludicrous.

Tim kept up the "drugless" angle for at least the next three years, when he went out on the road and performed "Psychedelic Religious Celebrations" in theaters across the country. These were multimedia events, an hour and a half in length, which attempted to create a sense of spiritual awareness in the audience through light shows, prayers and the stories of Christ and the Buddha.j5

The irony of this drugless stance is that, by the time Tim arrived at Millbrook, it was already too late to stop the swelling interest in LSD that would erupt into the mainstream during 1967's "Summer of Love." His advocacy at Harvard and Zihuatanejo had gained enough publicity that the existence of LSD was now public knowledge. Curious people wanted to know more, so they started to investigate the subject themselves. The establishment of an underground drug infrastructure that would eventually produce enough LSD to supply an estimated seven million Americans was now underway. Tim could talk about meditation and yoga all he liked, but nothing would put this genie back into its bottle.

Life at Millbrook, of course, was about as far away from the pious earnestness of the "drugless" consciousness work as it is possible to get. Tim, like the CIA before him, was interested in the effect LSD had on what was known as "imprinting." This is the idea that not all behavior is learned through a long process of repetition. Instead, there are certain times when a behavioral trait is "imprinted" in the psyche during one specific event. The classic psychological demonstration of this is a famous experiment by Konrad Lorenz in which ducklings were hatched, not in the presence of their mother, but in the presence of a tennis ball. The newborn birds then imprinted

this ball as their mother image. From that point on the poor ducklings would blindly follow the ball around, even after their real mother had been introduced to them.

It was possible to use LSD to imprint new behaviors, as the CIA discovered in their experiments in brainwashing. Indeed, one of the dangers of LSD is that it is possible for a careless tripper to "imprint" a ludicrous belief by accident. But what the CIA hadn't understood, Leary believed, was that at the height of an acid trip it is possible to "rise above" all the imprinted patterns. In that state you could see that your behavior was not the result of free will but of conditioned, robot-like reflexes. This awareness was like a laboratory rat, which had spent its life running along the corridors in a maze, being suddenly lifted up by a scientist to a height where it can look down and for the first time comprehend the maze it had lived in. LSD would allow the duckling in the experiment, for example, to become aware of his automatic response to the tennis ball and understand why it was acting in that way. It was this awareness that interested Tim, for it allowed an individual to work through their previously destructive habits and become, he felt, truly free.

Tim's research was now focusing on eradicating previous mental conditioning. The idea was that an individual could use LSD to replace a specific, unwanted personality trait with an imprint of new, less destructive behavior. The ability to "reprogram" yourself like this, Tim claimed, was perfectly natural. It was simply the next, unavoid able evolutionary step. Not everyone was convinced by this argument, however, as attempting to improve upon millions of years of evolution by taking conscious responsibility for the way your brain operated seemed arrogant and dangerous. Fortunately, this debate was mostly academic, for it was soon realized that permanently eradicating behavior was extremely difficult. The problem was that the awareness granted by LSD was fleeting and was easily lost after the drug had worn off. How could they make that level of understanding permanent?

And so began a strange regime of "deconditioning" behavior patterns. It owed a lot to the Armenian mystic and writer Georges I. Gurdjieff, who attempted to bring his followers to enlightenment through tactics like shock, or mind-numbing physical exertion such as cutting a lawn with a pair of scissors. At Millbrook, a bell would ring four times a day and everyone in the house would have to stop and write in a diary the behavioral "game" they were currently involved in. Food would be dyed strange colors to confuse the senses, and visitors could find themselves presented with, for example, a plate of green eggs and a glass of black milk. Communal parenting was introduced, much to the dismay of the non-parents, who suddenly found themselves with the responsibilities of unpaid nannies." The aim of all this was to conquer the routine, unconscious patterns that leave us sleepwalking through life. Even io years later, it was noticed that Tim studiously avoided routine," sleeping in different rooms, brushing his teeth with different hands, and ordering different drinks

in bars.

Sexual hang-ups and jealousy are a big part of our conditioning, and so they clearly had to go. The third floor was designated as an "anything goes" area, and all beds were open to all-comers. Initial enthusiasm for the idea gradually declined, however, and it was grudgingly accepted that the plan was causing more tension than it relieved. Still, there was plenty of sexual exploration in the house, especially for Tim. As the group's alpha male, he was the focus of attention for the many female visitors who passed through the house. Art Kleps remembered being in the kitchen one morning discussing the similarities between Leary and Jesus with a Christian IF-IF member, when Tim arrived "tousled and haggard, drew a coffee and turned to the assembled breakfasters to inquire rhetorically: 'Jesus Christ, do I have to fuck every girl who comes to this place? ""H

All this was extremely difficult for his children, who were now in their early-to-mid teens. After attempts at communal parenting had broken down, Susan and Jackie were more or less left to their own devices. Tim claimed that his unorthodox, hands-off parenting was in the children's best interests, but it seems more likely that he was just too preoccupied with his work to give enough of his time to them. His parenting method, certainly, was the polar opposite of what is currently considered good parenting, since nowadays establishing a routine and clearly defined limits is recommended as the best way to allow children to flourish. His children were soon taking acid and other drugs. Leary stated on stage, in 1967: "I know no child over the age of seven who hasn't been given drugs, and I know many of them."19 There was certainly no effort to provide set and setting and an experienced guide for the first trips of Jack and Susan.

The children reacted in opposite ways. Jack became increasingly aware of his father's faults, and the disillusionment that began to set in slowly evolved into anger, and eventually outright hatred. Susan, on the other hand, became devoted to her father, and jealous and vindictive toward anyone else who wanted to take up too much of his time.

An attempt to gain a little normality was made at the end of 1964, when Tim entered into a short-lived marriage with Nena von Schlebrugge. Nena, the daughter of a Swedish baron, was one of the many exotic people who passed through Millbrook that year. She was, as Tim wrote to his mother informing her of the wedding, "a most remarkable person of unusual intelligence, character and wisdom. She is deeply committed to spiritual goals and is an ideal companion for the metaphysical explorations in which I have been involved. For the last six years, she has been one of the top fashion models in the world.""

Nena was indeed incredibly beautiful. Tall, blonde and graceful, she had inherited the looks of her Swedish mother, and in time she would come to pass them on to the

children of her next marriage, most famously to her daughter, the actress Uma Thurman.

Following their wedding on December 19, 1964, Tim and the third Mrs. Leary embarked on an extended honeymoon around the globe. They said goodbye to their friends and family and they headed off, via Japan, to India. Tim had been planning to visit India for a couple of years, a journey he would undertake with a very specific aim. What he was looking for was nothing less than spiritual enlightenment. It was time to undertake what he called his "obligatory pilgrimage."

Thou Shalt Not Alter the Consciousness of Thy Fellow Man

HE NEWLY WED Learys spent four months living in a small cottage in the Kumaon Hills near Almora. It had no gas, electricity or running water, and was situated on a ridge that looked out over the Himalayas. They met up with Ralph Metzner, with whom they took LSD at the Taj Mahal, but generally they lived quietly and simply. This basic lifestyle did not appeal to Nena, however, and she quickly became bored. She came to the conclusion that the marriage had been a mistake and, by spring, it was over.

The Indian trip may have been a failure as a honeymoon, but did it also fail as a religious pilgrimage? Tim had been planning this trip for a couple of years, ever since he'd realized that eastern religious philosophy offered a better system for understanding the psychedelic experience than western science. Once in India he dedicated himself to religious practice, becoming a disciple of the Tibetan Buddhist Lama Govinda and studying with the Hindu Theologian Sri Krishna Penn. Ultimately, though, Tim's flirtations with Hinduism and Buddhism would not lead to a genuine commitment to those religions. He was never able to totally conquer his ego and his intellect, as those practices called on him to do. Tim was extremely fond of his ego and his intellect, and understandably so, for they were both remarkable. What he wanted was a system that contained the necessary understanding of inner space but which allowed him to keep all the fun, personal stuff at the same time. In this he was one of the first to evaluate spiritual practices through western consumerist principals, a practice that would spread rapidly from the 1970's onwards.

Tim's ambiguous relationship with existing religions is best highlighted by comparison with that of Richard Alpert, who took his own "Journey to the East" in 1967. In many ways Alpert, the rich and ambitious young man who had been preoccupied with material values, seemed a far less likely candidate for spiritual transformation than Tim. Yet it was Richard who returned from India a genuinely changed man, having renamed himself Baba Ram Dass, and having realized that the temporary illumination induced by LSD could hardly compare to the permanent awareness of a genuinely enlightened soul. He went on to write the bestseller Be Here Now (Riverside Press, 1971) and to become one of America's leading Hindu theologians.

Ram Dass would later tell an intriguing story about the Hindu guru who

transformed his life. He was exactly the same guru who appeared to Tim outside a temple, Ram Dass claims,' during Tim's Indian honeymoon two years earlier. Tim felt incredibly drawn to the man and started to approach him, but became strangely afraid. Fearing that he would miss his bus, he turned and walked away. In so doing he lost the chance to undergo the profound transformation that later occurred in Ram Dass. The incident left a sufficient mark on Tim, however, for him to include it in his autobiography many years later, albeit in a heavily embellished form. In Tim's more archetypal version, the tourist bus was replaced by a ferryman who took Leary across the Ganges at night, to a haunted and forbidden land. Here there emerged from the dark "an old man with long white hair, 20 feet away. He was naked save for a dhoti around his waist. His eyes were luminous. I was terrified. Suddenly I understood: He was some special ancient teacher who had been waiting for me all my life. I wanted to run forward and throw myself at his feet. But I was paralyzed with fright." 2 Leary turned away from the man and, later, he says, wept uncontrollably, convinced he had run away from the Buddha. He added as a footnote, "If this little story about meeting the wild-eyed time-traveler on the other side of the Ganges seems inconclusive and unfinished, it is because the event was exactly that-inconclusive and unfinished."

Whatever the reality of the incident, it does coincide with an end to Tim's attempts to find answers from established religion. He would continue to talk of the Divine, but he now saw it as a product of the mind. God was within. He rejected the idea of a "higher power" external to the nervous system. This was not to say that the universe was just dead matter, for he believed that it too was conscious and alive. But while it is aware of what is happening, he claimed, it is not aware in the sense that it plans what it is doing. "I think [the harmony in the universe] involves a consciousness of the interwovenness of organic life and inorganic life," he told Paul Krassner in 1966', "But is there one central computer that's planning it all or can sum it all up in one moment? I don't think so." Tim would continue to speak of "God" throughout the 1960's, but his definition of the word was very different from that of the patriarchal religions of Christianity, Islam and Judaism. In Tim's definition, God was essentially sentient chaos.

Having examined all the established religions and found them lacking, Tim decided that the only thing to do was create his own. How hard could it be? True, the established religions were the result of the ideas and experiences of millions of people over thousands of years. But those people did not have LSD. Just as Galileo, armed with his telescope and a few clear nights, could understand outer space to a degree impossible for the generations of star-gazers who came before him, so Tim believed that LSD allowed him to observe inner space more accurately and more frequently than any saint or visionary that had come before. This tool gave him the confidence to draw a line under the religions of the past, and create a brand new religion of his own design.

Leary called his religion the League of Spiritual Discovery, inspired by the mysterious "League" of truth seekers in Hermann Hesse's The Journey to the East. For its logo he took an existing eastern motif, gave it a funny Irish twist, and created a four-leafed lotus flower. Millbrook was declared a "monastery, a seed ashram, a sanctuary, a spiritual shrine," and Leary gave himself the title of "First Guide." His religion had two commandments, both based on the belief that the right to control your own consciousness was the most fundamental freedom of all. The first was "Thou shalt not alter the consciousness of thy fellow man." This was the ultimate psychedelic sin, giving the drug to someone without their knowledge or consent. Each individual's consciousness was their own responsibility, and it was up to them to decide what to do with it. Attempts to bring someone round to your own perspective became known as "laying your trip on someone," and this was considered to be pretty much the source of all of humankind's problems. This principle was so important that the second commandment essentially restated it, just to ensure that everyone was clear about the issue. It was, "Thou shalt not prevent thy fellow man from altering his own consciousness." Beyond that, everything else was permitted.

With commandments like that it would have been hypocritical to try and recruit anyone else into the religion and, apart from a few like-minded Millbrook friends, Tim did not. Instead, he urged people to start their own religion. "Sorry, baby," he wrote in The Politics of Ecstasy, "Nobody can do it for you."" While they were at it, they should write their own set of commandments, as Moses' "tortured hang-ups are not exactly yours." The next step would be to write their own bible, for the Old Testament was "the garbled trip diary of a goofy bunch of flipped-out visionaries. Don't you know that God's revelation comes to us today clearer and more directly than it did to Elijah, Abraham, Isaiah, Jeremiah? To deny this is to say that God and the DNA code haven't been busy perfecting the means of communication." The foundation for this logic was the realisation that, as individuals were living in different "reality tunnels", a "one size fits all" religion was bound to fail.

Many people took his advice and started their own religions, the most famous examples of which being the Brotherhood of Eternal Love and the Neo-American Church, which was created by Millbrook resident Art Kleps. The Neo-American Church, with its motto of "victory over horseshit!" and stated goal of "money and power," was intended as a mockery of organized religion. Members of the church were known as Boohoos, and Kleps gave himself the title of "Chief Boohoo." Leary became a member of both these religions, although the frivolous nature of the Boohoos was perhaps not entirely to his liking. Tim also declared that he was a Hindu, and that being a Hindu did not mean that he was no longer a Catholic. All religions, after all, were different attempts to illuminate the same universal truths. Limiting yourself to one religion was like seeing a beautiful statue in an art gallery,

but only looking at it from one angle.

BY NOW, THE psychedelic revolution was firmly underway. The publicity Tim received from IF-IF and his Harvard dismissal had created snowballing interest in, and awareness of, the psychedelic experience. It was spreading by word of mouth through colleges and communities, and underground chemists were turning out homemade LSD in quantities of at first thousands, then hundreds of thousands, and soon millions of individual doses. It was global in nature and in terms of its scale, it was a movement unprecedented in history. Never before had so many people undergone such a radical change in consciousness at the same time. Putting an accurate figure on its size is never going to be possible but, based on the amount of doses of the drug produced according to the government's drug agency, a commonly quoted statistic is that seven million Americans took LSD during this period. In the press and on the streets, Tim was the undisputed figurehead of the entire movement. Yet what was happening, and what Tim believed was happening, were two subtly different things.

Tim saw the LSD movement as a revolution that was entirely spiritual in nature, for he knew how LSD produced religious rapture and ecstasy in himself. By now he had discarded his old academic identity and saw himself as a guru. He wrote an autobiographical account of his discovery of psychedelics which he called High Priest. It seemed to be a fitting title, for hadn't his mother wanted him to become a priest? Those that read Leary or Huxley soon came away with the impression that the drug was nothing less than a holy sacrament. Many people that took LSD came to view Leary as a saint, a holy man, or a messenger from God. Indeed, there were plenty who considered him to be God incarnate. There were even satanists at the time that took to inverting images of Leary in black magic rituals.

There seemed little reason for Tim to doubt his identification of LSD with a religious sacrament. As well as his own experience and that of his colleagues, hadn't they proved that the drug produced genuine Gnostic revelations in the Harvard "Good Friday" experiment? The results of that and similar experiments had certainly been impressive, with up to 90% of volunteers reporting a religious revelation after taking a psychedelic drug in a religious setting. But 90% is not ioo%, and now that the drug was out on the streets there were few who went to the bother of arranging a religious set and setting. Tim had been a psychologist, not a sociologist, and his viewpoint was geared to an individual rather than society as a whole. He had seen some bad trips, but he had always been able to analyze what happened and identify fault with either the guide, the environment, or the individual's mental baggage. There was no reason why, with work, these faults could not be worked on and the individual could not experience a beneficial trip. This approach is fine when working with individuals, but starts to fall down when the number of trippers increases exponentially. By the

time that millions of people are experimenting with the drug, that minority of individual failures quickly becomes a significant social statistic.

There was also a difference in the LSD that Harvard acquired from Sandoz, and the bootleg variety that was available in the streets. This varied greatly in quality, and while there were some extremely talented chemists such as Nick Sands and Owsley Stanley who could produce batches that, it was claimed, were even better than Sandoz's own, the drug was actually subtly different. The original LSD was a semi-synthetic compound manufactured from natural ergot. Street acid was made from a synthetic substitute called ergotamine tartrate and, according to Michael Hollingshead, "the subjective effects were really quite different from those reported at Harvard.", This may be linked to a peculiar property of psychedelic drugs that has been reported by some researchers. It has been claimed that natural drugs, such as peyote, mushrooms and ayahuasca, tend to give the user the impression that the world is alive, whereas synthetic psychedelics such as DMT or STP can reveal a cold, dead universe.

But the biggest difference stems from a fundamental misunderstanding of the drug itself. Leary was correct in his view that it creating expanded awareness, but the spiritual interpretation of that awareness is not an innate quality of the drug. LSD is essentially neutral; it will open up the mind but it will leave it to the individual to make sense of what they find inside. The interpretation of the experience will depend on the personality and prior experience of the individual who takes it.

Leary, like Huxley, was a middle class professional intellectual. He had an analytical, academic background and was, for all his stubbornness and vanity, essentially a kind, loving and well-intentioned man. His friends and initial subjects were all of a similar type, and the drug produced broadly similar reactions in them all. Now that LSD was available on the streets, however, many very different types of people were taking it and bringing their own interpretations to the experience. Those who were politically motivated, for example, would come to view the drug as a useful revolutionary tool. There were many who were not mature or grounded enough to undergo such a powerful experience. And there were those whose hearts were much darker than Tim's. Charles Manson may have had a spiritual outlook, for example, and indeed he once stated that Leary "was God." But he did not have a healthy view of others, and he certainly did not concern himself with Tim's two commandments about not impinging on the consciousness of others. He saw no reason why he could not use LSD to impose his will on whomever he chose.

A more "American" version of psychedelia had been fermenting on the West Coast, thanks to the writer Ken Kesey. Kesey had been a talented wrestler and athlete at the

University of Oregon, before enrolling in the graduate writing program at Stanford University in California. In 1960 he signed up as a medical guinea pig in order to earn money and fund his studies. Unaware that the CIA funded the research he participated in, he reported to the insanity ward of Stanford hospital and was given a dose of LSD.

During one psychedelic trip he had a vision of a "strange, primitive face," which he turned into Chief Broom, the key character in his bestknown novel One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (Signet, Reissue edition, 1963). The book was inspired by his experience in the hospital insanity wards. He discovered that, after taking LSD and studying the patients, he suddenly began to understand them and realized that they weren't as crazy as he had at first thought. As had Leary's Harvard position, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest helped to lend a certain legitimacy to the LSD experience. The claims that it increases creativity became a lot more convincing once it was realized that the drug was behind such a great American novel.

Kesey began organising large parties or events that became known as the Acid Tests. These would feature large containers of soft drinks, marked either "regular" or "electric." The "electric" drink was spiked with LSD. The parties grew into legendary multi-media "happenings" complete with bands and fabulous light shows, and it was at one of Kesey's Acid Tests that the Grateful Dead played together for the first time under that name. The focus, however, was always on the revelers, not the entertainers. They were not an audience in the regular sense of the word, but were instead expected to be creative and spontaneous. The "audience" was the show.

Kesey and his friends took to calling themselves the Merry Pranksters, and their LSD use inspired a playful, unpredictable attitude that was far removed from Leary's more respectful, aesthetic approach. They felt no need to "guide" trips as he advised, instead trusting the drug to take them wherever it wanted them to go. They had little interest in analyzing or interpreting their trips in a scientific framework, preferring to concentrate on enjoying the present moment. When Leary heard that thousands of people were taking LSD together in such circumstances, he was genuinely shocked.

Kesey and the Pranksters bought an old school bus, which they painted in colourful psychedelic patterns. The destination on the front of the bus read "FURTHER." The beatnik legend Neal Cassady, who was the inspiration for Dean Moriarty in Kerouac's On the Road (1957), took the wheel and they drove the bus across America in the Summer of 1964, from California to New York. To the residents of the small towns in middle America that they passed through, they might well have been aliens from outer space. Children laughed and pointed, but middle-aged men stood and stared, hardly daring to believe their eyes. Many simply couldn't comprehend what they were seeing. The crazy bunch of freaks on the bus just laughed, played music, filmed themselves, and took more and more LSD.

When they reached the East Coast they drove up to Millbrook to meet Leary. It is not true, as Tom Wolfe wrote in The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test,' that Tim refused to meet them, as there are photos of Tim with Neal Cassady on the bus. Tim was ill with the flu that day, and the noisy chaos of the Pranksters was certainly not appreciated by all of the Millbrook commune, but Tim and Ken did meet, and they became lifelong friends.

Leary's initial interpretation of the psychedelic experience was strongly influenced by British thought. It had come to him through Britons like Aldous Huxley, Humphry Osmond, Alan Watts and Michael Hollingshead. It echoed the work of English visionaries like William Blake, and seemed to be continued in the music of The Beatles, whom Leary called his "four apostles." In his essay The Magical Mystery Trip,' Leary wrote that "the American psychedelic movement is almost completely a British import," and argued that the reason for this was the long British involvement with India. Indian custom and thought had created a breed of enlightened upper class British eccentrics, which had prevented the European existential philosophies from taking root in the UK. Ken Kesey, however, was creating a new interpretation of the psychedelic experience. It was freer, more joyful and less respectful. It was also an approach that was far more likely to take root in 1960's America.

The Pranksters' approach to psychedelia should not have been too much of a surprise to Leary. There was evidence of their "cosmic foolery" much closer to home, most notably with Art Kleps and his Neo-American Church. The awareness of a difference between Leary's and Kleps' interpretation of the psychedelic experience is made clear in a letter Kleps wrote to Leary after the publication of Leary's 1968 autobiography High Priest. "Timo, you old bastard," it began, "[High Priest] very good. I particularly enjoyed the Hollingshead chapter, naturally, because you seemed to catch a few glimpses of what I see all the time ... but then, back to structural explanations, God damn it. I suggest that if I went on one of your trips and you went on one of mine, we would both freak out permanently (what a godsend for humanity)." Leary, of course, remained convinced that his respectful, meditative school of LSD use was the correct one, but there was little evidence to suggest that it would naturally flourish in America as the use of the drug increased.

BUT DURING THE mid-sixties, the oncoming cultural storm was not visible from the beautiful grounds of Millbrook. Tim's hopes for the spread of LSD use had succeeded far beyond his wildest dreams, and his dreams were wilder than most. Around the world millions of people were ingesting a sacrament that, he believed, was turning them into Buddhas. It seemed that he was witnessing a miracle; a spiritual transformation of humankind unparalleled in history, and that only reinforced his belief in the certainty of his cause. The old, destructive social order was about to be replaced, and it did not seem to occur to him that the old social order might

attempt to fight back.

"The revolution is already over," he said in 1966, "and we have already won."

Everyone, Compared to Him, Was Boring

OSEMARY WOODRUFF WAS born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1935, the daughter of a Midwestern carnival magician. At the age of 17 she married an air force officer, but life on an isolated desert air base in Washington State was not to her liking and a year later she was divorced and working as a model in New York City. A string of other jobs followed, including actor, interior designer and a stewardess with El Al Airlines. A marriage to a jazz musician introduced her to the fringes of the beat culture. When that marriage failed she lived for a time in a Lower East Side tenement with another musician she has described as "a southern composer and madman." He was writing a symphony based on the life of Chief Crazy Horse, and his research into Native American culture led to him placing a mail order for fresh peyote buttons from a nursery in Texas. He and Rosemary ground them up, cooked them, mixed them with orange juice and ate them. They tasted awful, but the resulting illumination showed Rosemary that there was more to drugs than her previous intake of alcohol and the interior of Benzedrine inhalers. The peyote trip gave her enough clarity to leave the composer. Shortly afterward she met Leary, Alpert and Metzner at a New York art gallery, and was invited to visit Millbrook.

She arrived in spring 1965, when she was 30. Tim found her in the kitchen with a bottle of woodruff-flavored wine, but no corkscrew. He was immediately hooked. Rosemary had long, dark, straight hair and a kind, intelligent face; but what really marked her out as beautiful was a natural, unhurried grace which was present in all her movements. She also, much to Tim's approval, shared his taste for white tennis shoes. They took a walk through the grounds and he showed her the pond into which he had thrown his last wedding ring. Tim felt "painfully shy" during their walk. Rosemary thought that he was lonely.

They met again in the summer. Rosemary moved to Millbrook and they immediately became inseparable. "I loved him at first sight," she would later write.' "His voice was the thread I was attached to. Not the timber but the tone of the genial warmth and wealth of wit. [... I could not imagine loving anyone else. Everyone, compared to him, was boring." They announced their union to the world by painting an eight foot tall symbol on the exterior of the building's chimney stack. This was two interlocking triangles, the Maha Yantra, with a yin-yang symbol inside it, and it

represented tantric fusion. Two years later, after Tim's divorce had been finalized, they were married by a Native American shaman at Joshua Tree National Park.

Rosemary was blessed with an unerring sense of style. She was always exquisitely dressed and possessed a bohemian fashion sensibility, remaining elegant and avoiding anything too outrageous. She very quickly became a trend-setter in the counterculture, and was a major influence on the "flower child" hippy fashion that was about to emerge. She started dressing Tim, and from then on the pair always looked immaculate, both in public and with friends. They were soon regarded as a golden couple, the counterculture's equivalent of John and Jackie Kennedy. As her friend Michael Horowitz recalls, she "wasn't just beautiful, she was extraordinarily beautiful. Ro was a star."

Rosemary introduced Tim to a new set of influences, such as science fiction. Thanks to her gentle mocking, he came to realize that his desire to become a holy guru was indeed faintly ludicrous. Rosemary was not the only influence that helped end Leary's years of self-absorbed religious devotion, however. The drug culture had grown to the size where it could no longer be ignored by mainstream America. As the press-appointed figurehead of the movement, he could no longer hide away from the implications of his actions in the safety of the Millbrook estate. The authorities were beginning to move against the drug culture, and Tim was about to be dragged away from his sheltered, serene life and thrown into the realities of the normal world.

His first arrest was pure carelessness. In December 1965, Tim decided to go to Mexico with Rosemary and his children, where he intended to work on his first autobiography, High Priest. They were in Texas and attempting to drive across the border at Laredo, when they were refused entry into Mexico because of complications arising from Tim's earlier deportation from Zihuatanejo. While they were driving back across the bridge to American soil, they realized that Rosemary had a silver box containing a small amount of marijuana in the car. Unable to dispose of it as they pulled up to the American custom officers, Susan quickly hid it in her underwear. Tim tried to explain to the officers that they had not entered Mexico, but they recognized him and had no intention of letting him past without a thorough search. All the suitcases, scuba equipment, books and family baggage in his car were removed and examined. The family was taken for strip and cavity searches, and the silver box was soon found.

Tim took responsibility for the marijuana. He was arrested and charged with smuggling narcotics, transporting narcotics and failing to pay tax on a controlled substance. All three of the charges were felonies, and he spent Christmas Eve in jail before a lawyer was found to bail him out. When his trial took place in February 1966, it was clear that they intended to make an example of him. For being caught with about \$10 of grass in his car, Tim was sentenced to 30 years imprisonment and a

\$40,000 fine.

There is nothing like an impending 30 year jail sentence, it seems, to focus your attention away from religious studies and on to more practical matters. Tim was released on bail and threw himself into fighting the judgment. His plan was to put the ancient marijuana laws on trial, and he pursued his case with such vigor that it eventually went all the way to the Supreme Court.

The irony was that at that point Tim was not particularly interested in marijuana. It was certainly not true, as he claimed at the time, that he had first tried marijuana in India during his honeymoon the year before. His son believed that his first experience with the drug was during his extended European vacation in 1959, which preceded his job at Harvard. Tim had shown Jackie a little jar he had bought during a trip to Morocco and, when Jackie had asked what it was, Tim had replied that it was "something you smoke and it is very illegal." Grass was certainly present when he discovered mushrooms in Mexico, because Richard Alpert smuggled two pounds of it back in his Cessna. But generally Tim was not comfortable with marijuana during the Harvard years. He did not allow his friends to use it in his home, forcing them to smoke it outside in their cars. Tim was acutely aware that, unlike LSD, it was an illegal substance, and being caught with it would damage his work and his reputation. The drug's effects were also minor compared with LSD, so they didn't stimulate his scientific curiosity in quite the same way.

All that changed once he began to defend the use of the drug legally. It was the principle that was important to him: the right of an individual to change their own consciousness as they saw fit. Now he began to describe marijuana in the same terms as LSD: as a sacrament. The ideal intake for serious psychedelic exploration, he decided, was to smoke grass daily while taking LSD once a week.

IN APRIL, THE Millbrook estate was raided by local police.' They were led by G. Gordon Liddy, who would shortly become the local district attorney and find notoriety a few years later for his role in the Watergate scandal. He had been promising the local press that he was going to "crack down hard on drugs" ever since the Learys had been arrested at Laredo. Liddy, backed by lo officers, approached the house at night and planned to kick the front door down. Disappointingly, they found it open. Once inside the house did not seem to be quite as representative of Sodom and Gomorrah as they had been led to believe. Leary had been tipped off by a sympathetic young local that the raid was coming, and that deputies had been ordered to report for overtime that night. As a result the residents were under strict orders not to have any illegal substances on the premises. Leary himself was not as cautious as the rest of the residents, and had been smoking the potent psychedelic DMT when the raid occurred. But Rosemary was able to hide the pipe under the bedclothes when the police entered the room. Liddy appears to have been somewhat distracted by what he

would later call her "diaphanous gown," and the pipe went undiscovered. A thorough search of the house followed, during which two visiting reporters from Life Magazine were stripped and searched for needle marks, and a young couple were prevented at gunpoint from having sex. Then Liddy left, taking with him with some suspicious looking moss, some out-of-date birth control pills, and Tim in handcuffs.

The Millbrook raid may have failed in its attempts to convict Leary on drug charges, but it. signaled a period of harassment that would ultimately finish the Millbrook commune. A lengthy trial followed, during which Rosemary was jailed for a month after she refused to answer questions. Cars heading to the estate were stopped and searched, and there were arrests for such crimes as "obscured windshields" and "having dirty license plates." Helicopters started to hover overhead. Jack Leary was arrested in town and released only after his long hair had been cut off, and Tim was picked up for bouncing an eight dollar check in a sporting goods store owned by a friend of the sheriff. During the summer, the Millbrook residents moved into tepees on part of the estate known as lunacy hill, believing that the sheriff's department would have considerable difficulty obtaining a search warrant for a campsite in the middle of the wood. Ultimately, however, this level of harassment would prove too much for Billie Hitchcock. In the spring of 1968 he gave the house residents a goodwill payoff, and evicted them. Getting Leary out of Duchess County did wonders for the career of G. Gordon Liddy. The raid had given him the status of a "drug expert" within the law enforcement community, and a string of promotions led him to the White House. Liddy would then, of course, go on to help organize the burglary of the Watergate hotel that brought down the Nixon administration.

It was not just Tim that was coming under pressure from the legal establishment during 1966. LSD itself was being threatened in Congress, which intended to make it illegal. Although the first accounts of LSD in the press had been positive,' they had quickly descended into horror stories and sensational exposes, concentrating on accounts of bad trips and "freak-outs." LSD may not have been toxic or addictive, but that does not mean that it is "safe." As the drug culture would slowly discover, heavy psychedelic use could prove to be psychologically damaging. The exact dangers are still not very well understood, and the results of much of the research can be contradictory. A study in 2005, for example, showed that Native Americans who regularly used peyote showed no evidence of brain damage or psychological problems. Indeed, they scored considerably higher than non-users in tests designed to measure certain aspects of mental health.6 Other studies of cannabis use, however, have increasingly highlighted a link to mental illness, and there is evidence that it can trigger problems for people with latent or undiagnosed mental disorders, particularly among heavy users and those who first smoked the drug as children. The medical

establishment knew even less about psychedelic use in the sixties than they do now, and in those circumstances myths and scare stories flourished.

Perhaps the most common scare was the idea that people on acid would jump out of windows under the belief that they could fly. This was a story that worried the straight population far more than those with experience of LSD, who generally considered it to be an urban myth. The TV presenter Art Linkletter, for example, led a high-profile campaign against the danger of drugs, after his daughter Diane jumped out of a sixth story window and died in October 1969. He believed that she had taken LSD, and argued that Tim was responsible for the actions of people who listened to him and went on to take the drug. The autopsy and the evidence of a friend who was with her, however, show that she was not on drugs at the time and that she committed suicide.'

Another frequently cited example that gave the idea some credibility was the revelation, during the 1970's Senate investigation into the CIA's MK-Ultra program, that a CIA agent named Frank Olsen had been given drugs and, some days later, fell to his death from a hotel window. Olsen's son Eric, however, found numerous faults with the official story and eventually had his father's body exhumed. A medical examination showed that the real cause of death had been a blow to the head, possibly from a gun butt or a hammer."

Other scares were more worrying for the psychedelic underground. It was certainly true that users of black market drugs had no way of knowing what they were really taking, and the danger of being poisoned by a careless "bathtub chemist" seemed a genuine one. There were also hoaxes and scares either started by the establishment or encouraged by them. The most prevalent was the rumor that taking psychedelics damaged human chromosomes. This seemed deeply suspicious to Tim. He knew that tribal customs around the world included the ritual use of psychedelics and there was no evidence of chromosome damage in these native tribes. He decided to have his chromosomes tested. Hermann Lisco, M.D. of the Cancer Research Institute of the New England Deaconess Hospital in Boston, reported that "Timothy Leary, much to our surprise, showed, in 200 cells, only two with chromosome aberrations, one in each cell. This finding is about as spectacular as can be [given] the amount of LSD that he has probably taken in the past eight years. I am at a loss to understand or explain this negative finding. It was soon discovered that there was no truth in the chromosome scare, but this research was kept quiet while the story continued being reported. What became known as the Chromosome Hoax was, in the words of Ken Kesey, "a mean and dirty trick."

Thanks to the importance of set and setting, this atmosphere of fear became a self-

fulfilling prophecy. Using mysterious black market drugs in these paranoid circumstances was a recipe for many bad trips. Indeed, there is much anecdotal evidence that once the initial press hysteria had died down, there were far fewer bad trips in the 1970's than in the mid-i960's.'°

For the non-psychedelic public, the fear of psychedelics was amplified by the generation gap. The older generation felt that they were unable to protect their young from an irresponsible fad that might send them crazy. Here the press delighted in the scale of the emerging underground drug culture, and every few months a new alarming statistic would show that the number of young people taking drugs was growing uncontrollably. It had only been a few years since the American public was horrified by its children being exposed to moral damage from Elvis Presley and Rock n' Roll. Suddenly that influence started to look almost wholesome.

The politicians were quick to respond to the public's fear. The legal response was headed by Senator Thomas Dodd, a conservative Democrat from Connecticut. His intention was to make LSD illegal, and in the course of preparing his bill he chaired a meeting of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency. Tim was approached and agreed to testify before the committee. He dressed himself in his most respectable academic suit, wore a narrow tie and a shirt with buttondown collars; had a smart, neat haircut, and set off to Washington.

He was greeted respectfully by the committee, who noted his academic experience and expertise. "Dr. Leary has been very cooperative with the members of our staff," they stated in his introduction, "we are grateful for the information that you have provided already.... We want to find out whether or not we should draft legislation to prohibit the unrestricted use and abuse of this drug, and we asked you to come because you know a great deal about it. So, I hope that you feel that you are welcome here and that you are not in any way considered by us to be anything other than a helpful witness."

Tim was equally respectful when he started to speak, praising Senator Dodd's previous anti-drug work and the "constructive legislation" that had come from the committee. He recognized the need for legislation and the scale of uptake in psychedelic use, predicting that the number of users was going to keep increasing. He stressed, however, that LSD was non-toxic, non-addictive and "anti-narcotic." "On the basis of the statistics so far," he claimed, "I would say there is more violence, insanity, friction, terror in the cocktail lounges and bar rooms of any large American city on any one Saturday night than in the entire 23-year history of LSD use"" Prohibition would fail to reduce the use of LSD while increasing the dangers, he argued. What was needed was a way to monitor and control the use of the drug, avoiding the potential of damaging or poisonous bootleg LSD, and allowing it to be taxed. "I feel that constructive legislation is obviously and badly needed, and I recommend respectfully to this committee that you consider legislation which will license responsible adults to use these drugs for serious purposes, such as spiritual

growth, pursuit of knowledge, or in their own personal development." He suggested that those wanting to take the drug should apply for a government-issued license, which would involve a suitability test "similar to those for the automobile license." He called for the establishment of psychedelic training centers across the country, in which trained guides would administer the drug in a safe environment.

It is often forgotten that, before LSD became illegal, Leary's public stance stressed controlled and responsible use of the drug. The arguments that he made to the Senate Subcommittee, for example, were identical to those that he made in an interview with Playboy that year." Tim was genuine in wanting the government to take control of LSD, because he felt that he was the obvious choice to lead the "LSD equivalent of the Atomic Energy Commission," should it be created. Such a position would vindicate him and would be sweet revenge for the dismissal from Harvard. When prohibition started to look unavoidable he went as far as offering to use his influence and call for a year-long "time-out," petitioning users not to use psychedelics for a year while their implications are debated and sensible legislation designed. Of course, Tim's later actions and accounts of his private life have since altered the public perception of his attitudes. But when he told the Subcommittee that he had "never urged anyone to take LSD" and that he had "always deplored indiscriminate or unprepared use," it did not, at the time, seem out of character.

Tim's appearance at the hearings, however, was marred by the unannounced arrival of Senator Ted Kennedy, who interrupted Tim's evidence and cross-examined him in the manner of a hostile witness. Kennedy's sole intention seemed to be to provoke Leary into making an unqualified statement about the danger of LSD. Tim was unprepared for this attack and, as he was pushed onto the defensive, the hearing quickly descended from productive debate into legal point-scoring.

With hindsight, Tim's arguments before the Senate Committee were sensible. Prohibition did fail, and it did drive the use of the drug underground and into the arms of the black market, as he predicted. If the intention was to draft legislation that would minimize the damage to individuals and society from LSD, then Tim's plan certainly had merit. Politically, however, there was no way the outcome of the hearings could have been anything other than Prohibition. Tim did his best with his appearance and arguments to present psychedelic research as a respectable and valid pursuit, as did Allen Ginsberg, who also testified. But not all of the witnesses made the same effort, and Tim's Millbrook friend Art Kleps was perhaps the worst offender. Kleps took the stand and was asked by a southern senator if he was really called Chief Boohoo. "I'm afraid so," was his response. He soon became angered when it was asserted that "expanded awareness" could not be scientifically measured

and therefore didn't exist. Kleps launched into what has been described as "one of the most outrageous diatribes ever delivered on Capitol Hill."" "If I was to give you an IQ test," he declared, "and during the administration one of the walls of the room opened up giving you the vision of the blazing glories of the central galactic suns, and at the same time your childhood began to unravel before your inner eye like a three dimensional color movie, you would not do well on the intelligence test."

Talk like that was just too crazy for the majority of mainstream America." It made the idea that a self-inflicted plague of insanity was descending on the nation seem terrifyingly real. And if this was not enough, Kleps's message also came entwined with a threat. "We are not drug addicts, we are not criminals, we are free men, and we will react to persecution the way free men have always reacted," Kleps told the committee. He declared that Leary was "a great religious leader" and that "we regard him with the same love and respect as was once reserved by early Christians for Jesus, by the Muslims for Mohammed, or the Buddhists for Gotama." If Tim was imprisoned, then "this country will face religious civil war. Any restraint that we have shown heretofore in the dissemination of psychedelics would be ended. We can, without difficulty, render most of the prisons in the United States inoperative, if it comes to open conflict."

LSD became illegal on October 6, 1966, a date that screamed "666" to the religiously-minded psychedelic set. On that day thousands of young people descended on the Panhandle by Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. Kleps's prediction of the end of "the restraint that we have shown heretofore in the dissemination of psychedelics" was about to be proved correct. The event was called the Love Pageant Rally, and it had been organized by the Oracle, an underground San Francisco newspaper that was devoted to the emerging psychedelic subculture and particularly to Leary and his ideas. A "Prophecy of a Declaration of Independence" was read to the crowd. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all is equal, that the creation endows us with certain unalienable rights, that, among these are the freedom of the body, the pursuit of joy and the expansion of consciousness."" Then, hundreds in the assembled throng placed a tab of acid on their tongues and, on a given signal, swallowed in unison.

I Want to Hit it Right Square in the Puss

It was after LSD became illegal that Leary really turned his attention to the young. He had failed in every attempt to gain acceptance for psychedelic drugs in the existing social, legal or academic structure, but here was a mass of young people who believed that they had every right to take drugs, and who were more than prepared to flout the law if that is what it took. It was the sheer numbers of these young people that made them such a powerful force. During the post-war "baby boom" of 1946 to 1964, 76 million Americans were born: twice the expected number. Increasingly, it looked as if Leary's psychedelic revolution was not going to occur in middle-aged professionals such as himself, but in the emerging generation. This echoed an idea that was expressed by the eighteenth-century French writer jean le Rond d'Alembert, who remarked that "once the foundation of a revolution has been laid down, it is almost always in the next generation that the revolution is accomplished." It was also an idea that was supported by the work of the psychologist Arthur Koestler, who was a big influence on Leary. His theory of "juvenilization" argued that evolution occurs not in the adult form of a species, but in the juvenile, larval or adolescent stages.

And it was "evolution" that Leary believed was happening. The ability to take control of your own brain and choose your own reality was, he felt, as historic a step forward as the discovery of tools or language. Tim's view of both the enormity and the inevitability of the change was nicely illustrated in a 1979 comic that was based on his writings.' It shows a bunch of "hippy" amoebas in the seas of prehistoric Earth, playing near the shoreline, while older, more conservative amoebas discuss them from the safety of the deep. "Why, it's terrible," says one, "These kids just lie around in shallow pools ingesting calcium ... If God had meant amoebas to grow bones She would not have made calcium illegal!"

The new generation was clearly aware that it was somehow important. When Bob Dylan sang that "Something is happening here, and you don't know what it is, Do you, Mister Jones?" it was easy to imagine that he was taunting the older generation. Exactly what was happening was something of a moot point, however, for few people in what became known as "the movement" could agree as to what this "revolution"

would actually involve. But there was certainty that something was happening. This gave the young a sense of invincibility and moral certainty, and was a major cause of the optimism and excitement that characterized the mid-to-late i96o's. The old order, it seemed, was perhaps just months away from being overturned.

The banning of LSD was an opportunity for Tim to turn back, to forget about psychedelic drugs and to rebuild a normal life. But that was simply not how he worked, and the appearance of the support from the young was simply too good an opportunity to ignore. He chose to actively go out and court this new audience. They would become his new power base and he began, publicly and constantly, advocating taking LSD to anyone that would listen. In doing so he effectively put himself on a collision course with America itself. With hindsight, the resulting loss of everything he treasured-his freedom, his family, his reputation-was now a foregone conclusion. This was a decision that effectively determined the rest of his life.

And there were warning signs that he could have heeded at this point. There was plenty of evidence that not everyone shared his interpretation of the exclusively positive spiritual nature of expanded awareness. He knew full well that tripping was a psychologically difficult experience and that it was not suitable for all. He knew that terrible damage could be done if people had undiagnosed or latent psychosis or neurosis. He had often spoken about how powerful the mental energies unleashed by LSD were, and now he was going to advise everyone to experiment with them. He was using the same American, egalitarian argument that supports the availability of firearms in the United States. If the public wants access to a potentially dangerous power, then they should have it, and if people get hurt then that's just too bad. For after all, didn't the Constitution guarantee the right to the "pursuit of happiness?"

That the young were more open to the psychological change brought about by psychedelics was obvious. The older generation had a far greater attachment to maintaining the status quo. They had responsibilities. They needed to hold down jobs in order to put food on the table and roofs over their families' heads. They had grown up over the years into personalities and lifestyles that they were comfortable with, and they had relationships with family and friends that were deep-rooted and important. The young, however, were just discarding their childhood personas and were still unsure about the forms that their adult selves would become. They were free to be changed by psychedelics because they had little to lose.

WHEN LEARY DECIDED that he was going for the young, he did so with an astute understanding of the changing times that would have been remarkable for any other middle-aged academic. He consulted the great media theorist Marshall McLuhan, creator of phrases such as the "global village" and the idea that the "medium is the message." McLuhan advised him that angry showdowns in depressing courtrooms were not the way forward. Instead, Tim should become a living advertisement for the

positive benefits of the drug, for the joy, happiness and wisdom that it could deliver. This could be best done with one of Tim's greatest assets: his infectious smile. McLuhan advised Tim to smile whenever a camera was around, and from that point on it is rare to find a photo of Tim without his huge, wraparound grin beaming out of the page. Even when he was handcuffed and surrounded by police, his grin would never drop. The contrast between this and the dour, unhappy faces of the officers was unavoidable. That huge, joyful grin effectively became the marketing logo for the drug, and in time the simple yellow "smiley" badge came to represent acid.

Tim demonstrated his mastery of utilizing the media at the legendary "Human Be-In," which took place in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park on January 14,1967. It was this event, more than any other, which alerted the mainstream culture to the arrival of what they now called "hippies." It was billed as a Native American influenced "Pow-wow and Gathering of the Tribes." The idea was to bring together all the varied and differing strands of the emerging youth movement together, from the LSD-swallowing explorers of inner-space to the anti-war demonstrators and political reformers. The aim was just to celebrate themselves, and maybe find some clarity about where they were heading. Twenty thousand young people in crazy, colorful clothing descended on the park while bands such as Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead played. Faces were painted and people danced naked. Startled cameramen recorded images of these strange people behaving in incomprehensible ways, and broadcast them to an even more startled world. Young people in oppressive small towns everywhere saw this explosion of joyful happiness that dripped with the promise of sex and pleasure. Staring silently at their televisions, while their parents tutted in disgust, they started to re-evaluate just exactly what the future had in store for them.

A string of counterculture leaders, poets and activists were assembled to address the Human Be-In, including Leary, Ginsberg, Alpert, the social activist Jerry Rubin and the poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Every speaker was assigned seven minutes on the stage, but there was considerable debate the night before as to whether Tim should be given a full hour. In the end he barely needed the seven minutes. Dressed in immaculate holy white by Rosemary and with yellow flowers behind his ears, where they served to hide his hearing aid from the younger generation, he took to the stage and delivered the sound bite that would come to define the era. It was immediately picked up by the media and, for the assembled masses, it made him the hero of the day.

"The only way out is in," he said. "Turn on, tune in, and drop out! Of high school, junior executive, senior executive. And follow me! The hard way!"

There were many present who wanted to deify Tim that day. As he walked through

the crowd and along the streets of HaightAshbury, smile beaming and stoned eyes dilated, he was met with awe and adulation from the assembled masses. It was not just respect or curiosity that he inspired: For many it was pure love. Blue and orange badges that proclaimed "Leary is God" would soon appear. For those who had taken acid after reading his works and gone on to experience some form of personal or spiritual epiphany, seeing him in the flesh was almost too much.

From then on, the phrase "Tune in, turn on and drop out" was rarely off his lips. It was, in as few words as possible, an instruction to prepare your set and setting, take LSD and begin a new life. The "tune in" referred to set and setting, to paying attention to yourself and your environment and creating a sense of harmony between them. "Turn on" meant to turn on the parts of your brain that dealt with expanded awareness by taking LSD. "Drop out," he would later insist, meant to drop out of existing conditioning and behaviors. That was a subtlety that was lost on most people who heard the phrase on the news, or his frequent requests that people drop out of schools and jobs. To most people, "drop out" meant quit and do nothing instead. This was not what Tim had in mind, for he thought that taking the drug would inspire people to create new ways of living once the old were discarded. When he had described dropping out and following him as the "hard way," he meant that mentally "dropping out" of existing social norms was the start of a continuing, difficult process of rebuilding something better. After all, he would hardly call press conferences to say "drop out like me" if he truly had dropped out and was doing nothing. But that was not the sort of message that people wanted to hear. They wanted to be told to take drugs, enjoy themselves and not worry. And although Leary was urging them to specifically take psychedelic drugs, many who heard him preferred to apply his words to all drugs. His sound bite also failed in that the "tune in" part did not, to most ears, stress the need to have experienced guides or a safe and secure environment. The public took their own meaning from the phrase and, as the words came from an ex-Harvard professor, invested that interpretation with a certain legitimacy. Tune in, turn on and drop out. They thought it was the recipe for an enlightened, joy-filled life. It all sounded so simple.

THE YOUNG OF them id-sixties were, at the time, the most pampered and carefree generation that America had produced. They had grown up in a time of plenty, watching television and making consumer choices. They were concerned with play and gratification, and the hard realities of life rarely intruded on them in the same way they had on previous generations.

Tim did not seem concerned that this audience was at the developmental stage during which they would normally learn how to take responsibility for themselves. He was giving them a reason to avoid this: a philosophy that justified prolonging their light-hearted playfulness and avoiding the hard or unpleasant decisions of

mature adult life. This is not to say that the young were cowardly or apathetic; on the contrary, they were highly creative and tremendously active, especially in causes such as civil rights and the anti-war movement. The youth movement of the late sixties was one of the most inventive and influential in history, and LSD itself is far more likely to prompt individuals toward action than apathy. Many communal movements and individuals worked hard to find new ways to meet their basic needs. But sustaining these alternative lifestyles over the long haul was always going to be difficult, and there were certainly individuals who did not ground themselves or take responsibility for their own needs. Leary himself had plenty of financial difficulties during this period, but as the movement's figurehead he was able to earn money by public speaking and writing. How the millions who followed him and "dropped out" were supposed to pay rent or buy food was far from clear.

DESPITE HIS LEGAL troubles, this was a golden time for Tim and Rosemary. Times were genuinely exciting, and it is hard to find an iconic event of the sixties at which they were not present. They were at John Lennon and Yoko Ono's "Bed-In," and sang on the recording of "Give Peace a Chance." They were even "name-checked" in the last verse, which stated that "Everyone's talking about John and Yoko, Timothy Leary, Rosemary.... All we are saying, is give peace a chance." Songs were written about him, such as "Legend of a Mind" by The Moody Blues, which started "Timothy Leary's dead. No, no, no, no, he's outside looking in." Tim was also in the helicopter with Mick Jagger as they flew into Altamont, and he was sitting at the side of the stage while a member of the audience was killed by the Hell's Angels. He was involved in the formation of the Youth International Party, or "Yippies," and he testified at the "Chicago Seven" trial that followed the riots at the 1968 Democratic Convention.

He was not, of course, universally loved in the hippy culture. Tim was by nature a polarizer, and he was strongly identified with one side of the fundamental schism that ran through the sixties movement. Tim believed that the revolution was essentially cultural and personal. Problems in society were caused by psychological problems in individuals, he thought, and if enough individuals "went inward" and worked on themselves, then the larger social problems would disappear. This was the approach favored by the religious, creative and drug-using elements of the movement. Others felt that sitting around meditat ing was inexcusable while American bombs were raining down on Vietnam, and that becoming actively engaged in the political process and protest movement was the only worthwhile cause of action. These people sported badges that read "Weary of Leary."

There were also people who felt that having "leaders" in the movement was

fundamentally wrong, and there were extreme drug enthusiasts who felt that he didn't go far enough in his advocacy. When Tim tried a religious defense in one of his marijuana trials, arguing that as a Hindu he should be allowed to use his sacrament just as Native Americans are allowed to use peyote, he came under criticism from those who felt that he should be arguing for the right to use it simply for personal pleasure. Others, particularly in the mainstream press, saw Leary as an insincere charlatan or a snake oil salesman. When the reality of life on HaightAshbury turned far darker than the flower power dream, some were quick to pin the blame on Tim and the underground newspapers, such as the Oracle, that espoused his views. Hundreds of thousands of young people took Tim's advice to "drop out" and headed to San Francisco during the summer of 67, completely swamping the culture that had grown naturally over the preceding years. Acid was scarce and many turned instead to less enlightening drugs, such as speed, heroin or STP. A pamphlet entitled Haight/Hate?3 was published in August 1967, and it painted a very different picture from the hippy paradise that was commonly imagined. It began, "Pretty little 16-yearold middle class chick comes to the Haight to see what it's all about and gets picked up by a 17-year-old street dealer who spends all day shooting her full of speed again and again, then feeds her 3,000 mikes and raffles her temporarily unemployed body for the biggest Haight Street gang bang since the night before last. The politics and ethics of ecstacy. Rape is as common as bullshit on Haight Street.... Tune in, turn on, drop dead? One wonders. Are Leary and Alpert and the Oracle all in the same greedy place? Does acid still have to be sold as hard as Madison Avenue still sells sex? What do these nice people mean by 'love'?"

It was quickly becoming clear that Tim's policy of personal identification with the cultural revolution was going to be a double-edged sword. When things were positive he would receive the adulation and attention that he craved. But in the event of disappointment, failure or disaster, the blame would be his.

THE FAULT LINE between personal and political revolution widened as the idealism of 1967 gave way to the confrontation of 1968. Violence was everywhere, from the running battles outside the Democratic National Convention in Chicago, to the massacre at Kent State University, when police opened fire on student demonstrations. It was a global phenomenon, with riots and revolution evident on streets from Czechoslovakia to Paris, Mexico and Poland, and demands for political change and an end to wars were heard in almost every continent. The attempts by state power to quell this sudden uprising were blatant and often bloody, from the infiltration of political groups to beatings, arrests and jail sentences. A string of murders of left-wing activists, from members of the Black Panther Party to nationally known figures like Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy, began to look like a systematic series of assassinations. For the politically-minded revolutionaries, it felt like a war had begun.

A nervous country responded by electing Richard Nixon to be their next president. He argued for a tough stance on law and order and promised to clamp down on the movements of the New Left. Nixon was never going to respond to peaceful calls for legal use of psychedelic drugs, as his conversations on the famous Oval Office tapes made clear. His thoughts on marijuana were evident when a government study considered legalizing the drug in 1971: "I want a goddamn strong statement on marijuana. Can I get that out of this sonofabitching, uh, Domestic Council?" Nixon asked his aide Bob Haldeman. "I mean one on marijuana that just tears the ass out of them. I see another thing in the news summary this morning about it. You know, it's a funny thing, every one of the bastards that are out for legalizing marijuana is Jewish. What the Christ is the matter with the Jews, Bob, what is the matter with them? I suppose it's because most of them are psychiatrists, you know, there's so many, all the greatest psychiatrists are Jewish. By God we're going to hit the marijuana thing, and I want to hit it right square in the puss."

For Nixon, drug use was a moral weakness that ranked with homosexuality as a real and dangerous threat to the strength of the nation. "Do you know what happened to the Romans?" he asked Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman, "The last six Roman emperors were fags. The last six. Nero had a public wedding to a boy. You know what happened to the Popes? It's all right that, Popes were laying nuns, that's been going on for years, centuries, but, when the Popes, when the Catholic Church went to Hell in, I don't know, three or four centuries ago, it's homosexual. And finally it had to be cleaned out. Now, that's what happened to Britain, it happened to France. And let's look at the strong societies. The Russians. God damn it, they root them out, they don't let them around at all. You know what I mean? I don't know what they do with them.... Do you think the Russians allow dope? Hell no. Not if they can catch it, they send them up. You see, homosexuality, dope, immorality in general: These are the enemies of strong societies. That's why the Communists and the left-wingers are pushing the stuff. They're trying to destroy us.",

Nixon was a man who had a strong persecution complex, and his instinctive reaction to the emergence of the drug movement was to assume that some unseen Communist "enemies" had created it to attack America. It is easy to see how he came to call Timothy Leary "the most dangerous man in America."

It did not help that Leary seemed to be winning. His lawyers took the appeal against the Laredo arrest all the way to the Supreme Court and, on May 19, 1969, succeeded in getting the antiquated marijuana tax law declared unconstitutional. The state could not expect an individual to declare possession of a controlled substances in order to pay tax, they ruled, because doing so would infringe their rights and incriminate them. The government would respond by re-trying Tim's case as

smuggling, even though the Learys had not crossed the border into Mexico. Nevertheless, when the news of the Supreme Court's decision broke, Tim was ecstatic. Across the country hundreds of prisoners with marijuana tax convictions filed appeals, and many were released from jail. Hopes were high that this was the turning point that would usher in an era of less oppressive drug legislation. Tim seemed to be repaying the faith that the hippy community had placed in him. It seems to have been the elation he felt at the result that prompted his next move.

"I'm going to run for governor of California!" he told a throng of reporters in a press conference about his Supreme Court victory. He had not mentioned the idea beforehand, not even as a joke, and the startled Rosemary was not entirely sure that it wasn't an ad-lib that quickly got out of hand. It was certainly not what she wanted. Unlike Tim, Rosemary had no strong desire to live a public life and would have been happier settling quietly into the peace of the California mountains and raising a family. But despite Rosemary's reservations, once the idea was out, Tim got solidly behind it, traveling extensively around the state, giving speeches and introducing himself as "Timothy Leary, your next governor."

His party was to be called the Free Enterprise, Reward, Virtue and Order Party, or FERVOR for short. His policies were a strange mixture of extreme libertarian free market ideals and utopian hippy fantasies. Taxes would be eliminated, schools and prisons would be run to make a profit, and the State Highway Patrol would start picking up hitchhikers instead of arresting them. His campaign slogan was "Come together-join the party!" John Lennon offered to write a campaign song, so Tim offered him some suggested lyrics. They were:

Don't come alone, come together

It's the only way to come.

Don't go away, come along, join the party

Everybody has to come sometime! Come now!'

Lennon went away, scrapped everything but the title, and wrote the song "Come Together." It opened The Beatles' 1969 album Abbey Road.

How serious was Tim about running for governor? At times he sounded as if he had convinced himself that winning was inevitable. At others he appeared more realistic, and seemed to be mainly angling for an opportunity to debate the incumbent governor, Ronald Reagan. Reagan was a hated figure for the counterculture because he deployed the National Guard at a student protest in Berkeley, and a student was shot and killed. Reagan had a reputation as an intellectual lightweight who could not

perform without a script in front of him, and a Reagan/Leary debate promised to be nothing if not entertaining. The idea of "freak power," utilizing the usually apathetic hippy mass as a democratic power base had not been tested, but there were signs that it could emerge as a genuine phenomena. The legendary gonzo journalist Hunter S. Thompson ran for sheriff of Aspen on the "Freak Power" ticket in 1970, for example. He wanted to destroy the upwardly mobile image of Aspen in order to deter greedy property speculators from spoiling the town's character, so his main policy was to change the name of the town to "Fat City." He also shaved his head so that he could dismiss his conservative opponents as "long-hairs." Had it not been for the pact between local Republicans and Democrats, who agreed to stand down candidates so that they did not run against each other, Thompson would almost certainly have won.

Yet by 1969 there was a sense, although few would have acknowledged it at the time, that Leary's appeal was waning. His message of psychedelic utopia had been exposed in the mainstream culture for a few years now, and was increasingly criticized and mocked. Where once it had seemed shocking and unprecedented, it was now old news. The violence and confrontation of 1968 had made the optimism of 1967 seem naive and unrealistic. 1969 was a confused and increasingly introverted year that brought with it horrors such as the Manson Family killings and the deaths at Altamont. Even the Beatles broke up. The counterculture began to lose its grip on the great social changes that they had created. It was battered by the constant repression of the Nixon government, and unable to agree on what it should be doing next. The millions of new LSD users had firmly shifted the psychedelic revolution from the intellectual British style to the more playful American approach, and the audiences for some of Tim's public appearances began to dwindle. He was still in demand as the figurehead of the psychedelic culture, but it was increasingly his beaming smile that people were interested in, and not the words that he spoke. Leary had shifted from being a thinker to being an image, and while his audience still thought warmly of him, the desire to deify him had gone. It is difficult to say how many people would have turned up to vote for him.

The issue is academic, however, because Tim was in jail when the 1970 elections took place. He had been staying in Laguna Beach, California, over Christmas 1968. This was part of the conservative Orange County district, and there was much local resentment at the amount of long-hairs and freaks who had descended on this small town. Tim had been sitting in a parked car with Rosemary and Jack at 11:15 p.m. on December 26 when they were approached by officer Neal Purcell. Purcell was a squat man with a pencil-thin mustache and strong rightwing views. He had previously worked at the nearby Newport Beach police force, where his duties included attempting to entice and entrap homosexual men on the beach. Now at Laguna Beach, he made no secret of his dislike of the freaks and the drug culture that seemed to be polluting this otherwise idyllic town. The Learys' big blue station wagon was well

known to the police and it seems likely that Purcell knew exactly who he was approaching.

Purcell asked to see Leary's identification. As Tim opened the window a huge cloud of marijuana smoke billowed out into the policeman's face. He noticed that Jackie seemed to be acting "like a nut" in the back seat. As he described events: "Just prior to my placing him under arrest, I observed John Leary [sic] in the back seat on all fours-by that I mean on his hands and knees-and he was attempting to get over into the front seat, and his father was turning in the seat, attempting to push him back, and John kept trying to come over. It reminded me of a dog jumping from the back seat to the front seat, and this continued until the time I approached."

"Now, after I approached and identified myself, John would bring his face up close to the window, make faces at me, bring his hair forward, brush it down in front of his face and then part his hair and peek out with one eyeball and stick his tongue out, making noises with his mouth."

It seemed that there were reasonable grounds to search the car. Purcell ordered the family out of the vehicle. They were searched and both Jack and Rosemary were carrying marijuana and LSD. The officer pulled the roach ends of two smoked joints from the car's ashtray. "Big deal," Tim responded. All three Learys were arrested.

Leary has always claimed that the roaches had been openly planted in his car, and that Purcell had produced them out of his right trouser pocket in a deliberately blatant manner and placed them in the ashtray himself. In his autobiography, he wrote that Purcell was notorious for planting evidence, and they had an ex-district attorney ready to testify against him in court." This claim has angered Purcell, who has always denied planting evidence. Leary's accusation does seem suspicious, as it is hard to imagine why anyone would plant evidence in a car that already clearly contained marijuana. As Jack Leary later put it, "The two roaches were probably there. I don't think that they had been planted because Tim had been smoking in the car." Leary mocked Purcell by sending him a postcard from Algeria after his escape, so there is evidence that there was an uncharacteristic bitterness on Leary's part regarding Purcell. But whatever the true origin of the roaches, Leary was certainly in possession of a minute quantity of the drug. In an effort to bolster the case against him, a forensic team carefully vacuumed the pockets of Leary's jacket, where they were able to find seven old flakes of marijuana.

Accounts of the trial make it sound wonderfully farcical. The courtroom was packed with flower-waving hippies, who began chanting "Om" during proceedings. It was a hippy version of the old school kid trick of humming in class, safe in the knowledge that the teacher would be unable to identify who was making the noise.

One of the hippies was arrested for being under the influence of LSD. None of this behavior helped endear the Learys or their supporters to Orange County Superior Court Judge Bryon McMillan.

It did not help that Judge McMillan had been appointed by Ronald Reagan, whom Tim was regularly mocking in newspaper reports about the election for governor. And it certainly did not help that, on the morning that the case went to the jury, the headlines in the newspaper read "Drug Crazed Hippies Slay Mother and Child." This was a reference to the McDonald killings, when an army medical officer had claimed that his family had been killed by a gang of hippies on drugs, who had broken into his home and sprayed "Acid is Groovy, Kill the Pigs" on the walls. McDonald himself would eventually be found guilty of the murders, but on the morning of the trial it was not a good time to be the figurehead of the worldwide psychedelic movement.

All three of them faced possible sentences of between three months and io years, but it was made clear to Tim that Rosemary's and Jack's fates depended entirely on him. If he pleaded guilty they would be let off lightly. If he pleaded not guilty they would be facing lengthy sentences.

Tim chose not to contest the case in court and all three were found guilty. Rosemary received a suspended sentence and Jack received 90 days. Tim's plan was to appeal and, once freed on bail, to take the case to a higher court. But Judge McMillan refused to grant him bail, despite the protestations from his lawyers that this was clearly illegal. The judge referred to a collection of press clippings in which Tim had advocated that young people take illegal drugs, displaying the December 1969 issue of Playboy to the court as evidence of Tim's immoral philosophies. He was, he said, "a pleasure-seeking, irresponsible Madison Avenue advocate for the free use of LSD," and an "insidious menace."",)

While awaiting his sentence Tim was taken to Houston, where he faced a federal charge of smuggling arising from the December 1965 arrest on the Texas border. It was clear that the federal authorities did not intend to let the Supreme Court judgment be the end of this case. Despite the fact that Tim had never actually crossed the Mexican border, he was found guilty of the smuggling charge and sentenced to 10 years. "I am inclined to the view," said Judge Connally, who also refused bail, "that he would pose a danger to the community if released."" Leary was then returned to California where Judge McMillan handed him his second 10 year sentence, for the Laguna Beach arrest. This state charge and the federal charge, he added, were not to run concurrently. Tim had lost the next 20 years of his life.

Before he was taken away, Tim scribbled a love note and passed it to Rosemary. By the time she had emerged from the courtroom into the Californian sunshine, it had been stained by her tears. It read, "These are the times which test the depth of our faith, trust and patience. Love cannot be imprisoned."

Tim had started the note by writing, "I am innocent," but he crossed that line out.

WITH TIMI N jail, his defense team continued to exhaust every legal angle they could to free him. By anyone's standards, sentencing a man to 20 years for less than half an ounce of marijuana, found in cars and not on his person, was excessive. An appeal for bail was made first to the California Court of Appeals in March 1970, and then to the California Supreme Court in April. It was denied by Justice William Douglas of the US Supreme Court. With hindsight, it may not have been sensible to lodge the appeal brief that Tim had written himself. This was an extended prose poem in which he compared himself to an American eagle, and pretty much everyone else to turkeys.12

But ultimately it was clear that this was a politically motivated sentence. The Nixon government, as well as the majority of Middle America, wanted Tim locked up, and no judge was going to be so foolish as release him. Tim knew this. He had spent years preaching that expanded awareness had given him true freedom, so to be put behind bars was both an embarrassment and a personal insult. The fact that he had been beaten by hated men like G. Gordon Liddy, J. Edgar Hoover and President Nixon made his imprisonment more humiliating.

Timothy Leary was not a modest man. By now he saw himself as part of a lineage of great thinkers, like Socrates and Galileo, whose ideas fundamentally overturned the existing model of reality. He comforted himself by claiming that all revolutionaries on this scale were bound to be persecuted and imprisoned. But this did not mean that he would not fight back. He had no intention of recanting his work, like Galileo, or giving up and committing suicide, like Socrates. As he would later write, "It was my duty to escape."" And by duty, he meant his duty to history.



WARNING: I Am Armed and Should Be Considered Dangerous

Seven Months Later, by the highway outside the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo, Timothy Leary stood alone in the dark under the boughs of three trees and waited for a car to appear.

He knew he was in the right place because a smiling Buddha statue had been left between the trees. But there was no sign of a getaway car. Ten long, agonizing minutes passed before he saw a car pull off the highway. Tim ducked behind the trees, keeping out of sight, and watched for the signal. The car slowed down and came to a halt. Its right turn signal began flashing. That was the signal. He emerged from the shadows and ran toward the car as the door swung open. Inside were the beaming smiles of two women. "Tino?" asked one. This was his code name: "on it" backwards. He nodded, climbed in, and the car sped north up Highwayi.

Tim's knowledge of the escape plan ended at the signal of the flashing right blinker, so he had no idea who the people in the car were, or where they were taking him. The girls identified themselves with the code names Kelly and Maru.' Kelly may have looked like a stereotypical college girl but she outlined the immediate plans with the sober efficiency of a hardened intelligence agent. She handed him a wallet containing a set of false IDs, and told him that his name was now William McNellis, his birth date was November 14, 1929, and that he lived at 2925 Northridge Road, Seattle. Then she handed him a bundle of new clothes and told him to strip. A car was waiting to take his prison outfit south and dump it in the restroom of a gas station near L.A. This would give the impression that he was heading south to Mexico.'

They drove north along HighwayI, past the huge granite mountains that emerge sporadically from the rolling green grasslands. The road took them to Morro Bay. Here the car slowed down as it passed a gas station, and the attendant waved to them. This was a signal that all was well and that the alarm had not yet been raised. The car picked up speed and headed to the beach.

Maru dropped off Tim and Kelly at the beach and drove away. Kelly told Tim to follow her, and set off across the grassy dunes. Tim pulled a wool cap over his head and tried to shake off the feeling that he had somehow left his life and entered a "B"

movie. It was a moonless night, and the huge volcanic Morro Rock that sits offshore, dominating the entire bay, would not have been visible. Eventually they came across a camper van, hidden among the dunes. The bumper sticker on the van read "America: Love it or leave it."

Waiting with the van was a middle-aged couple and a child who was about ten years old. Kelly embraced them and explained that this stereotypically normal looking American family were going to take him to a safe house in the San Francisco Bay area. She then took Tim into the back of the camper, filled a bucket with water and set about dying his hair. It was only as he sat with his head over the bucket that Kelly told Tim who he had been rescued by. She was, she explained as she applied the dye, a member of the Weather Underground. Tim realized that he was now in the hands of a radical terrorist group who were perhaps the only people more hunted by the FBI than he was. And tomorrow, she told him, he was to be taken to their leaders.

IN LATE 1969, posters appeared around Chicago proclaiming the imminent arrival of "Days of Rage." On October 8, the second anniversary of Che Guevara's death, there was going to be a riot. When the day came, hundreds of students ran amok in a wealthy suburb, smashing shop windows, torching cars and fighting the police. This was not a spontaneous eruption of anger, like the race riots that followed the murder of Martin Luther King the previous year. This was a premeditated event, planned by anti-war protestors. They came armed with chains, pipes and clubs, and protected themselves with helmets, goggles and protective cups. It was time to "bring the war home" they claimed, so that normal Americans could experience the violence that was being done in their name around the globe. Six activists were shot, and the majority were arrested or beaten. But 75 police officers were injured, the press was outraged, and enough property had been damaged for the organizers to feel that, while it may not have been a total victory, it was certainly a good start.

The riot was an almost inevitable symptom of a split that had occurred in the peace movement. A radical element believed that non-violent protests and pacifist ideals were not working, and that they had to get serious immediately as the Vietnamese death toll was increasing daily. This horrified the liberal majority who felt that resorting to violence made them no better than those they fought. If they picked up weapons themselves, they claimed, then the heart of the entire movement would be lost. The Days of Rage riots were the events that crystalized that division. It was the pivotal moment when the radicals had to match their words with action, aware that afterward they would be criminals. Those who chose violence knew that the fight they were starting was not one that they could easily walk away from. They would no longer be activists or protestors. They would become revolutionaries, and they would have to live underground as outlaws.

At the forefront of this move was a radical group that emerged from the Students

for a Democratic Society, or SDS. The SDS was formed in 1960 by Robert Alan Haber, an undergraduate at the University of Michigan. He was inspired by the sit-ins and civil rights work of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). The SDS would grow over the coming decade to become the leading left-wing student organization in America. Predominately white and middleclass, the rise of the SDS highlighted a change in the protest movement, one that highlighted a global outlook brought about, in part, by the growth in television and mass media. The students in the SDS were not generally trying to improve their own lives. They were offering support and solidarity to civil rights movements around the world, and campaigning on issues that did not directly affect them.

The SDS contained many different outlooks and perspectives on how these aims could be best achieved. One of the most radical belonged to Mark Rudd, a handsome student with a solid suburban background who became president of the Columbia University chapter of the SDS. When the black militant Students' Afro-American Society took over a university building in a political protest, Rudd and the SDS joined forces with them. Analyzing the protest afterward, he decided that the broad, inclusive steering committee behind the action had been a limiting factor which had damaged the effectiveness of the protest. The size of the liberal majority in the movement had been welcome, of course, but if it hadn't been for the radical vanguard deciding to take action, then nothing at all would have happened in the first place. It seemed to Rudd that the liberal majority had eventually acted as a brake, limiting the goals and achievements of the radicals, who had wanted to go on and shut down the whole university. It seemed to him that the majority of protestors did not really intend to achieve their aims, afraid of the backlash from the authorities that truly effective action would bring. "The failure to deepen and expand the radical base which had formed during the occupation of the buildings, however, lay at the root of our problems," he later wrote, "How does a mass radical movement involve greater and greater numbers in decision making? How does it maintain its radical politics when faced with demands for coalition?"

Rudd formed a group where the radical voice could debate and act in an environment free from the cautious voices of a mass movement. He named it the Weathermen, after the Bob Dylan lyric from Subterranean Homesick Blues, "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." They took their inspiration from Marx, Che Guevara and psychedelic drugs, and their symbol was a rainbow shot through with a lightning bolt. They never numbered more than a few hundred, but their influence in the movement was considerable. Their "you're either with us or against us" attitude triggered a great deal of soul-searching in political activists, and bitter break-ups between friends and comrades. To much of the movement, they were childish and unrealistic, and a diversion from the real enemy. A Wisconsin branch of the SDS reacted with the slogan, "You don't need a rectal

thermometer to know who the assholes are." But to their members and supporters, the Weathermen were the only option, and the only solution.

The Weathermen's hold over its members was cult-like. It caused them to split from their friends and families, for exposure to the impure politics and philosophies outside the movement was counter-productive and reflected badly on the commitment of a member. LSD and free love were used to break down attachment to old ways of thinking, in ways that Leary and the Millbrook commune would have understood perfectly. "Smash Monogamy" was one of the group's slogans. Couples were disbanded on the order of the leaders, and everyone had to sleep with everybody else, regardless of gender. "People who live together and fight together fuck together," they claimed. Again, like at Millbrook, this didn't turn out to be as a good an idea in practice as it had seemed in theory, so they had a rethink, and became celibate instead. Their strength came from their will, after all, so cultivating the ability to defeat their own sexual urges could only help to make them more powerful. The sexual and LSD rituals were all aimed at reducing individualism and creating a single, driven organization. They were also intended to flush out police infiltration, although at least one FBI informer succeeded in passing their "acid test. This sense of group purpose only became stronger after the Days of Rage, when most of their leaders were on the run, and their exposure to more mainstream philosophies was reduced.

In March 1970 a tape was sent to radio stations that effectively declared war on the United States. It was a recording of a statement read by one of the Weathermen's most notorious leaders, Bernardine Dohrn. Bernardine was a driven, charismatic orator who combined the passion and determination of Guevara with a pretty, elfin face and effortless sex appeal. There were those among her followers who believed that she alone was more than a match for the entire capitalist system. Many stories were told about her, including how she accepted her law degree by riding a motorcycle up the marble steps into the university, her graduation gown cut into a miniskirt to reveal her legs., "The lines are drawn," she declared on the tape, "Revolution is touching all our lives. Freaks are revolutionaries and revolutionaries are freaks. ... Within the next 14 days we will bomb a major US institution.

A bomb did go off, but not as planned. A sizeable nail bomb, intended for a non-commissioned officer's ball at Fort Dix, New Jersey, exploded by accident in the Greenwich Village townhouse where it was made. Three members of the group were killed. The rest had to join Mark Rudd and go into hiding. Now there was no doubt that these loud-mouthed students were serious. The name of their group changed. The Weathermen became the Weather Underground, and America had grown a native terrorist organization.

Dozens of bombs followed, all targeted at federal property. The loss of their

colleagues had at least taught this core group the value of human life, so all the bombs exploded at night in unoccupied buildings, after advance warnings had been given. No one else was ever hurt by the group, but their sustained campaign of violence against property was sufficient to enrage the authorities. The Weather Underground soon found themselves on top of the FBI's most-wanted lists.

In the late summer of 1970, they were offered \$25,000 to help free Timothy Leary from jail. If they had been approached before the town house tragedy they would not have accepted, because they could not have justified freeing one single prisoner. "What about the hundreds of thousands left behind?" wrote Weatherman Bill Ayers later, "Until we could go through the front gates with a tank and a red army prepared to liberate the lot, we'd simply be jerking off." But the death of their comrades had knocked their bravado, and it was decided that this would be a good practice run for freeing more political prisoners in the future. They believed that political revolution was inextricably linked to personal spiritual growth, so they liked the idea of Tim being at large as a symbol of internal liberty. And of course, Tim was the enemy of their enemy, so there would be much to celebrate in his freedom. They agreed to help. They gave the operation the code name Juju Eyeballs, from The Beatles's song "Come Together."

THE CAMPER VAN was one of four vehicles that were used in the escape. As well as the initial car driven by Maru, a third car took the prison outfit south and a fourth, equipped with a short-wave radio, monitored police wavelengths. This fourth car followed the camper as it drove north through the night, trying to reach the safe house before roadblocks were erected and the hunt for Tim began in earnest.

Following a change of license plates, the camper drove north-east along the winding mountain pass through the northern tip of the Los Padres National Forest. When they reached Atascadero they joined the northbound Highway 101, following the route of the old El Camino Real. Tim hid in the back of the van, talking to his tenyear-old rescuer, marveling once again at the spirit and potential of the young. The route took them past other Californian prisons, as if to underline the danger they were still in. When the clock read midnight he knew that the scheduled head count at San Luis Obispo would reveal that he was missing. He knew that the alarm would sound and a search of the grounds would begin. He imagined the cheers of thousands of other inmates when they realized that someone had escaped.

The following day he was driven up into the mountains in order to be handed over to the leaders of the Weather Underground. The camper parked at a prearranged rendezvous, in a clearing alongside an obscure dirt road. They waited and a pickup truck arrived. Out stepped two "turret-jawed heroes" and a "beautiful girl"": Bill Ayers, Jeff Jones and Bernardine Dohrn. Tim was struck by the ease they felt as outlaws, camping out under the stars, relaxed but committed, seemingly free of doubts or guilt. In contrast Tim felt jumpy and nervous, his arms and legs still aching from the escape along the wire, his senses still used to being observed and confined. These fugitive revolutionaries made a profound impression on Tim, one that would stay with him for the rest of his life. "I think about the Weathermen often," he said in one of the last interviews he gave before his death, "I love them all very much. Give them my fondest wishes.

That night in the mountains they slept out under the stars, took acid and decided what Timothy Leary should do next.

TIM WAS REUNITED with Rosemary the following day, in a remote farmhouse at Redding in the far north of California. The camper first drove past the house as they did not want to park near it, and he checked to see if there was an orange curtain in the farmhouse window. This was the sign that everything was okay. The curtain was visible, so Tim was dropped off further down the road, and he walked back to the house. As he approached, the door opened and Rosemary appeared. They walked toward each other and broke into a run. She leaped into his arms and they spun around. It was, he would later write, "one of the best scenes ever.""

Rosemary had been busy preparing for his arrival. Their room in the farmhouse had broken wooden beams emerging from the wallboard and paint peeling off the ceiling, but she had transformed it into a palace. The bed had bright orange Indian sheets and pillows. Incense and perfumes filled the air and candles flickered. There were Tuborg beer and European wines, Dutch and Danish cheeses, smoked oysters and artichoke hearts. There were new songs on the tape player and there was bread that she had baked herself. But more importantly there was Rosemary, not on a timed visit and not about to be taken away from him. It was, quite simply, paradise.

"LEARY'S ESCAPED!" THAT message spread around the globe like wildfire. It ran through the counterculture like a bolt of pure joy, all the more potent for being so unexpected. The hippy movement had become subdued and increasingly introspective, battered by a constant stream of bad news. Suddenly here was something to celebrate, an event that was bold and liberating. Leary had done it again, and had once more validated all the faith and respect that had been vested in him. The mainstream media was horrified, and J. Edgar Hoover promised that he would be captured within io days." The "Wanted" posters bearing his "mug shot" soon became much-prized wall decorations in communes and squats.

Then came a communique from the Weather Underground, mailed to newspaper

offices around the country, declaring their involvement. Tim had been a political prisoner, it claimed, who was "captured for the work he did in helping all of us begin the task of creating a new culture on the barren wasteland that has been imposed on us by Democrats, Republicans, Capitalists and creeps."" In this they were implicitly stating the debt that the revolutionary movement owed to psychedelics. It had been LSD, which had reached them because of Leary, that had opened their eyes. Their desire to wipe away the existing system and create their "new culture on the barren wasteland" has obvious parallels with the Millbrook work of totally deconditioning an individual in order to start again with brand new ideas and behavior patterns. The news that the Weathermen had freed Tim was a surprise in itself, but it was accompanied by something truly unexpected and which to many was genuinely shocking. And this was written by Tim.

This was his "Going Away Manifesto," which he had written in code when he was still in jail, several days before his escape. It was a statement of support for violent uprising. "There is the day of laughing Krishna and the day of grim Shiva," it began, "The conflict that we have sought to avoid is upon us. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out to look for conventional economic-political solutions. This is a war for survival.... There is no choice left but to defend life against the genocidal machine." It went on to remind people of the fate of the Sioux, the buffalo and the Iroquois, and name-checked a number of contemporary radicals and organizations such as Huey Newton and the Weathermen. It ended by saying, "WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.""

What was going on? Was this really Timothy Leary, a man known to be about as extreme a pacifist as they come, a man who in 1967 had said: "The choice is between being rebellious and being religious. Don't vote. Don't politic. Don't petition. You can't do anything about America politically" ?14 Politics for Leary had been just another example of destructive "robot behavior." "People should not be allowed to talk politics," he had joked, "except on all fours."

Some people refused to believe it. At one point it stated, "Blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid ... Dose them ... Dose them." This was a direct call to break the first of the two commandments of the League of Spiritual Discovery: that of not administering psychedelics to someone without their knowledge or consent. This was one of the few acts that Tim had previously considered morally unacceptable. Indeed, this sentence was viewed by some as more shocking than the implied violence and death for those who support the existing regime. Could this be a clue that he had been forced to write the manifesto against his will, a signal to those who knew him that these weren't really his thoughts? The slogan "Aim for life, shoot to live" also raised questions. Was this Tim trying to be clever, to subvert a direct call for armed

violence into something that implied the opposite?

The debate caused Ken Kesey, who had moved to a farm in Oregon and was avoiding a public profile, to write an eloquent open letter to Tim via the underground press. "I read the letter," he wrote, referring to the manifesto. "Halfway through I was sure it was you talking. And it grieved me because I perceived that you hadn't escaped after all.... In this battle, Tim, we need every mind and every soul, but oh, my doctor, we don't need one more nut with a gun. I know what jail makes you feel but don't let them get your head in their cowboysand-Indians script.... Put down that gun, clear that understandable ire from your Irish heart and pray for the vision wherein lies our only true hope. If it still comes up guns then God be with you in your part of the battle, but if it doesn't come up guns then I beg you to print a reconsideration. I do not mean to scold someone so much my senior in so many ways; I just don't want to lose you.",'

Even Charles Manson was critical, and wrote another open letter to "General Tim Leary" from his jail cell.b6 "I have cried for you, brother," He said. "Guns are what people get killed with. Their fear is your strongest weapon. People who are afraid of dying carry guns because they are afraid to face death."

But those who wanted Tim to explain himself would have to wait. He was in no position to discuss what he was thinking any further, for he had more pressing matters to attend to. He and Rosemary were attempting to leave the country.

IT'S HARD NOT to detect a hint of disappointment in Tim when Bernardine told him the plan to get him out of America. He had had many ideas while he lay in jail, including landing a helicopter on a deserted Mexican Road, sailing to Easter Island, rowing to Cuba or hijacking a plane to Hanoi." Bernardine, however, thought that perhaps he could apply for a passport using his false identity, and get on a regular flight to Europe. This was at a time when a string of Palestinian hijackings had triggered possibly the greatest level of security and surveillance of international flights in the pre-9/ii world. Could the most famous and wanted fugitive in America walk into an airport with a one-dayold passport and simply buy a ticket to Paris?

The key was the disguise, and like the plan itself it was a masterpiece of simplicity. They did not use wigs, false beards or fake tan; they simply put him in a cheap brown businessman's suit and shaved the top of his head bald. Together with his thick academic spectacles, the change was remarkable. It aged him by at least io years, but more importantly he looked so straight and so absolutely normal that it was almost impossible to look at him and see Tim Leary. When he emerged out of the bathroom and saw the shock on the Weathermen's faces, he realized that the plan could actually work. They decided to test the disguise in public.

Tim wanted to see the film of the Woodstock festival, so they headed to the cinema.

He had much too good a time watching the movie to behave discreetly and, as he munched through his popcorn and icecream, he kept shouting out whenever he saw someone on screen that he knew. But he wasn't recognized, and the disguise passed the test. Over the next few days Tim applied for a temporary driver's license and, using this and his fake birth certificate, applied in person for a passport. A large portrait of Nixon stared down at him as he entered his false details on the forms at the passport office.

Rosemary also needed a disguise, and they settled on a tight "bubble perm" and a modest dress suitable for a young professional secretary. She took the name Mary Margaret McCreedy. They arrived separately at the airport and, for reasons that were romantic but hardly wise, they booked onto the same flight. They were intently aware of the surveillance officers scattered throughout the airport, studying the faces of all the passengers. A Weathergirl accompanied Rosemary as far as the boarding gate, playing the role of her giggly girlfriend, and just in case they weren't pushing their luck enough, she stole a book of poetry from the airport bookshop." Tim bought a copy of The Godfather.

Walking at times alongside each other but not together, Mr. McNellis and Ms. McCreedy passed through the system of checks, questions and baggage scans that led them to the boarding gate. Unopposed, they walked through the gate that symbolized their departure from American soil, and permanent exile. It had been two weeks since Tim's jailbreak. They took their seats on the plane. It left on schedule.

Once in the air, they stopped the stewardess and ordered champagne.

The Girl Began to Sing Arabic Love Songs

AWEEK AFTER THE Learys arrived in Paris, Tim flew to Africa. 1

.He landed in Algeria on a cold, dark night in September 1970. He traveled alone, still using his fake passport and the "William McNellis" disguise. He passed unhindered out of Algiers airport and found the streets deserted and silent. This was the first time for nearly a year that he had been truly alone, neither watched nor guarded. Free and invisible, he set off into the night to find a hotel.

Algerian population lives close to this southern Mediterranean coast, between Morocco in the west and Tunisia and Libya in the east. The weather there is largely cold and damp, especially in the winter, but the coast is preferable to living further south, where the desert grows out of the foothills and engulfs hundreds upon hundreds of miles of land. This is the Sahara. Algeria may be the second largest country in Africa, but the bulk of it is swallowed by the sand.

In Algeria, revolution was not a theory or an ideal to be debated. It was recent history, and the streets and buildings were still damaged by battle. It was also a place where revolutions succeeded. The Algerians overthrew French rule and declared independence on July 5,1962. The civil war that preceded this began to gather momentum in Autumn 1954, when a number of smaller groups came together to form the Front de Liberation Nationale, or FLN. FLN maquisards first launched a series of attacks on French infrastructure in the early hours of November i. Their aim, as set out on Egyptian radio broadcasts, was the creation of an Islamic Republic. The French reaction was never in doubt. "The only possible negotiation," said Francois Mitterrand, then French Minister of the Interior, "is war."

AFTER EIGHT YEARS of destroyed families and horrific loss of life, the French were defeated. The victorious FLN didn't forget those who had offered them support during the uprising, and the country became a hotbed for revolutionaries, both aspiring and successful. Che Guevara spent years in the middle sixties in Algeria, reinforcing Cuban and Algerian links and providing both training and military hardware to the newborn Republic. By 1971, the Algerian Government officially recognized 13 liberation groups instead of the states they struggled against. These

groups effectively became embassies, representing their people, providing information and political support. A delegation from the Vietcong, for example, existed on an official footing similar to that of the British Embassy. A South African wishing to visit Algeria would need to apply for a visa from the Algerian branch of the African National Congress, even though the ANC was an illegal organization back home. These were the circumstances that led the Algerian Government, ideologically opposed to Nixon's Republicans and the US Government, to recognise the Black Panther Party as the representatives of the United States.

This is the reason why Leary, after a day of phone calls to track down a contact address, took a cab to the upmarket El Biar Hills. Here he found the Black Panthers' American Embassy: a luxurious villa with a brass plate outside it showing a panther in mid-pounce. The main door was solid and securely protected by five locks. Inside there was a plush, deep carpet and a huge marble table with marble balls for legs. Photos of Black Panthers-armed, patrolling, looking down from rooftops at unsuspecting white policemen-lined the walls. Leary was looking for the American ambassador, a fellow exile, the writer and radical Eldridge Cleaver.

CLEAVER WAS BORN in Arkansas in August 1935. His family moved first to Phoenix and then to Los Angeles, where he became involved in petty crime and was jailed first for marijuana possession and then again for rape. After his release in 1966 he worked for the counterculture magazine Ramparts, and was encouraged to publish the essays he had written in jail. The resulting book, Soul On Ice (McGraw-Hill, 1968), brought him immediate fame and acclaim. It was a book that perfectly captured the shift from non-violent civil rights to the Black Power movement. The book's attitude toward women would not be accepted now, in particular the part where he describes in detail the pleasure he took in the rape of a white woman. But at the time the power of the writing, the sense of injustice and the anger struck a raw nerve in America, and Soul On Ice was responsible for radicalizing many.

In 1968 Cleaver went from relative obscurity to becoming the Peace and Freedom Party candidate for the American Presidency, campaigning on an anti-Vietnam stance. Despite his criminal background he received nearly 37,000 votes. He also became the Minister for Information in The Black Panther Party, a militant African-American activist group founded by Huey P. Newton. The Black Panthers believed that they should be armed to protect themselves from their oppressors, and that they should be willing to fight when the time came. This stance often overshadowed the Panthers' charitable work in black neighborhoods, such as their sickle cell anemia testing program or their "Free Breakfast for Children" program. With their black leather uniforms and visible firearms, it was hard to see the Panthers as charity workers. The look, the rhetoric and the language (which was unashamedly pro-black and always

referred to police as "pigs") was designed to scare white people, and in this it was very successful.

In truth, there was good reason in 1968 for black power activists to want to protect themselves, especially if they planned to protest in Mayor Daley's Chicago or Reagan's California. The Black Panther Party was a victim of the FBI's COINTELPRO program, which targeted and attacked politically radical organizations in the United States. COINTELPRO aimed to destroy organizations like the Panthers through public propaganda and by playing on inter-factional rivalries. More and more Black Panthers were finding themselves in court, under arrest, and under fire, and the FBI were able to use the Panthers' threatening image against them. With enough newsprint linking its members to violence and shootings, the Panthers would soon come to be seen not as part of the solution to the problems they fought against, but as a problem in themselves.

In April 1968, riots erupted across America following the assassination of Martin Luther King. The Panthers erupted too. Eldridge and 13 other well-armed colleagues became embroiled in a shootout with police in Oakland that lasted an hour and a half. "I will tell anyone that that was the first experience of freedom that I have had," Eldridge said later. "I was free for an hour and a half because during that time the repressive forces couldn't put their hand on me." Cleaver was arrested but subsequently released, and went on to teach a class at the University of California Berkeley, much to the outrage of governor Ronald Reagan. "If Eldridge Cleaver is allowed to teach our children," he said, "they may come home one night and slit our throats." Here Reagan was responding to the abuse and many taunts that Cleaver had aimed at him. "Ronald Reagan is a punk, a sissy and a coward," he had said in October 1968, "and I challenge him to a duel to the death, or until he says 'Uncle Eldridge."" Cleaver's release was subsequently overturned in a higher court, so he jumped bail and fled first to Cuba and then to Algeria.

From the Algerian perspective, Eldridge was a hero. True, there were many who had arrived in Algiers seeking sanctuary after revolutionary acts, but only Eldridge had taken on the United States. He was the only one who had taken up arms against an enemy so vast and powerful that all other struggles seemed trivial in comparison. He looked like a hero, too, as he drove his black jeep around the remains of this defeated Imperial power. He was handsome and charismatic and dressed in black leather, and history seemed to have its eye on him, for he was, or so he seemed during those months, the first free African-American.

Eldridge had much to do when he first arrived in Algiers. He forged relations with the FLN and established the Black Panthers' Embassy. He was joined by a handful of other Panthers, most of whom were on the run and unable to remain in America. These were desperate men with nowhere else to go, and a couple of them had gone

so far as to hijack a plane in order to get to Algeria. What Eldridge and his followers would do once the embassy was established, however, was far from clear.

ELDRIDGE WASN'T AT the embassy when Leary arrived. Tim met instead his right-hand man, a Panther named Donald Cox who was more commonly known as "Field Commander DC." DC took Leary to Eldridge's apartment, where Tim was delighted to also find his friend, the political activist Stew Alpert. After the excited and celebratory introductions were over, these radical leaders sat down to talk. Cleaver seems not to have received word from the Weather Underground that Tim was coming, and treated him with suspicion.' In order to ingratiate himself with Eldridge, Tim "pledged his sword" to him and dedicated himself to the forthcoming armed revolution.

The underground in America was slowly realizing that Tim had written the radical manifesto that the Weathermen had circulated, and that he stood by it. He made this crystal clear to journalists who tracked him down in Algiers. "Every policeman is an armed, fascist, bully murderer," Leary told Donn Pearce, the screenwriter of Cool Hand Luke, in November that year.4 "If he is not he should take off his uniform and quit. No one can be friendly with a pig, any more than you can be friendly with a Nazi. It is "our nation" against the US Government.... If io teenage Jews and liberals had blown up a Nuremberg beer hall with Hitler and a thousand storm troopers inside, they would have been applauded. And this would have encouraged the Germans to rise up and do likewise. In the very same way and for the same reason, the Weathermen might blow up Saint Patrick's Cathedral with five thousand pigs inside. I would not urge or tell anyone to off a pig. But I would support, defend and glorify such an act on the part of someone else."

Pearce had tracked Tim down in Algiers for a Playboy interview. It quickly became evident that this profile was going to be very different from Leary's previous Playboy articles. Tim declared that politically he was more radical than the Weathermen, that he was completely behind the Black Panthers, and that he blamed the white race for all of the problems with the world. He also said that he believed that Huey Newton was the greatest American that had ever lived. The only reason that he wasn't going to take up a gun himself and become a "foot soldier" in this "war," he explained, was because he was too old.

For those who knew Leary before imprisonment, the idea of him calmly talking of killing like this was unbelievable. Some thought that he must have been forced into making statements that he did not agree with, as the price for his protection by the Black Panthers and the Weathermen. It is true that Tim would become pressurized by the Panthers, but this didn't begin in earnest until a few months later, in early 1971. It was also not an argument that fit Tim's personality. He was a man who would go to extreme lengths to avoid doing something that he did not believe in, as his time at

West Point showed.

More tellingly, the manifesto had been written before he had left jail, and the decision to join Cleaver in Algeria was Tim's. True, he had had meetings with Panthers while imprisoned, and there was no mistaking how much the Weathermen wanted cooperation between the black and white radical movements. But Tim didn't have to follow through with these plans, as he had other options. When he and Rosemary flew out of New York, they landed in Paris where they were hidden by Pierre Bensoussan, a psychiatrist and member of the UN Drug Agency.' Pierre advised Tim and Rosemary to give up what he called "exile politics." Exile politics always consumed the exile, he argued, leaving them bitter and trapped in the past. They achieved little other than alienating the exile's new countrymen. Pierre had a better offer to make. He would hide them away in a country house near the Swiss border. Through his UN work, he would hear if news of their presence started to reach the government, and he would be able to move them across the border to Switzerland almost immediately.

Tim turned down this offer in order to go to Algeria and join Cleaver. "We owe it to the Weathermen, he wrote later. In 1972 he joked that the reason he went to Algiers was because he was "hypnotized by Bernardine Dohrn, for whom I would go anywhere." It's true that he was in awe of Bernardine. "I can tell you Bernardine took the Sunshine with Her when She left,", he wrote about their first meeting. The capitalization of "Her" and "She" is significant here, for this was a literary quirk of his early 70's writing that was primarily used when referring to Rosemary. But he only met Bernardine after his escape and after he had written the manifesto, so she was not the reason for his initial radicalization.

So if Eldridge and Bernardine were not the cause, then what was? Tim's interest in civil rights and race relations was genuine and stretched back at least 25 years. The first paper he published was called "Progress toward Solving the Problem of Race Relations," which he wrote in 1946. But despite his obvious sympathy for the issue, he had shown little inclination to become actively involved. When he was first imprisoned in Chino, Tim wrote a journal that he hid in pages of legal briefs and passed to his legal team to smuggle out of jail. This was later published as the book Jail Notes. In these pages Tim writes a lot about the plight of prisoners and the inhumanity of the American penal system, especially with regard to drug laws. But he is not overtly political beyond these issues, and does not slip into the radical rhetoric that he was now espousing. This is significant because he was in contact with imprisoned Panthers at the time, but had not yet made the mental shift from being sympathetic to their cause to dedicating himself to their fight. That change came about when he was in San Luis Obispo, away from the more radical prisoners.

During this time there were two influences that had an effect on his politics, and the first of these was Rosemary, who visited him at every possible opportunity. Rosemary was a more natural radical than Tim and spoke of her readiness to "off a pig" to protect her personal freedom. This radicalism grew as she arranged his escape. She started spending more time with people with extreme political views, and came to see these people as the only hope for freeing her husband. During her visits she asked Tim to approve the carrying of firearms by those who would help him escape. She argued that these people were risking their lives in order to help him, and that it would be necessary for their protection. Tim had to reassess much of his natural politics when he considered the issue. Eventually, he gave his consent, and the Weathermen who freed him did so armed.

It was Rosemary who arranged with Cleaver to get Tim a loaded gun for his 50th birthday, a few weeks after his arrival in Algeria. He kept this in the glove compartment of his rented Citroen'2 CV'. It's interesting to note, however, that he kept it unloaded.

What appears to have been the main cause of his conversion was the LSD that Rosemary smuggled into San Luis Obispo. By using LSD in prison he imprinted a new reality, and replaced his old beliefs with an outlook that made him better adapted to survive in his new environment. This change in Leary's personality should not have come as a surprise to his followers, for he was only doing what he had talked about for years. It is certainly true that this particular "version" of Leary was a more significant revision than the changes he had undergone in the past, but that was a reflection of the scale of the change in his life that had triggered it. Tim had spent years talking about re-programming the mind in just this way, yet when he actually did what he had described his audience were shocked and bewildered. The Learyists who supported him and believed in his ideas were unable to accept that he had put into practice the most fundamental principal in the Leary ideology. Tim had simply, to use his own jargon, rebuilt his "reality tunnel."

What is less clear, however, was how intentional this conversion was. Tim had presumably not been concerned about taking a psy chedelic drug inside a prison, for he had done this before, during his work at Harvard. But there was an important difference between the two situations. Back then, he was not a prisoner, and the prisoners that did take the drug knew that they were near release. But in San Luis Obispo, he was facing decades behind bars, with Rosemary's revolutionaries as his only real hope for freedom. He was also taking LSD and not psilocybin, which was a more powerful drug. Whether he intended to adopt revolutionary beliefs in order to be accepted by the only people who could help him, or whether his circumstances dictated the change is not clear. It seems possible that he never intentionally rejected his pacifism, but that the drug and the pressures of prison stripped it from him.

TIM AND ELDRIDGE had much to discuss. Leary outlined his plan to establish an Algerian revolutionary center, a place where new ideas would grow and new movements would be planned. He was confident, he said, that he could attract all the important political and cultural leaders to come and visit. Like all good revolutionaries, their first goal should be to take control of communications, and he proposed the creation of a radio station called Radio Free America, which would broadcast from this center. Eldridge was not the sort of man who would normally accept someone arriving in his world and laying down a plan of action, but he appeared supportive. He did however, keep stressing that these would be the first moves in a much bigger scenario: a coming armed revolution.

Leary's arrival brought many things to this African country. A large amount of Orange Sunshine acid was one of the first. Rosemary flew out from Paris to join him the day after his first meeting with Cleaver. Stew Alpert flew back to America and returned with a delegation of hippy activists in time for Tim's 50th birthday on October 22. Cleaver was not pleased about having to travel to the airport and argue with the officials for special entrance passes for this band of freaks, but generally relations between Tim and the Panthers, on the surface at least, were good at this point. Tim shared his birthday with the imprisoned Black Panther leader Bobby Seale, and the icing on his cake read: "Happy Birthday. Tim's Free. Free Bobby."

Now that he had access to LSD, Leary wasted little time in carrying out the mission that was his real reason for traveling to Algiers. When he had discussed his future with the leaders of the Weather Underground, camped out under the stars on the night after his escape, they had asked him to "turn on" Cleaver. The Weathermen wanted to increase the cooperation between the black and white arms of the revolutionary movement. There were already signs that Cleaver wanted to isolate himself and his followers, and it was felt that a good strong dose of LSD, administered by Leary himself, would help him see the larger picture.

Eldridge was receptive. He had previously taken acid with the Yippie leaders Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman in Berkeley in 1968, and he had liked it. The trip with Leary, however, was not a success. Eldridge said afterward that he had felt immobilized by the drug, and was afraid that he would not be able to reach his gun in time if "the pigs burst in through the door." There had been no blissful visions or enlightenment. Instead he spent the night looking at Bobby Seale's picture on the wall and brooding about him being locked away in jail.9 It left him in a foul mood, and seems to have had the opposite effect to that which the Weather leaders had hoped for. Instead of moving toward closer integration with others, he became more withdrawn, paranoid and isolated.

JOURNALISTS FROM MAGAZINES such as Rolling Stone, Esquire and Playboy

all arrived in Algeria seeking Tim. Cleaver found that his new charge was bringing a lot of heat and attention. What made matters worse was that the focus was not on Cleaver and the Panthers, or what they were fighting for. Talk of revolution was relegated to a colorful backdrop to a more superficially juicy story, that of Leary's escape from jail.

The FLN had not been expecting the extent of the press attention at all. They knew of Leary's psychedelic links but hadn't expected him to start openly praising these strange new substances on Algerian soil. And worse than the drugs, there was the talk of sex. A few years earlier, Tim had jokingly made some exaggerated claims about sex on LSD to Playboy magazine, such as the drug allowing women to have several hundred orgasms.' Tim's humor never translated well to the printed page and, as this was no more outlandish than the rest of his claims, it was taken at face value. The subject had followed him around ever since, much to his amusement, and it seemed to especially fascinate straight people who had never taken acid. Algerian diplomats were finding the subject coming up informally in important international circles. This was not the sort of thing that they wanted to be asked about. They were supposed to be a revolutionary Islamic socialist state. All this decadent perversion was just the sort of thing they had fought the French to get away from.

On October 21 the Algerian government newspaper reported that political asylum had been granted to an "Afro-American psychologist" and his wife, who were working for the Black Panther Party. A date for a press conference in a few days time was given, but when Algiers started to fill up with newspapermen and TV crews from around the world, a re-think was called for. This was too much attention for the FLN, especially given the prominence that drugs and sex could receive in the coverage. A new plan was called for, and Cleaver produced one. Like Leary, he was not a man to reduce the pressure in a situation if he could rack it up a few more notches instead.

A new press conference was called in Amman, Jordan, in order to take the spotlight away from Algiers. Amman was chosen to allow a show of support for the Palestinian guerrilla movement, by both Leary and the French radical writer Jean Genet. As well as these celebrities, the conference would include representatives of the Black Panthers and the Yippies. It would be a bold statement of unity from the New Left. It would, they hoped, be a turning point in the global revolutionary movement.

All that remained was to work out how to get Leary across the Middle East on a forged American passport.

It was not going to be easy. The maps showed a geographic patchwork of countries that were supported by either the USSR or America. The trick was to find a route that

stuck to the Soviet-armed nations, and avoided the influence of Uncle Sam as much as possible. A route was decided and the FLN bought the tickets. Tim was to be accompanied by DC who was to act as his bodyguard, in both the protective and custodial sense.

The trip started well. They flew first to Tunis and on to Cairo in Egypt, where they spent the night. There was time in the morning to visit the pyramids, and Leary was photographed in front of the sphinx, astride a camel, wearing Arabic costume and holding aloft a whip. He is, of course, smiling that famous smile that dominates every photograph he appears in. Meanwhile, back in Algiers, Rosemary was trying to calm her fears. Cleaver did not help, seemingly enjoying taunting her about the dangers that Tim faced on this trip. "He could be 'offed,' kidnapped, imprisoned or disappear and never be heard of again," Cleaver told her. "If he did make it back to Algeria, perhaps he wouldn't be let in. What would you do then?""

TIM ARRIVED IN Beirut on October 26. Things had been going smoothly up until this point, but fate has a great sense of humor when the stakes are high. When Tim and DC decided to book into the St. George Hotel, they didn't realize that it was the international press headquarters for the entire Middle East. The press was assembled en masse and they were bored, for they expected the fall of the Syrian cabinet and there was little to do but wait. Journalists are trained to react when a story unexpectedly breaks around them, but they still would have had difficulty believing their luck when America's most wanted man strolled into the lobby of their hotel.

Tim answered an early morning knock on the door to find the lens of a CBS TV camera staring at him, a microphone under his nose and a stream of questions filling the air. He slammed the door. TV crews, photographers and journalists filled the hall and lobby, and studied his bedroom window with binoculars from across the street. DC barged his way through the press to seek out his contacts in the local branch of al-Fatah for advice. They were so alarmed by the events that they refused to give counsel, and referred the decision instead to their superiors in Jordan. Tim had planned to enter Jordan quietly to avoid political fallout from any embarrassment to the King, but that was now impossible. Meanwhile, the American Embassy began piling the pressure on the Lebanese to arrest Leary for traveling on a forged passport.

What to do? A plan was quickly hatched. They announced a press conference for the early evening, on the second floor of the hotel. The conference would be a front to lure the press away; while they were upstairs waiting in front of an empty table, Tim would leave the hotel via a rear elevator and a side entrance. Here he would find a car that would be his ticket to the Syrian border. Given the circumstances and the pressure, it was a bold and intelligent plan. It was also a total failure.

Leary stepped out of the service elevator and the waiting television crews fired up

their lights. The press had not been fooled. Barging his way through the journalists, he made it to the car, and an Arab driver took off through Beirut. Believing that they had lost their pursuers, they turned down a side street and Tim was bundled into a safe hideaway: the rear dining room of a restaurant. It did not take long for the press to find them. When he realized that they had been discovered, the driver whisked Leary up a staircase and shut him into a bedroom. Inside was an old Arab lady who spoke none of Leary's languages. She watched Leary's frantic expressions and gestures, summoned a young pretty girl, and left the pair of them alone in the room. The press surged through the building. The girl began to sing Arabic love songs.

Journalists started banging on the door. Tim immediately got his shoulder to the door and managed keep it closed. More journalists arrived, and the door started to open, so Leary fled from the room through the other exit and ended up in a small bathroom with no exit and no lock.

It was here that they caught him. The man from Newsweek calmly asked whether Tim would prefer to talk somewhere else. They were, after all, standing around an open sewer. Defeated, a shaken Leary went back through the building with the journalists, and did his best to gather his thoughts and answer their questions. Then he returned to the hotel and bought drinks for all the press.

THE LEBANESE GOVERNMENT indicated that it would be best for Leary and his party to leave the country. Who could tell what instructions the American Embassy were receiving from Washington? Tim and his party gave up on their grand display of global left unity and their plans to reach Jordan, and flew back to Cairo instead. Here they found that there was no flight from Egypt to Algiers for two days. The Egyptian Government informed them that they were welcome in Egypt, but if they could be on the next flight when it left, then the government would be very grateful. Finally, on October 29, Tim landed back in Algiers.

The worldwide press loved the story, and reported that the revolutionary band had been ejected from a succession of angry Arab nations. The Black Panthers seethed, but Leary, as ever, could see a bright side. He wrote that "the fate of our commando band had been discussed at cabinet level in four Middle Eastern countries and perhaps, just perhaps, we contributed a few minutes of levity to the crisis-plagued Middle East." 12

Just Say That on January the Ninth We Busted Leary

IM AND ROSEMARY returned to their hotel in El Djamila, a coastal village a few miles from Algiers. Initially undeterred by the failure of the Jordan trip, they located an abandoned French villa that they intended to fix up and use for their revolutionary center, but it was so bomb-damaged from the civil war that restoration was a wildly optimistic fantasy.' These plans apart, they led a simple life in El Djamila, driving a rented Renault and eating in restaurants like the Riva Bella or the St. George. They spent their days exploring the local markets, watching the sunsets and listening to the scratched record of the call to prayer being broadcast from the mosques. The village itself does not seem to have been an inspiring or beautiful place, and Rosemary was suffering with frequent kidney pain. She had also undergone an experimental fertility treatment back in America, and knew that there was no hospital for thousands of miles that could complete the treatment. For Rosemary, this was an expensive price to pay for Tim's freedom. What she wanted more than anything was to have a baby with Tim, and to lead a family life stable enough for raising children.

Money started to become a problem. Cleaver and his wife Kathleen visited the Learys in their hotel, and Eldridge took Tim into a back room. Here Eldridge flashed a gun, and asked when he could expect the money needed to support the protection of the two exiles. He said that he needed \$io,000. If he did not get it, he would denounce the Learys to the FLN, and they would lose their African sanctuary.

Luckily, Tim had been offered a \$20,000 advance from Random House for a book about his escape, and he immediately promised half to Cleaver. He started work on the manuscript that would eventually become Confessions of a Hope Fiend, and sent four chapters back to the United States. Unfortunately, the reaction from America was not positive and the money was not forthcoming. The manuscript was a psychedelic, Joycean affair at this point: difficult to read and a long way from the populist escape story that the publisher wanted. Friends at home tried to help, but good intentions could not always reach him. John Lennon and Yoko Ono tried to send him a few thousand dollars via the Weathermen, for example, but the money never arrived. He could occasionally hustle money from giving interviews, such as the \$2100 he received from Playboy, but otherwise he was broke, and had little prospect of an income. He described his financial problems in a letter to friends back in America. "I

had hoped you'd been able to line up publishers (and advances) for the next book," he wrote on February 25,1971.' "Has anything happened? We've been in an amazing financial bind. Since Jan i we've lived on no money at all, save what I've been able to borrow in small amounts here from friends passing through. We have gone three and four days without food. The telephone has been off for weeks. Rent two months overdue, *etc*. Seven people have promised specifically to send money. Amazing. Haven't written recently because we haven't had any money for stamps, *etc*. Interesting experience."

IN THE WEEK before Christmas, Tim and Rosemary moved from El Djamila into a two bedroom apartment in the Rue Lafayette, Algiers. The aim was to allow Tim and Eldridge to spend more time together, for the isolation of El Djamila was starting to become problematic. It was an indication that the bond between the Learys and the Panthers was still strong, at least as far as Tim and Rosemary were concerned. But there were clear signs that the Panthers were starting to question the relationship. Their requests for the sio,000 were becoming more frequent and forceful, and after the farce of the Jordan trip, the idea of a unified Left began to look increasingly unlikely. The more time the Panthers spent with the hippies and Yippies, the more unimpressed they became. Protection of Leary was becoming a headache and, apart from annoying their enemies, it was becoming increasingly difficult to see what they were gaining from it.

Then there were their concerns about what Leary did and whom he met. For Tim, the Panthers were too insular. They shut themselves away in their embassy and didn't interact with the Algerian people. Tim would want to speak to almost everyone he met, and had noticed that the Algerians' respect and interest in the Panthers had declined because of their self-imposed isolation. Of course, the Panthers had lived lives very different from Tim's, and they had never learned to speak French. They were also in a country were almost every foreigner had either a political agenda or intelligence contacts, so security was a legitimate concern. They would have preferred it if Tim and Rosemary stayed out of sight and did not talk to strangers, and they demanded to be informed of who they talked to and where they went. When the couple drove down into the desert around Bou Saada for a day, without permission, the Panthers were furious.

BUT THE EVENTS of January 9, 1971 were still unexpected. It was a Saturday, and Tim and Rosemary were about to host a dinner party. They answered a knock at their door to find DC and three other Panthers, who barged into their apartment. The Learys were informed that they were under arrest. Tim protested, for they had food cooking and guests about to arrive, but the four strong young Panthers had no difficulty in physically controlling the 50-year-old doctor. They took his arms and forced him to the ground. Another hand covered his mouth. His nose began to bleed,

and Rosemary was screaming as a Panther held her. They were frogmarched out of the apartment building, using the stairs rather than the elevator to avoid being spotted.' They were being kidnapped.

They were driven to an apartment in Pointe Pescade and put in a long guarded room that had a couple of mattresses in the corner. A young white man entered carrying a video camera. He looked at them, shook his head sorrowfully, and proceeded to film them sitting on the mattresses. Rosemary threw a dirty blanket over her head. Tim flashed his usual grin at the camera.

This was captivity with no bail, no lawyers, not even hope of a phone call. Requests to speak to Cleaver were ignored. There was no way of knowing who knew about what had happened, or when they would be missed. Did the FLN know what had happened? Was it an act of the Panthers, or were they working with someone else? They just did not know what was going to happen to them.

Days passed, and the Learys were moved constantly from one safe house to another. Their absence was noted, and the Panthers began to field inquiring calls. Friends became concerned.

THEN CLEAVER RELEASED a press statement, and the video of Tim and Rosemary in Pointe Pescade. Cleaver's voice was heard over the footage.

"On January the ninth of 1971," he narrated, "I issued an order to Field Marshal DC, who works in our Intercommunal Section here in Algeria, to go to Leary's apartment and to take Leary and his wife, Rosemary, to another location and to confine them there until further notice. ... Just say that on January the ninth we busted Leary. Leary is busted. And here you can see him busted, him and Rosemary.

"What I'm saying here also applies to the Jerry Rubins, the Stew Alperts and the Abbie Hoffmans and the whole silly psychedelic drug culture, quasi-political movement of which they are a part and of which we have been a part in the past, which we supported in the past, because it was our judgment that at that time this is what we had to work with from white America. But we are through, we are finished relating to this madness, we are though tolerating this madness; and we want everybody to know that the serious work of uprooting and destroying the empire of Babylon with its vicious fascism and imperialism, this has to be dealt with, in the only way that it can be dealt with, by sober, stone-cold revolutionaries motivated by revolutionary love-men and women who fit the description given by Comrade Che Guevara: cold, calculating killing machines to be turned against the enemy."

Eldridge's message to the psychedelic underground was stark. "Your God is dead," he said, "and your High Priest is crazy." Leary's mind, he said, had "been blown by acid."

Tim and Rosemary were terrified. They had no way of knowing what Cleaver was planning to do to them. As Rosemary told a reporter friend who was granted access to the prisoners: "They've threatened to off us. They said they have jail facilities in Algeria and they can do anything they want in them-anything." All they could do was sit and wait, and ponder the slogan that was written in bold on a Malcolm X poster on the wall: "We Will Stop at Nothing to Reach Our Goal."

For Cleaver, the kidnapping of the Learys was a political move that was intended to ultimately give him control of the Black Panther party. It was a statement of his commitment to an uncompromising armed uprising, and gave him clear ownership of the extreme edge of the party. He could now denounce those still working for political reforms as "honky pawns" that were holding back the revolution and "aiding Whitey." The irony was that, although he did not realize it, it was Cleaver who was assisting the party's enemies. He decision to kidnap Tim had been reached after a member of the Panther party back in America had goaded him about his protection of Leary. There were questions, it was claimed, as to whether this compromise showed a lack of willingness to accept the coming war and do what was needed to achieve the revolution. The taunt came from an undercover agent who was part of the FBI's COINTELPRO program. It was part of their strategy to identify the most radical members of New Left organizations and encourage them to become even more extreme, in order to split the movement and destroy its credibility. The effectiveness of this strategy can be seen in the effect that Eldridge's actions had on the Panthers.

With his no-compromise credentials established, it was no longer necessary to keep Tim and Rosemary prisoner. After four days they were escorted to a car and driven back to their apartment. The apartment had been searched, their passports and dope had been confiscated and their remaining money had been left in an envelope on the desk. They found that their beds had been slept in and their food eaten. One of Cleaver's young Algerian girlfriends, Malika, was ordered to move in with them and report back about their movements and conversations.

They may have been home but without their passports they were still imprisoned. They lived under the danger that any of their actions or words could be construed as faulty judgment and detrimental to the cause. If they lapsed again, they were told, they would be held separately and not see or hear from each other again. They were ordered to report to the embassy daily where Tim was to perform menial work in the basement, and Rosemary was given clerical and childcare tasks. Tim always took an extra packet of cigarettes with him when he reported to the embassy, in case he was arrested again. Tim and Rosemary's lives were now governed by almost Stalinist forces. Their lives were prescribed for them, and the danger of punishment hung over both their actions and their words.

Tim was dutifully expected to publicly endorse Cleaver's politics. The kidnapping

had been reported around the world, and every utterance he made was subject to great scrutiny. This was difficult for Tim and he bitterly resented it. Admittedly, he wasn't actually saying anything radically different from his announcements over the previous months, but the kidnapping had knocked the revolutionary fire out of him. Now that he was no longer speaking freely, he no longer believed in what he was saying. Long conversations between Tim and Eldridge were filmed and aired uncut on American television, such as the Special from Algiers with Eldridge Cleaver and Timothy Leary, which was recorded on February 12 and broadcast on KQED-TV. Tim did his best to push his psychedelic manifesto as much as he dared, but ultimately these were messages of violent revolution. When Tim said that he "would dose President Nixon and J. Edgar Hoover if he had the chance," Eldridge added that he "would do something else if he was that close."

There was also the matter of the sio,ooo that Cleaver was waiting for. This had failed to materialize due to an Algerian postal strike that started in early 1971 and lasted for nine weeks. The amount of money had started to seem very apt. Back in the days when Algiers was the largest white slave market on the Mediterranean, there were fixed prices for different types of captives. The most valuable were those of captains or doctors. The price of a white doctor was sio,ooo.,, The fact that Tim was being kept under circumstances akin to slavery, albeit temporarily, was not lost on him. "We had become the first oppressed minority group ... in the new Black State," he wrote,' and the problem with Eldridge was that he "is totally American. He doesn't want to change the system, he just wants to run it."" In these circumstances, there was only one real action that would prove his belief in the civil rights movement. "As the first white Americans to live under black American political rule we felt a certain responsibility," he wrote'. "So we decided to set another kind of precedent: We would demonstrate how to escape slavery in less than 300 years."

His chance came in mid-February. Cleaver was on the telephone to America, where he was participating in a debate with Huey Newton on a morning television talk show on KGO-TV. The two men represented both sides of the split that had opened up in the Black Power movement. While Cleaver was the figurehead of the military Black Panther movement, Newton, who was phoning in from jail, was the figurehead of the political wing. Huey's supporters favored reform politics and had entered Black Panther candidates in Oakland elections. Those who agreed with Cleaver preferred the actions of the underground Black Liberation Army, who robbed banks and assassinated cops. The television debate was a jostle for power between the two men. The FBI agents who ran the COINTELPRO operations must have been delighted that they were attacking each other so publicly. Indeed, in the following weeks a Newtonite killed a Cleaverite, and a Cleaverite had killed an Oakland Panther." Things got so ugly that it was feared that supporters of Newton might arrive in Algiers and make a surprise attack. Cleaver responded by ordering his men to

keep a round-the-clock watch on the airport.

The main disagreement between the two on the program concerned the actions of the Black Panther's "acting leader" David Hilliard, who was essentially in charge because the rest of the party's prominent members were in jail or exile. Hilliard had expelled 24 members of the Black Panthers, and Cleaver denounced him for this on the program, saying that Hilliard should be kicked out of the party. After Cleaver was off the phone, Newton stayed on the line for another half an hour and turned on his former friend and colleague. "[Eldridge] found it necessary to bring that point out in public first." Newton said, referring to the comment about Hilliard. "It was a shock to me, and we shall take action against that. If it was left up to me, he might just find himself in jail, just as Leary was in jail. If the Central Committee decides that he will be disciplined, I will recommend that he be put into jail inside our embassy in Algiers."

Eldridge had now publicly made a power play against the Black Panther party, but this left him distracted and exposed. Tim knew it was the time to put his plan into motion. He knew that he would never get Cleaver to agree to return the passports, so he turned his attention to DC. As soon as Eldridge started the television interview, he bounded up to DC and told him that the money from Random House had arrived, but that he would need his passport to collect and cash it. He would also need Rosemary's, he added, in case the money was in her name. Tim knew that the Panthers were desperate for the money and that DC was not as smart as Eldridge. Amazingly, DC believed him. Unable to check with the preoccupied Cleaver, DC handed him both of the passports and let him leave "for the post office." Tim returned to the apartment where he and Rosemary gathered their bags and left for their old hotel in El Djamila.

The next step was to approach the Algerian government directly. Tim had heard that they had been angry about Cleaver's kidnapping of the Learys, and about the Panthers' behavior in general. Their actions were, the FLN thought, against the Arabic traditions of hospitality. Cleaver was a guest in their country and it was not acceptable for him to use force against Leary, especially in so public a manner. There was also a minor scandal involving Malika, who had left her family in order to go and live with Cleaver.

Tim met with government officials who told him that he was welcome in their country, and that he and his wife were considered their guests. This would be made clear to Cleaver, who would not dare to intimidate them again now that they were under the protection of the FLN. If Tim wished they could find him a position at a university. They did not want him publicly promoting the use of drugs, of course. But

otherwise Algeria was a free country, they assured him, and he was a free man who could live his life as he wished.

After all, they told him, "Algeria is not Texas."

He Is Not Going to Die: They Will Have to Kill Him

NE BENEFIT of being under the protection of the Algerian government was that Tim could now collect his own mail. Previously it had all been forwarded to the Panthers' Embassy, and he had quickly become used to it being opened, delayed or simply lost. There were occasions when something unexpected and interesting got through, however, such as the time he was handed a folio proof of a book of prison writing called Whisper (Brian Barritt, Whisper Promotions, 1971). The author, an Englishman called Brian Barritt, was asking whether Tim would be interested in writing a foreword for the book.

Whisper was a collection of writing on drugs, prison, time and space that had been smuggled out of jail and reassembled in a cut-up style reminiscent of William Burroughs. It was strange and funny, but what really caught Tim's interest was that he had seen parts of this text before. A prisoner at San Luis Obispo had kept passing him writing that he had claimed was his own, but which Leary had later discovered had been plagiarized from Samuel Beckett and other sources, which included, he now realized, chunks of Whisper. The surprise arrival of the full work by the real Brian Barritt certainly seemed a strange coincidence, but what Tim didn't know was that the Panthers had had the book for a week before they passed it on, and that it been brought by Barritt himself, who was in Algiers waiting to meet him.

Brian and Tim first met on the morning after Tim had received the book. Tim opened his apartment door and was greeted by a small, bearded figure with crazy eyes. Brian was an artist with an interest in the occult. If there had been any possibility of Tim calming down, taking a teaching position at a local university and concerning himself with less controversial matters, then that possibility went out of the window when he met Barritt.

"Brian is an English Untouchable," Leary wrote a year later. "His shadow falling across the path of the middle class is enough to contaminate twenty lives. He is highly toxic. Brian is ancient but not old. He has put as many drugs as possible into his body for thirty-six years and is obscenely healthy, diabolically wealthy, and looks about twenty. He intends to maintain this state for an indefinite period. He is not going to die; they will have to kill him."

Barritt was born in Coventry, England, in 1934.2 He was raised in a working-

class community that was decent and good-humored, but lacking in ambition or a sense of potential. The closest that his family came to greatness was when his grandfather became the first man in Coventry to be arrested for riding a motorcycle on the pavement. But that grandfather also read adventure stories to the young Brian, which stirred something in him.

Coventry was an industrial town and hence a major target for German bombs during World War II. The Barritt household was in a street surrounded by a triangle of three large factories, and so the fires, smells and destruction of aerial warfare became a large part of his childhood. Familiar streets and houses would turn overnight into ruins where he could play and explore. Sandbags stacked by his door were dumped over the incendiary bombs that were found burning in the middle of the street, yards from their home. They lost part of the roof and Brian's parents could look up at the stars at night as they lay in bed, but otherwise the family passed through the war unharmed. Brian may have seen a few animals killed by the bombing, but not any humans. The war, he would say later, was the happiest and most interesting part of his childhood.

At the age of 17, he left Coventry and went to sea. He spent three years as a cabin boy on tramp steamers, as these seemed to offer the best hope for adventure. They took him around the globe, carrying shipments such as metal, grain or guns to places as far afield as Japan, Jamaica or Baltimore. He then signed up for the army and was posted to Cyprus, which was then being fought over by the Greeks and the Turks. He was late for disembarkation, however, because he had gone AWOL to visit a woman called Paula, who would soon become his first wife.' Barritt spent the boat trip out to Cyprus jailed in the ship's brig.

Overall, about half of Barritt's army life was spent in jail. On duty in Cyprus, he was sent to the roof of a tower block with a colleague. Enemy gunfire had been spotted from the roof of another tower block, and their orders were to return fire. After a few hours of sporadic gunfire from both tower blocks, the British realized that Barritt and his colleague had stopped responding to the Turkish guns. Believing that they had been hit, a squad was sent to retrieve their bodies, only to find them curled up on the roof, cuddling their rifles, fast asleep.

Barritt was tried in a court martial. He spent the rest of the Cyprus stint in a makeshift open-air jail in the yard of the barracks, surrounded by barbed wire, drinking water from a stagnant, insect-riddled well. Overall, he claims, he enjoyed the experience. Sitting happily in the elements, like a hermit in a British military hermitage, Barritt became something of a celebrity among the regiment. He was eventually shipped back to England under guard, and sent to the notorious Colchester detention center, known as the worst of the worst of military jails. He quite enjoyed this, too, meeting some interesting people and even an old childhood friend.

After leaving the army with, somehow, an honorable discharge, Brian and Paula left Coventry and moved to London. He was, as he puts it, "just looking for some decent conversation." It was the late fifties and they soon discovered the small but exciting Beatnik scene, which was based in Soho. It was at this point that Barritt underwent a profound spiritual experience. It had similarities to Leary's experience in the Spanish hotel room in 1959, in that he reached rock bottom and essentially "let go" of his old life, having lost all hope and arrived at the state where he simply wanted to die. Barritt's experience was more brutal and immediate than Leary's, however, and was brought about by the shock of finding that his wife had left him. The result was more extreme as well. Barritt did not have a slowly unfolding sense of rebirth, like Tim. Instead, he was suddenly confronted by an annihilating white light and, for a split second that seemed eternal, he was in the presence of God.

Barritt was a changed man after that. He looked around him with a new perspective. He was centered and clean, and his previous petty infidelities appeared childish. He treated people differently. By the time Paula returned he was a different man. He now started to trip through life with a certain fearlessness that can only be achieved by those who are certain of immortality. He was more carefree and joyous, because he now knew that, whatever happens, everything is ultimately fine and it always will be. Men have spent their lives trying to experience what happened to Barritt in that apartment: they have spent years studying yoga, meditating, even scouring their bodies. But it required no effort from Barritt, it just spontaneously occurred. For those seeking spiritual enlightenment, Barritt would advise less earnestness and more sudden trauma.

Many people who experience what happened to Barritt declare themselves "born again," and turn toward religion. But Barritt was to find something much better. Shortly afterward, LSD entered his life.

He had been given a vial containing twelve 250 microgram trips by his friend Alexander Trocchi, the author of Young Adam (1957) and Cain's Book (1961), in payment for some artwork. This was some of the first LSD to arrive in the UK, and it had been mailed to Trocchi by Michael Hollingshead in the States. Nothing was really known about this drug in the UK at the time, and Barritt had no idea what to expect. "I was thirty years old," he later wrote, "quite well versed in opium, heroin, coke, cannabis, methedrine, speed pills and Nostralin inhalers. I had eaten Morning Glory seeds and seen a wall move, but I had no precedent for acid."4 Not knowing that one 250 microgram dose, taken orally, was considered a strong trip, he and Paula put six of the liquid trips into their syringes and injected them straight into their veins. They blew their heads clean off.5

For Barritt, LSD was the most incredible substance that he had ever encountered. True, it had not given him the perspective that he achieved when he saw the "Light,"

but it had taken him much closer and revealed far more than any other drug could. It was non-addictive and legal, and instead of a come-down after the trip, it left him feeling great. He thought that it was going to change the world. When he tripped, it triggered love and joy and a profound appreciation of just being alive. How could politicians start wars after experiencing what he had just gone through?

Michael Hollingshead then returned to London with his mayonnaise jar, following his adventures at Harvard and Millbrook. He established the World Psychedelic Centre, at 21 Pont Street in Belgravia, and the word quickly spread. He turned on hundreds of people, including Paul McCartney, Roman Polanski and Eric Clapton.6 Barritt began distributing the drug as much as he could. These early advocates were not dealing LSD in order to make money; they were doing it because they thought that it was their sacred duty. They were doing it to make the world a better place: to save souls. They called themselves Cosmic Couriers. They believed that when they delivered a shipment of LSD to a new town or country, they were actually dropping off a psychic time bomb that detonated after they left, spreading love and understanding, saving the world from itself one mind at a time. They believed that it was significant that the effects of LSD were discovered at the same time as the invention of the atomic bomb. It seemed that at the same time that science had given the world the power to destroy itself, it had also given humankind a tool to develop the empathy and understanding necessary to ensure that this didn't happen. It is no exaggeration to say that these early Cosmic Couriers believed that they were on a mission from God.

There was very little information about the drug available, so the only effects that they thought that the drug was capable of were those they had experienced themselves. They knew nothing of the experiments of the preceding decade by the CIA and their civilian offshoots. They did not know that not everyone would have such positive experiences with the drug. But they were learning fast. It was the sugar cube era, and the drug was distributed by dropping one dose of liquid acid onto a cube. Barritt only discovered that the drug could be absorbed through the skin when the cartoon sugar cube logo on the Tate & Lyle sugar packet started dancing for him. So when Hollingshead was sent copies of the Psychedelic Review and other writing by Leary, they were eagerly absorbed by the London scene. The Psychedelic Experience by Leary, Alpert and Metzner was a particularly significant book for them, and Barritt started distributing this alongside the drug. Here was considered, informed and intelligent writing about the drug. It offered a much-needed alternative to the scare stories that were starting to appear in the media, in which the Soviets were going to flood the country with LSD and then invade it while everyone was laughing and running naked through the streets.

In 1965, Barritt felt the need to wander, and he and Paula set off for India with

\$375 in their pockets. It took them three months to hitch. They passed though central Europe, the Middle East and Afghanistan, taking LSD once a week wherever they found themselves, for they had brought along a year's supply. They soon acquired 32 ounces of hashish and 21 disks of opium, at the cost of one English pound and Barritt's watch. As a result they were smuggling a massive amount of drugs into each country they passed through, because Barritt "hadn't the heart to throw them away."

Many months and many adventures in India and Baluchistan followed before Barritt flew back to London, with four pounds of cannabis sewn into his waistcoat. The customs officer at Heathrow took one look at the small, emaciated, hairy figure in front of him and the dope was soon discovered. The judge at the trial looked at Barritt and remarked that "a glass of brandy and a good cigar would never do that to a man." He sent him down for four years.

In jail, Barritt started to write. He took the finest pen he could get, a mapping pen, and started writing in tiny letters, cramming as much as he could onto any small scrap of paper he could find. These notes, thoughts and stories were taped to the underside of his penis and smuggled out of jail during visits. Many were lost, but those that survived were collected into the manuscript of Whisper by his friend Dave Ball.

Thanks to India and jail, Barritt somehow missed the flowering of the hippy period in Swinging London, so he was amazed at the color and excitement that he found when he was released. Young people had totally changed. They had become the sort of loving, hip freaks that he had been hoping for all his life. It seemed to him that all that LSD they had distributed years before had actually worked. He moved to Portobello Road, where he became friends with William Burroughs. He split with Paula while in jail, but soon met a beautiful and freespirited woman called Liz Elliot-Cooke. A proof edition of Whisper was produced and spread through the underground, reaching as far afield as California, and getting a good reaction.'

Suddenly the news hit the underground: "Leary's escaped!" The word spread around the globe in hours. To the acid culture, it came as a blast of pure joy. Their High Priest had outwitted the straight community once more. Liz had wanted to go traveling so, when they heard that Leary had surfaced in Algeria, she suggested to Barritt that they go and try to find him. If they needed an excuse for the trip, then they could ask him to write a foreword to Whisper. Barritt readily agreed, but the foreword was not the real reason why they flew to Africa. Barritt was curious about the "mindmap" that he had heard Leary had been developing. He thought that he might be able to help.

EVER SINCE HE began researching psychedelic drugs, Leary had been working on a theoretical model that could formally classify and describe the effects of LSD on the

mind. A better understanding of this internal territory would help prepare users for the experience and thus prevent countless bad trips. Leary started work on this model, which he called his "mindmap," in Harvard, and he continued refining it for the rest of his life. Rosemary's account of her time in Algiers, for example, mentions it as a frequent topic of conversation between them. It appears in many of his books, from his early psychedelic writings to his final book, the posthumous Design For Dying (1997)." It changes gradually over the years, sometimes becoming improved through some new insight, and at other times being stretched to accommodate his latest obsessions and fads. In many ways it is his life's work.

Understanding what LSD does is an incredibly awkward challenge. As the CIA had discovered, LSD seemed to have a knack of outwitting all attempts at understanding it. On the biochemical level of how the drug physically affects the brain, LSD was just not understood at all. The sheer strength of the drug's effects after such a minute dose simply did not make any sense. It is now known that the chemical binds itself to a large amount of neural receptors, such as dopamine and serotonin receptors, but quite how this creates such an effect on consciousness is a total mystery. To make matters stranger, some research has claimed that the bulk of the dose lodges in the liver, spleen and kidneys, and only 0.01% of the original dose enters the brain, where it only remains for 20 minutes." The drug itself seems to have left the brain before the psychological effects start. Any attempts to explain this, such as the drug acting as a "trigger" for an unknown natural biochemical state, or a role for the body in the creation of consciousness, just seems wacky and unacceptable to the scientific community. Any researcher wanting to protect his reputation and career would be advised to ignore LSD and study something else instead.""

But for researchers trying to understand the mind itself, as opposed to the electrochemical soup that constitutes the physical brain, then the effects of psychedelics almost demand to be studied. They are very different from those of other drugs such as caffeine, alcohol or cocaine, which modify the moods and feelings of the user. LSD and other psychedelics can not be explained in terms of, for example, creating a feeling of well-being, making the user sleepy or alert, or disorientating the user and impairing motor skills. They may well do these things, but the overriding effect is not to push the user's mind into a different mood, but to make the mind function in a fundamentally different way. This is terrific for students of consciousness; for observing the mind in "abnormal" conditions and comparing this to the "normal" condition is, at the very least, somewhere to start. It offers a comparison which can create a clearer model of "normal" awareness and it has the potential to trigger a few theories or ideas that can be studied later. Psychedelics, it seemed, were a godsend to the student of consciousness.

The problem was, however, that the more researchers experimented with altered

conscious states, the stranger they seemed to become. Initially, it seemed natural to assume that these chemically induced states were basically normal consciousness that had been tampered with and which was no longer working "properly." It soon became apparent, however, that the subjects who took the drug were consistently reporting that something considerably more interesting was happening. These altered states included normal consciousness, it was claimed, but they now had a whole extra realm of mental awareness bolted on to it. These altered states were, researchers started to say, "expanded consciousness." The word "psychedelic," which means "mind manifesting," had to be coined to describe them because existing words such as "hallucinogens" and "psychomimetics" were not technically correct. The drug showed what awareness should really be like, it was argued, if we did not train our brain during our developing years to blank out masses of extra, confusing stuff. In Leary's jargon, it was shedding the limitations of your own "reality tunnel." This was an argument that seemed to be supported by other psychedelic drugs, Eastern religions and, later, research into Shamanism and naturally induced altered states. Normal awareness was just a fraction of what the mind was capable of. When Gurdjieff said that mankind "was asleep," when Blake referred to the opening of "the doors of perception," when Zen masters tried to shock the brain awake with a startling koan, they were all making the same argument. The western mind is only acknowledging a fraction of the true nature of things. It is dumb and blinkered, they said, and it doesn't need to be."

A major problem for researchers was that these states were nearly impossible to describe to people who had not experienced them. There were no common points of reference that the non-tripper and the tripper shared. Any attempted description would result in such a desperate effort to express the inexpressible that the listener would, almost certainly, suspect that the researcher had lost his mind. Very few people had the natural charm and charisma of Leary, who could convince people that the reason that they did not understand what he was talking about was not because he had lost his marbles, but because he had gained some more.

To complicate matters further, this extra mental awareness was of a big, unknown place, and new trippers would invariably come back and report on different aspects of it. A novice user would no more be able to understand it all than, for example, a man who takes a day trip to Tijuana could be said to understand Mexico. Not only did tripping individuals not make any sense, but they seemed unable to agree between themselves on what exactly this "expanded consciousness" was all about.

But Tim had a natural genius for systematic analysis and categorization. It was what he had excelled at during his years as a respected psychologist. He also had the advantage of being the man who had taken more LSD than anyone else on Earth. He felt that if anyone could get a grasp on expanded awareness, it was him. If he could

map out the inner territories it would serve as a guide to all those novices who would follow into the unchartered states. In this respect he thought that he was no different from the sailors and explorers from the distant past. Bravely exploring the unknown for the benefit of mankind, he felt, was just the sort of quest that seemed fit for a man of his courage, wit and all-round heroic sexiness. True, like the great explorers of the past, he could not be expected to be perfectly accurate. After all, the first maps of new continents would usually have had the odd extra island here or there, and huge tracts in awkward unreachable areas might be sketched in with a bit of guesswork and luck. But the maps would still be of incalculable value. Others explorers could fill in the blanks and refine and improve his work," but he would be the man that history remembered. As Dr. Janiger predicted, one day there would be statues of Tim erected in the United States. In time he would be seen "as a great American pioneer."

And now, appearing out of the blue as if he had just emerged from the great desert to the south, Tim was approached by a totally unscientific man who had knocked on his door with his girlfriend and a four-year-old boy, and who seemed to be able to help.

BRIAN BARRITT WAs useful to Tim because he had not attempted to construct his mindmap as a model for further scientific study. He was just an artist. He liked what he saw and he wanted to record it. Barritt was approaching the subject from a totally different perspective, but both he and Tim immediately knew that they were talking about the same thing, that their models fitted together perfectly. This was a major boost for Tim, who suddenly got a fresh perspective on the subject. Of course, their terminology could not have been more different. What Tim called psychosomatic circuits, Barritt called The Land of Incredible Goodies. What Tim called the neurological level, Barritt called the Land of the Giant Suns. But it was clear that they were talking about the same thing. The maps matched.

For Tim, this was further confirmation that he was on the right track. It was further proof that the landscape he was surveying was universal, and not unique to the inside of his skull. Tim now had someone he could talk to about places that no one in Algeria, apart from Rosemary, understood. And although their approaches and backgrounds were very different, the pair had much in common besides the mindmap. They had both been jailed for possession of marijuana. They had both had farcical military careers, and both had been tried in a court martial. They were both highly sexed. Barritt had seen God. Tim had been called God. Tim had been sent to Coventry. Barritt had been born there.

Now that Tim was free of the Black Panthers, he could get back to what he considered his life's work. All he needed was for his precarious legal situation to calm down and give him a breathing space. It would, of course, do no such thing.

Fortunately, Neuberg Had Been Armed With a Consecrated Magical Dagger

IM AND BRIAN first tripped together over the night of Easter Saturday and Sunday, 1971. Tim arrived at the communal coastal villa where Brian was staying and found him sleeping off the previous day's festival. He woke him and suggested that they drive south, away from the coast, to a place called Bou Saada on the edge of the Sahara. "Bou Saada" means "City of Happiness" and it was rumored to be a very magical place. Tim had to collect some belongings from the Hotel Caid, where he and Rosemary had previously stayed. These included the foreword that he had written for Whisper, and some of Rosemary's clothes. It was the clothes that they were primarily interested in, for there were tabs of Orange Sunshine acid sewn into the hems, and some high quality Afghan hashish in the heels of the shoes.

They ate the acid, and some hash, and drove out into the endless dunes until they found a dried-up riverbed. Here they sat on the evershifting, pepper-fine sand and watched the sun set while they waited for the LSD to hit. A full moon rose. Night fell on the desert.

"The sky was on fire," is how Barritt later described the trip that followed.'
"Massive galactic spaceships blinked into being, golden vessels with the faces of Egyptian Gods on their prows, gliding between life and death.... Beauteous cities glide by, composed of materials not yet invented, towers twisted skyward. Through a window a woman with the face of an angel and the body of a spider was chatting me up with her eyes...."

At this point Tim called out to Brian, and Brian realized that he wasn't climbing up a ladder into the spider-angel's flying saucer, as he had thought, but was instead crawling up a sand dune toward the moon. The moon, however, did fill the whole sky and looked down on him with Liz's face. Tim, meanwhile, seemed to be performing some form of ceremony. He was pacing up and down reciting the alchemical phrase "solve et coagula."2

Even by Tim's and Brian's standards, it was a memorable night. The trip included a few synchronicities that seemed to indicate that there was more to it than just a string of imaginative hallucinations. At the start of the trip Barritt became aware of a

hooded man in the middle of a dust devil or a whirlwind of sand. He had a scroll or manuscript that seemed to be important, and which was linked to the name of the Elizabethan magician and alchemist Dr. John Dee.

Dr. Dee was one of the leading scholars of his day, and a man who played a leading role in the development of the science of navigation. He was also the court astrologer to Queen Elizabeth I, and he used her horoscope to choose the day of her coronation in 1558. He possessed what was believed to be the largest library in Britain, until the local townsfolk, believing him to be an evil sorcerer, burned it down. He was also a spy for the Crown, and was sent on intelligence missions in various other European countries. It seems fitting, therefore, that he used to sign documents with the code "007."

Dee was also an alchemist and deeply involved in occult studies, even though these practices were politically dangerous in the religious turmoil of the times. He became involved with the thief and grave robber Edward Kelly, and believed that Kelly had the ability to hear spirits and demons. Over many months Dee transcribed the information that came "through" Kelly, and the result was a body of magical work, including the language of the angels, that is known as Enochian magic. A year after their trip at Bou Saada, Tim and Brian discovered that, in i909, the occultist Aleister Crowley and the poet Victor Neuberg conducted a magical ceremony at exactly the same riverbed in the dunes outside Bou Saada. Crowley and Neuberg summoned demons by invoking 19 "calls" that had originated with Doctor John Dee and Edward Kelly. Enochian magic was integral to Crowley's magical system, and it was Dee and Kelly's angelic script that Crowley was invoking at Bou Saada.

The work took a few weeks as they invoked one "key" of the manuscript a day, bidding a string of angels and demons to appear inside a magic triangle marked in the sand. Mescaline was used, as was sexual magic, with Neuberg at one point buggering Crowley at an altar in a makeshift stone circle and dedicating the act to the god Pan.' When the day came to invoke Choronzon, the demon of chaos and the abyss, Crowley did not remain outside the magic triangle. Instead he deliberately sat inside it.

The pair would have made quite a sight as they performed their strange works among the shifting Saharan dunes. Crowley was dressed in a long black hooded robe with a revolver around his waist. Neuberg, with two tufts of dyed red hair twisted into horns, sat watching in a magic circle created for his own protection, and made notes. Crowley instructed Neuberg that, whatever happened, he must resist any attempt from the demon to be released. The invocation was completed, three pigeons were sacrificed and, according to Neuberg and Crowley's accounts, Choronzon appeared. The demon possessed Crowley and began to taunt Neuberg, pleading to be released. They later claimed that Crowley/Choronzon began to change shape, appearing to Neuberg in a string of forms including an old lover and a snake with a

human head. It begged the poet for a drink of water and promised that it would sit at his feet and obey him if it was freed. With Neuberg distracted by the dazzling images materializing before his eyes, the demon gradually dribbled the fine sand on the magic circle, slowly erasing it. Then the entity that possessed Crowley's body rushed at Neuberg and "flung him to the earth and tried to tear out his throat with froth-covered fangs. Fortunately, Neuberg had been armed with a consecrated magic dagger and managed to fend the beast off. Choronzon was banished, leaving Crowley lying naked in the sand. With the ceremony over, the magic circle and triangle were erased and a fire was lit to purify the place.

Tim and Brian were astounded when they discovered this, a year after their desert trip. That they had been at exactly the same riverbed was coincidence enough, but the cowled figure inside a dust devil that Brian had "seen" matched Crowley's description of his possessed self. Crowley, who had been wearing a black hooded robe, described the demon possessing him as a coagulation of forms that "swirled senselessly into haphazard heaps like dust devils." The fact that he had been using a manuscript of the work of Dr. John Dee, which had also appeared to Barritt, pushed the incident way beyond coincidence.

THERE WERE MANY similarities between Timothy Leary and Aleister Crowley, and this had not gone unnoticed at the time. Andy Warhol, for example, commented on it to a hippy known as Super Joel, a friend of Rosemary's." They had both come from repressive middle-class backgrounds, and both rejected those values to found liberated and hedonistic religious sects. They both put great value on sex and drugs, and there are strong parallels between Leary's Millbrook and Crowley's Abbey of Thelema on Sicily. Crowley was known as the "wickedest man in the world" while Leary was the "most dangerous man in America." Crowley's commandment "Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be the Whole of the Law" has similar libertine values to Tim's League of Spiritual Development commandments, although Tim's were softened to disallow controlling others. Both wrote reinterpretations of the Tao Te Ching. This is an indicator of the similar size of their egos, as the Tao Te Ching is arguably one of the most complete pieces of text ever written, and there are few that believe that they could improve on it. There are also parallels between the decline of each man's life during his later years, and on the people, such as John Lennon, whom they have both influenced. They both had wives named Rosemary.

Leary started to think of himself as a "continuation" of Crowley, as opposed to a "reincarnation" as it is normally understood.' There were strong parallels between Dee and Kelly, Crowley and Neuberg, and Leary and Barritt, and Leary saw himself as part of a line of sorcerers that reoccurred throughout history. Leary believed that he was playing out a "script" for a regular transformative current that repeated itself throughout time." These "scripts" existed in a similar manner to a song. A song only

exists in time, not in space, but it still exists enough for patterns, harmony and meaning to be detectable. Indeed, "time" was the key here, or rather the change in the qualities of time that could be detected while under the influence of LSD. There were moments during a trip, Leary believed, when his awareness outgrew the normal, unstopping, linear flow of time. After all, just as a two-dimensional drawing can only be properly observed from three-dimensions, so time, the fourth dimension, should only really make sense from a fifth dimension or higher. The expanded awareness of LSD seemed, on occasions, to give just such a higher perspective. From this point otherwise invisible patterns and currents in history became apparent.

Leary's belief that his awareness had gone beyond the linear flow of time is actually not as absurd as it might first appear. Theoretical physicists claim that while time itself is real, the perceived passing of time is an illusion. In relativistic "spacetime," all of time exists and the idea of a "now" breaks down. As Einstein once famously wrote, "The past, present and future are only illusions, even if stubborn ones." Writing in The Scientific American,' the theoretical physicist Paul Davies concludes that, "The passage of time is probably an illusion. Consciousness may involve thermodynamic or quantum processes that lend the impression of living moment to moment." He then goes on to note that, "It is possible to imagine drugs that could suspend the subject's impression that time is passing."

Once again, this is a concept that those without "expanded awareness" can never really hope to fully understand. Tim described himself as dwelling more in "time" than "space," although what this actually means is not something that he was ever able to properly communicate. Still, he renamed the book about his escape It's About Time," and he would later end his autobiography with exactly the same words. It seems to be a small coded message, not aimed at casual readers, which implies a belief that people would, one day, understand him better.

Ultimately, it was this LSD-induced perspective that ended Leary's interest in Cleaver's struggle. Power and revolution, politics and control, jail and confinement, these were all concerns of those who dwelt in "space." "Time travelers" like Tim and Brian had other matters to concern themselves with.

Leary could have stayed in Algeria if he wished. He had been offered a position at the university and, if he promised never to talk about drugs, he could have led a safe, comfortable exile existence. He chose not to accept this, to leave Africa behind and strike out for pastures new. But where should he go?

TIM HAD BEEN speculating about how much further he should investigate Eastern religions. Barritt argued that he should leave the subject alone. Ram Dass had dedicated himself to that path and, frankly, was doing a better job of it than Tim would. Leary's unique strength was that, unlike the majority of the hippy scene, his background was that of a western scientist. He had been respectable once, and could

argue the case for psychedelics in ways that others couldn't.

More importantly, he was learning that the West also possessed mystical traditions that illuminated the psychedelic experience. They were just hidden, underground and occult. Few people had spoken of them since the days when the great scientist and alchemist Isaac Newton helped found the Royal Society, and established the structures of empirical materialist science. But that did not mean that there was not much to be learned from them.

To mainstream America in the sixties, the phrase "the occult" conjured up images of horror stories about Satanism or the witches of Salem. It was seen as a pantomime-like tradition that was little more than a reaction to, and rejection of, the puritanical Christianity of the founding fathers. But things were very different in the Old World, where occult and alchemical thought had deep roots. Tim had previously studied the writings of Gurdjieff, Hesse and Jung, and so was open to these influences. If he was to continue on this path, then there was really only one place he should go. He needed to head into the ancient heart of Europe. And in April 1971, he received an invitation to speak at a university in Copenhagen. It was just the excuse he needed to leave Algiers.

I Pledge That (1) I Shall at No Time Possess Any Illegal Drug

HE ANTICIPATED ARRIVAL of Timothy Leary had produced much excitement in Denmark, and there had been considerable advance press for his planned lecture at Aarhus University. But the American agents watching Copenhagen airport on 5 May were disappointed. Tim's and Rosemary's luggage arrived as expected, but the fugitives themselves were not there to collect it. Friends in Algiers spread the rumor that they had been kidnapped. To the world at large, Leary had vanished once again.

Tim and Rosemary had flown out of Algiers as planned but subsequently disembarked in Geneva, where they called their ally Pierre Bensoussan in Paris for advice. He warned them that they faced certain capture in Denmark. He was, however, able to give them the address of a local gun smuggler who might help them. Unsure what to do, they headed to the airport bar for a drink and a think.

They assessed the situation. They were broke, there was an Interpol warrant out for their arrest, they were sitting in the lounge of a major international airport where people were looking at Tim and trying to remember where they knew his face from. At one point he had to explain to an interested inquirer that he was an actor in an FBI television series. The decision about what to do was eased somewhat by their total lack of alternative options. They took a taxi to Lausanne and called on the gunrunner. His name was Michel Hauchard.

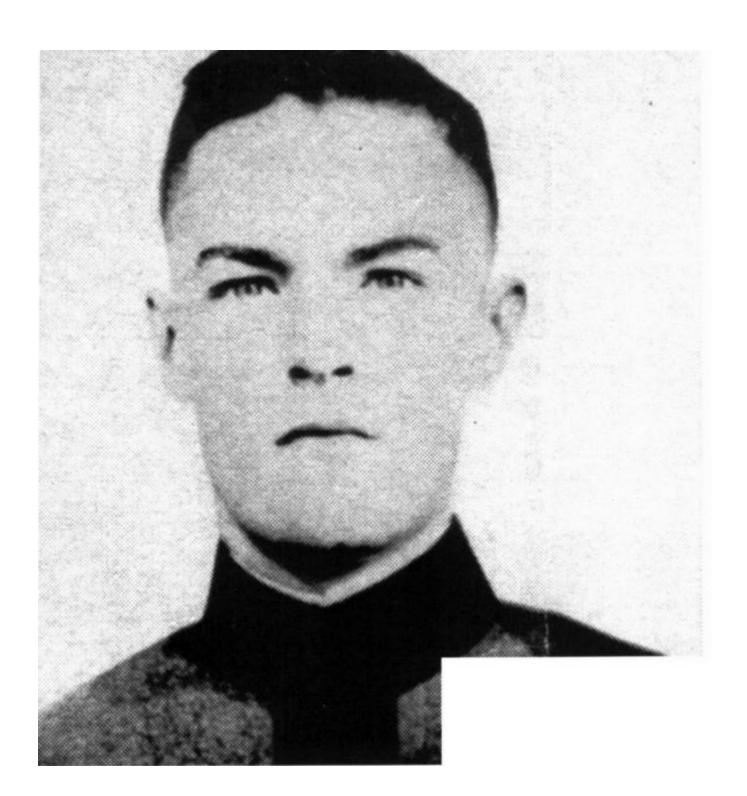
It is no surprise that Barritt later gave Hauchard the nickname Goldfinger, for he seemed to have stepped straight out of the pages of an Ian Fleming novel. He was an impeccably dressed, silver-haired Parisian with an elegant and refined manner. The exact source of his wealth was never discussed, for although he would refer to himself as a "businessman," he moved in social circles where it was not usual to go into any greater detail. What is known is that Hauchard was supplying arms to the Palestine Liberation Organization as well as the Biafran underground.' He spent six months in the notorious Prison de la Sante in Paris in 1964, before his lawyer used an insanity defense and managed to have him moved into a comfortable clinic in the country.' He had been convicted of fraud in 1969 and had been sentenced to five

years "local banishment," or exile, by President de Gaulle, which had brought him to Switzerland. He was a compulsive gambler with a love of high stakes, a con man with connections and informers among numerous law enforcement agencies, and he was certainly not to be trusted.

Hauchard lived in luxury. The elevator to his penthouse took the Learys to a private foyer, through which they entered a hundredfoot living room that stretched out, through glass doors, to a terrace overlooking Lac Leman. He was surrounded by beautiful women and wealthy men, and he loved good food and the finest Cuban cigars. He was also charming and generous, and most sympathetic. It was, he explained, his obligation as a gentleman to aid a persecuted philosopher. He insisted that Tim and Rosemary be his guests at his apartment, and later arranged a two bedroom chalet for them on a hill at Villarssur-Ollon, a ski resort on the eastern end of Lake Geneva. Hauchard had a great many connections, and protecting exiles seemed to be a speciality of his, for he was also in the process of removing an American cocaine smuggler from a Lebanese jail.'

He took them to the finest restaurants and gave them lifts in his limousine. There were parties on speedboats and endless champagne. It was a lifestyle that agreed with Tim immensely. Before Switzerland he had lived in a developing country where they discussed Marxism and concerned themselves with the economic struggle of the common man. Now that wealth and beauty surrounded him, the economic struggle of the common man didn't trouble him too greatly. Indeed, just months after pledging "eternal solidarity" to the Brazilian Marxists who had escaped from jail and fled to Algiers, he found himself drinking with the Brazilian autocrats who had jailed them in the first place. "Torture," one told him, "was nothing more than an advanced form of political acrobatics" By now Tim was quite used to imprinting an entirely new worldview whenever he found himself in a different environment, but rarely was the process as effortless as this.

Timothy Leary c1941-the West Point Cadet. Photographer unknown.

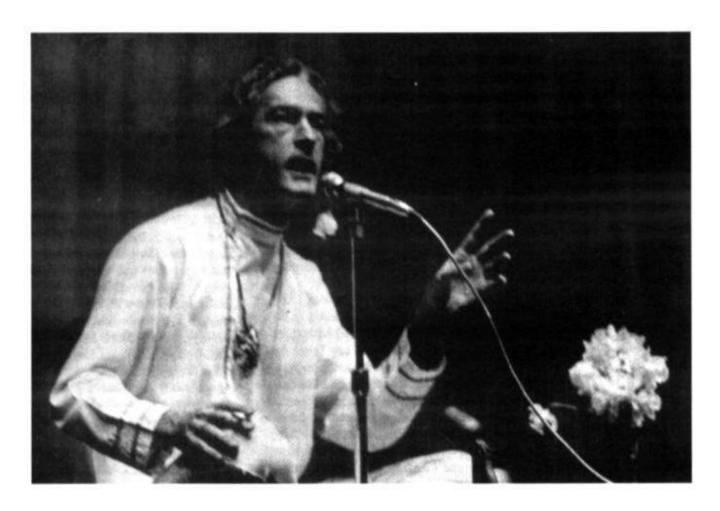




Susan Leary, Richard Alpert, and Timothy Leary photographed in the town of Millbrook, 1963. Published in The New York Times, Sunday 15 Dec. 63.



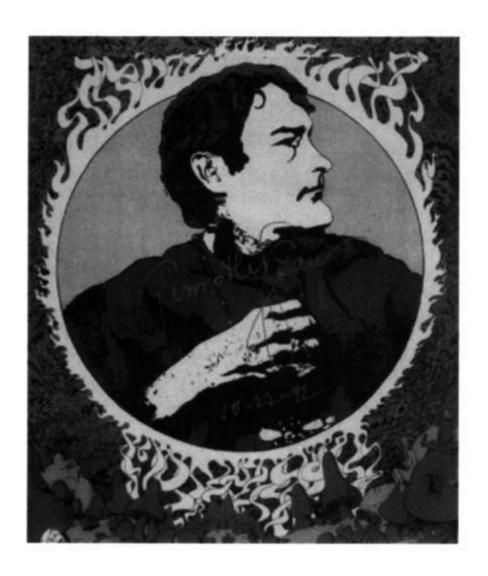
Allen Ginsberg, Peggy Hitchcock [sister of Billie], Tim Leary and Lawrence Ferlinghetti at Sinaloa restaurant in San Francisco, c. 1964. Photo taken by patron or waiter.



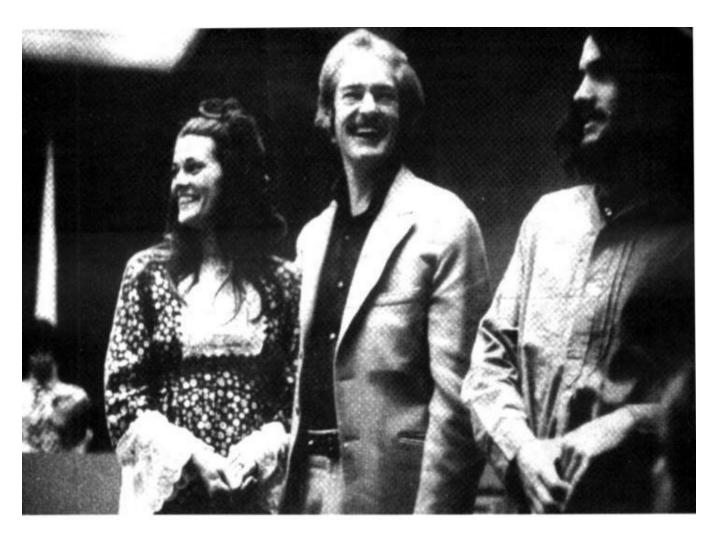
TL debating Prof. Jerome Littwin at Kresge Auditorium, M.I.T.. May 1967. Published in Innisfree (3 May 1967). Photographer unknown.



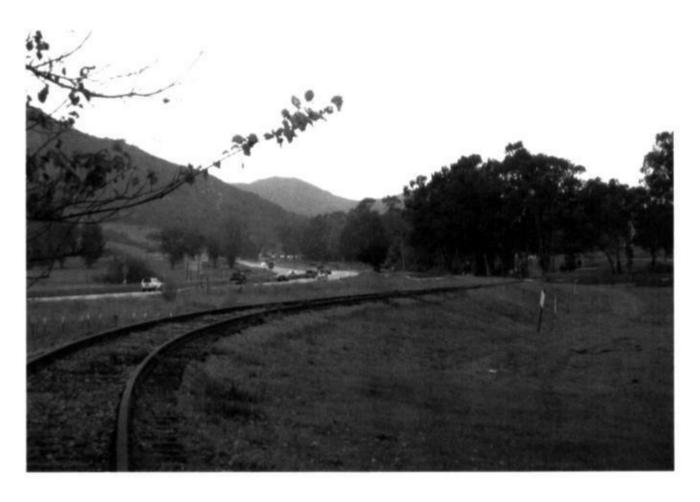
Tim & Rosemary at press conference following his Supreme Court victory, when Tim declared he was going to run for governor of California, 1969. Photo by John Malmin.



Tim Leary for Governor poster. Artist: Joe Roberts, Jr. 1969.



Rosemary, Tim and Jack Leary in Santa Ana courtroom, March 1970 where Tim was sentenced to 10 years in jail (Jack was also sentenced to a much shorter term). Photo by Robert Altman.



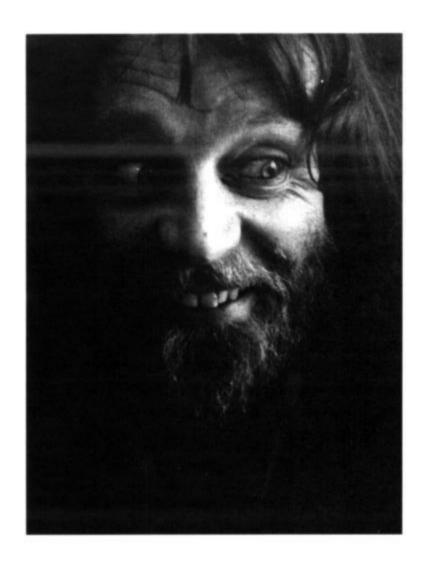
The route of Leary's escape from San Luis Obispothe railroad track, ditch and trees beside Highway 1. Dec 2004 Photo by John Higgs.



Tim's Wanted poster, issued after his escape. Photo by John Higgs.



TL passport photo, Switzerland 1972. The leather cap was one he wore in Algiers to hide his bald head, which had been shaved to disguise him as he left America. From the collection of Michael Horowitz.



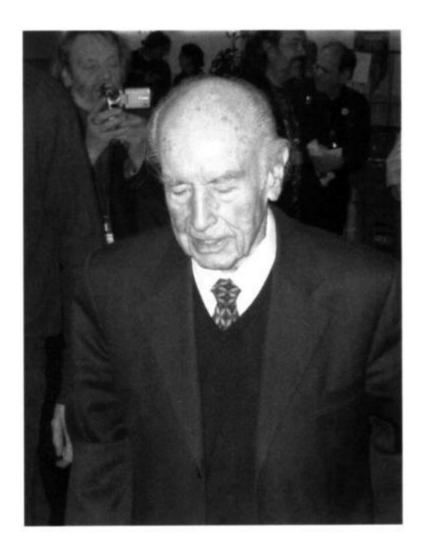
Brian Barritt, Algiers 1971. Photographer unknown.



Immensee Switzerland late 1971-L-R Unknown, Tim, Tim's first grandchild, his daughter Susan, Brian Barritt. Photographer unknown.



TL & Albert Hofmann at Rittimate, Hofmann's home in Burg, Switzerland, Feb, 1972. Photo by Michael Horowitz.

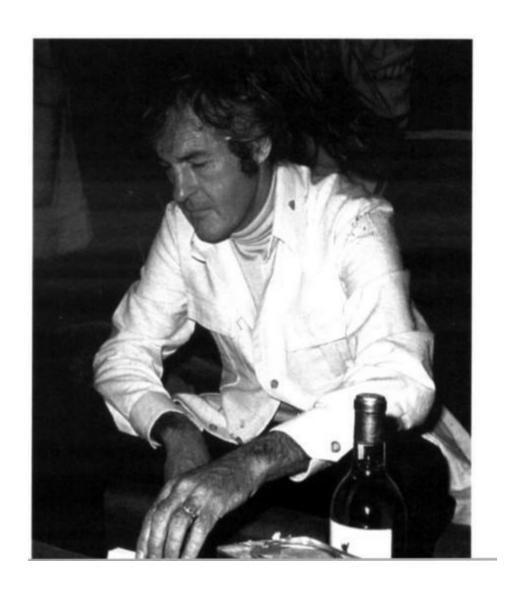


Albert Hofmann photographed after celebrating his tooth Birthday, Bern, Switzerland 2006. Photo by John Higgs.



Archivists Michael Horowitz on left, Robert Barker on right, with TL in center, Immensee, Switzerland Feb. 1972. Photo by Susan Leary.

Tim looking a little worse for wear, Switzerland 1972 From the collection of Brian Barritt.





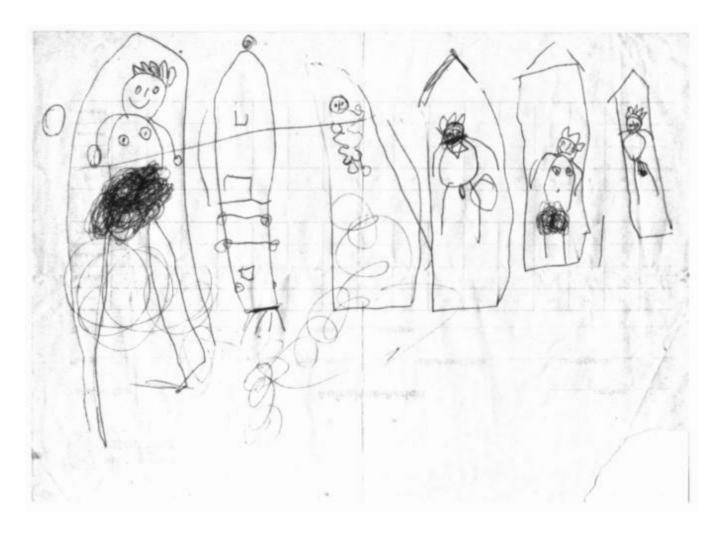
Tim Leary. Switzerland August 1972. From the collection of Brian Barritt.

Tim with Ash Ra Tempel, Switzerland. August 1972. L-R Hartmut, unknown, Rosi, Manuel, Tim Leary. From the collection of Brian Barritt.

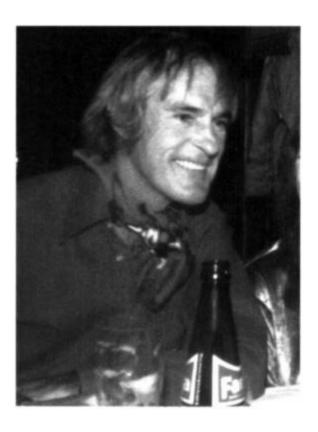


Emerging from the crypt-like studios into the streets of Berne after the recording of 'Seven-Up'. August 1972. The bearded naked figure on the left of both photos is Brian Barritt, the rest are members of the band and entourage. From the collection of Brian Barritt.





How Tim, Brian and Liz etc appeared to the children - drawing by 5-year old Davie, showing the adults naked and standing in separate 'time ships'. Switzerland, Fall 1972. From the collection of Brian Barritt.



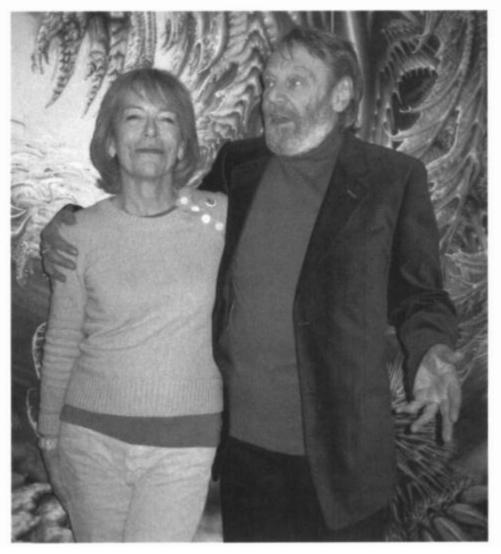
Tim on Christmas Eve 1972, the day before he left the sanctuary of Switzerland for good. From the collection of Brian Barritt.



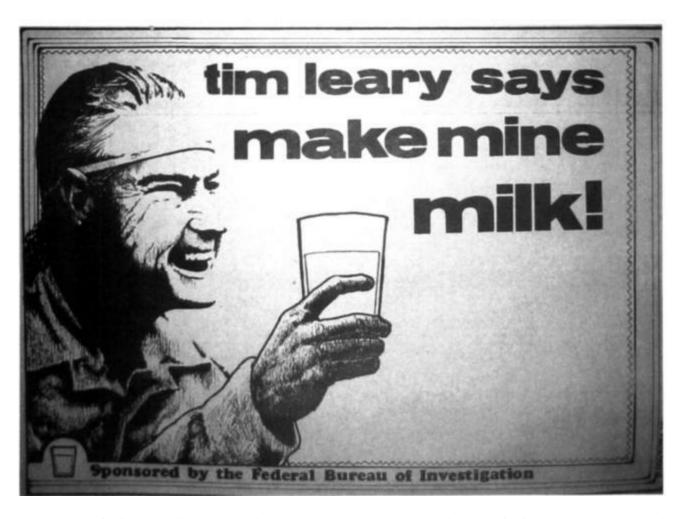
Dennis Martino, Switzerland, 1972. From the collection of Brian Barritt.



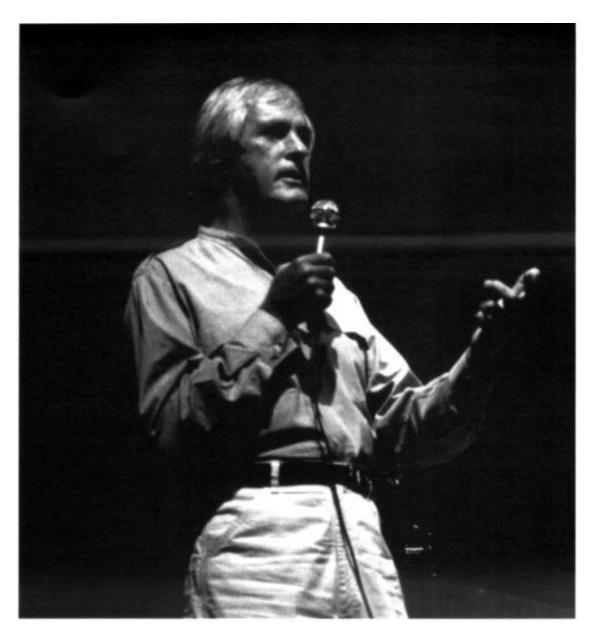
Joanna Harcourt-Smith circa 1974, with a copy of `Neurologic'. Photographer unknown.



Joanna Harcourt-Smith and Brian Barritt, 2006. Photo by John Higgs.

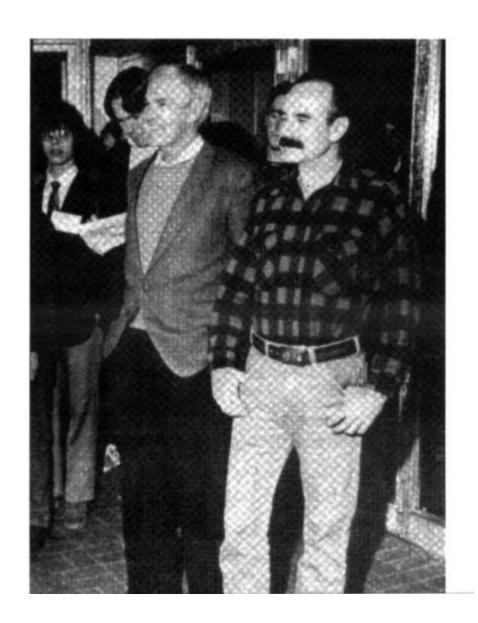


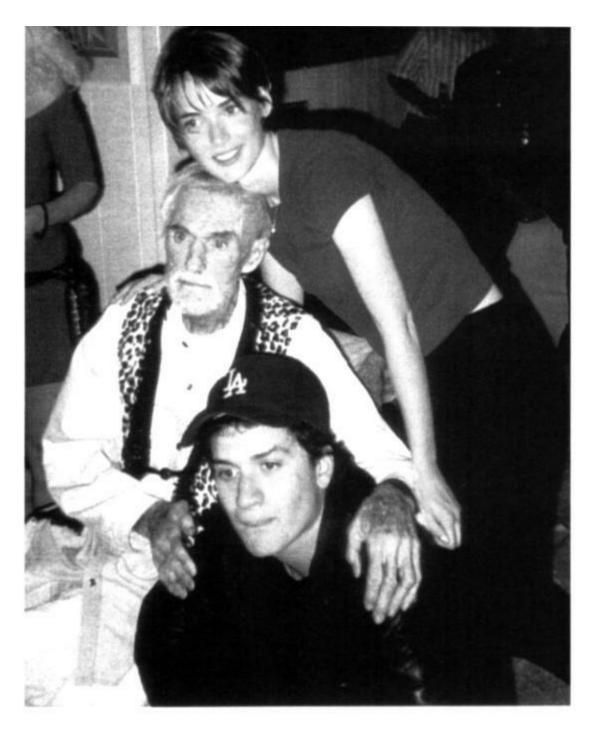
How a 'Berkeley Barb' cartoonist saw Leary's cooperation with the FBI, 1974. Artist unknown.



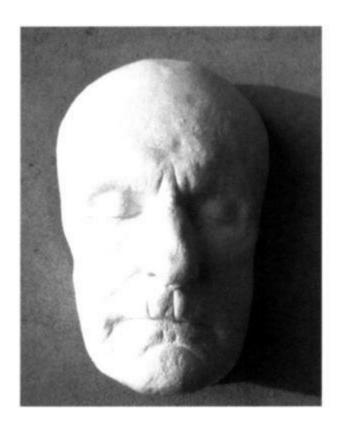
Tim performing in 1979. Photo by John C. Kramer.

TL & Gordon Liddy appearing together for a debate at the Boulder Theater in Boulder, Colorado, Nov. 1981. Photo by Doug Conarroe.

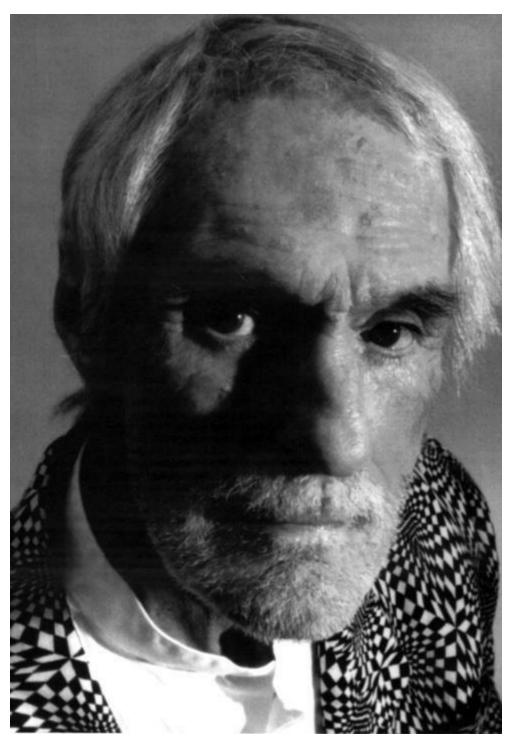




Tim with Winona Ryder and her brother Yuri Horowitz at Timothy's home in Beverly Hills, California, in 1995. Photo by Stacy Valis.



Leary's death mask. Like William Blake, Tim had his death mask made while he was still alive. Photo by John Higgs.



Tim in 1995. Photographer unknown.

Their first concern was to seek fertility treatment for Rosemary. They had wanted a child together for some years now, but she needed another operation to make this possible. After an initial consultation she spent a couple of weeks undergoing surgery in the Clinique BoisGentil, Geneva.

Their second concern was their legal status. Hauchard arranged for Tim to retain an attorney in Bern, Dr. Mastronardi, to apply for temporary Swiss residence. Tim's complete rejection of revolutionary politics can be seen in a declaration that he

signed on May27, aimed at helping his application. "If I should be granted temporary residence in Switzerland," it stated, "I pledge that (1) I shall at no time possess any illegal drug, and (2) I shall not engage in any political activities or make any public appearances."` The first part was obviously a barefaced lie, but his subsequent behavior implies that he took the second part seriously.

Life in Switzerland was initially very attractive to Tim. It was the land of personal heroes like Hermann Hesse and Carl Jung, and it was also the birthplace of LSD. The lifestyle was seductive, and Hauchard's protection was so much more civilized than that of the Panthers. It was foolish, however, to imagine that Hauchard was acting out of generosity. His price for his assistance was spelled out in a contract both Tim and Michel signed on June i9, 1971. It ceded all rights outside America to Tim's book about his escape, then titled It's About Time, to a society established by Hauchard. It also gave him the entire worldwide rights to Tim's next three books. Hauchard was then responsible for exploiting those rights and, should there be any profits after his considerable expenses had been deducted, these would be split fifty-fifty between Tim and Michel.6

It was a deal that was potentially lucrative for Hauchard, for Tim's books before his imprisonment had garnered advances of up to \$50,000. He bragged to friends that he now "owned" Timothy Leary, and Tim soon came to resent having signed the contract. Still, it did give Tim what he needed then, namely the hope of relative security, some time to write, and a more relaxed time with Rosemary. There was also the hope of pregnancy following the operation. The doctors had advised that the greatest chance of a successful conception was on June 30 and, as they moved into their own chalet in Villars, this became the focus of their future hopes. So it was a particularly hard blow when, on the very day that they had been told that they had the best chance to conceive, Rosemary answered a knock on the door and was greeted in French by three police officers. Tim had been recognized in Villarssur-Ollon the previous week, and had attracted a crowd for whom he smiled and signed autographs. The incident had been reported in the local press, and this was noticed by officials in both Switzerland and America. The police were not after Rosemary, and they had no interest in searching the chalet, so the stash of dope in a little brass drawer under the mantelpiece was not found. But Tim was politely informed that he was under arrest, and taken away in the car.

He was taken to Prison du Bois-Mermet, in Lausanne, and given a solitary cell with solid brick walls. Leary has said that there is very little difference in jails around the world but this one, at least, had a few differences when compared to his previous California cells. For a start, it was clean. There were two blankets instead of one. There was even a pillow. Then came a delivery of two large boxes which the guards informed him was from Monsieur Hauchard. He opened them and found

bread, meat and fruit, a carton of shrimp and another of shredded lobster. There was a chicken, some salami, and several tins of Danish meat, mayonnaise and mustard, orange juice and chocolate cakes. The three bottles of wine were of course of the highest quality, as were the Swiss chocolates, the cake and the huge assortment of cheeses. Then there were the cigarettes, books, paper, envelopes and a typewriter. The Swiss, Tim would always claim, are the best jailkeepers in the world."

But it was still a far from pleasant experience. "I hope that I can be freed soon," Tim wrote to Dr. Mastronardi, "it is very hard to be caged in this prison." While Mastronardi was working on a plea for political asylum, in America the paperwork was being prepared to request his extradition. The paperwork followed a complicated route: the initial request was raised by the California Department of Corrections and then passed, via the California Governor's office, to the State Department, which then forwarded it to Switzerland." The quest to secure political asylum in Switzerland hence became a race against time.

The news of Tim's arrest was the first concrete information about his current whereabouts to reach the American underground. His friends immediately swung into action. Allen Ginsberg raised support from the American P.E.N. club and persuaded many famous writers to sign a "Declaration of Independence for Doctor Timothy Leary," including Anais Nin, Ken Kesey, Arthur Miller, Alan Watts, Michael McClure and Laura Huxley. The declaration stated that Tim was a political prisoner, persecuted by the US Government for his ideas, and "at stake in this case is Dr. Leary's freedom to manifest his thoughts in the forms of poems, psychological commentaries, dialogues and essays of literary nature."" Ginsberg was unable to write at the time, for he had broken his finger and his arm was in a cast, so he dictated the text to the archivists Michael Horowitz and Robert Barker at the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library in San Francisco. The Declaration of Independence was drafted on July 4, and sent to the Swiss Authorities on Bastille Day, July 14, 1971. Other help came in the form of the money for Tim's bail, \$20,000 which came from an old Harvard colleague, Walter Clark. Clark had had a life-changing experience when he took acid with Tim and, without a moment's hesitation, mortgaged his house to get the money."

But perhaps the support that helped Tim the most, on a personal level, arrived in his cell in the form of a package from an unexpected source. The package contained a small oval painting, showing small red-roofed houses around a lake. The painting was by the writer Hermann Hesse, and was sent as a gift from his grandnephew Christoph Wenger.

Hesse had been born in Calw, Germany, in July 1877 but moved to Switzerland between the wars in opposition to the increasing German militarism. His writing career spanned 65 years and culminated in a Nobel Prize for Literature in 1946, but

during the 1950's interest in his work began to fade. It was Leary's championing of his work that helped arouse interest in his books among the emerging generation, particularly the essay "Poet of the Interior Journey"" that Tim wrote with Ralph Metzner after Hesse's death in 1962. Hesse's fiction was often about the spiritual growth of an intellectual, well-meaning male hero who was prone to challenge authority, so it is easy to see its appeal to Leary. Hesse's spiritual ideas had been greatly influenced by a visit to India in 1911, and in many ways his addition of Buddhist and Hindu concepts to a Christian upbringing was identical to Tim's. But what comes across clearly in Hesse's work is that he is not just repeating Eastern religious concepts that he has read about. He clearly has some personal experience of the higher states, seemingly achieved without the use of drugs. His 1912 classic novel Siddhartha features a scene of the hero looking into a river, which is one of the greatest descriptions of what Leary called the neurologic level ever written, and the "magic theater" in his 1927 novel Der Steppenwolf can only have come from what Tim classified as the "psychosomatic level."

Tim had always been strongly influenced by Hesse. His League of Spiritual Development was an homage to a mysterious "League" in The journey to the East (1956). After the demise of IF-IF and before he established the League of Spiritual Development, he briefly ran his affairs under the title "Castalia Foundation," a name he took from Das Glasperlenspiel (1943, also knows as The Glass Bead Game or Magister Ludi). This novel featured a utopian university where all the highest knowledge from every different field had been harmonized and turned into a pure, aesthetic game. Given Leary's love of classification and his academic background, it could almost have been written for him.

Leary recalled a short story by Hesse about an artist trapped in hopeless captivity. The artist painted a window onto the prison wall, with a beautiful landscape of a lake and mountains beyond, and then climbed out of this window and escaped. Leary likewise hung the picture on his cell wall, starred at its beautiful landscape and, if only briefly, was able to escape himself.

THE MONEY FROM Walter Clark was delivered by a couple of tanned and immaculately dressed drug smugglers who arrived in Villars-surOllon on their way to South America. They opened a briefcase full of money, extracted a pile of notes from the left-hand corner, and handed \$20,000 to Rosemary. One then emptied a pile of Afghan marijuana out of his leather boots while the second produced two fat packets of Panama Red hashish from inside his cassette player, gave her these as well, and then left.

Rosemary was paranoid about having so much money in the house so she asked Barritt, who had just arrived in Switzerland with Liz, to hide it somewhere and not

tell her where. He wrapped it in polythene and buried it in the roots of a fallen pine near a stream about 25 yards from the chalet. Retrieving it a few days later proved to be a little problematic though, for Barritt had a head full of LSD, and the walk to the stream in the moonlight was done under the gaze of hundreds of little faces looking at him from among the grass and foliage. Each blade of grass was the size of a tree, and recognizing the correct part of the stream was difficult because the rocks had transformed into magnificent waterfalls.

The money was enough to secure Tim's release, but Mastronardi had a plan that would speed up the process considerably. He advised Tim to fake a heart attack, which he promptly did while walking in the prison yard. After all the rich, unhealthy food in the parcels from Hauchard, the heart attack may well have seemed plausible. He was then examined by a physician, who had been sent by Mastronardi. He dutifully prescribed what was probably Tim's ideal medicine, namely lots of drugs and immediate release from prison. Tim was released on bail and returned to the chalet at the beginning of August, after just over a month inside.

There then began the nervous wait for the legal process to consider both his plea for asylum and the American request for extradition. Tim kept his head down and avoided attention as much as possible. Visitors to his chalet found a note taped to the door that read:

TO: All visitors

SUBJECT: Law and Order

This house is maintained in a manner conforming to the laws of the Swiss Confederation. There is no illegal substance present.

In visiting us, please abide by the law.

Welcome and God bless you

(signed) Timothy Leary'4

The legal decision arrived five months later, on December 29,1971. In many ways it was a masterpiece of Swiss diplomacy, rejecting everybody's requests in a way that kept them blameless and removed from the whole affair. They would not grant Leary's extradition back to America, they stated, because the paperwork filed by the American Government had been inadequate. The Swiss consular official was, they said, "frankly shocked at the brevity of the [American] judgment; even the indictment was skimpy on detail. In his opinion, no Swiss judge would render such a brief judgment."" As the extradition was sought on the basis of an American conviction, Swiss law required that the material provided by the Americans be sufficient to prove that Leary would have been considered guilty in a Swiss trial. As it was not, the extradition was refused. Furthermore, the Swiss made it clear that the case could not be reopened on the basis of supplemental information. The American State Department may have been furious but it was, in the eyes of Swiss lawyers anyway, entirely their own fault.

There was a great deal of celebration in the Leary household, but it wasn't all good news. The Swiss also turned down his request for asylum, claiming that, "it cannot be assumed that Timothy Leary was endangered in his homeland for political reasons."" It also went on to note that even if that was the case, they would have denied the asylum appeal as he could have safely returned to Algeria. There had been angry letters written to the consulate after extradition was refused, by Swiss citizens protesting at Leary's presence in their country, and the Swiss government had no desire to have him around indefinitely. Tim now had a temporary legality. He could stay in Switzerland as a tourist, and he could even extend his stay by regularly moving from one Swiss Canton to the next, but he would eventually have to leave the country. The date they gave him to leave by was Halloween: October 31,1972. He would be relatively secure until then, but he would not be starting a family with his wife. By the time the extradition was refused, Rosemary had gone.

A Blizzard Descended on the Mountains

N OCTOBER 1, 1971 Tim and Rosemary drove their Brown VW sedan to the local train station, where they greeted three visitors and brought them back to the chalet. One of the visitors was a drug smuggler named Dennis Martino. Dennis had previously been in jail in California, and he had jumped parole when he left America in order to visit Tim. Dennis and his brother David were identical twins, both being short and lean with dark curly hair and Roman features. They came from a Sicilian-American family, and their father was a hairdresser in Culver City. They had met Tim in Laguna Beach in the late 1960s, and he had been amused that they were twin Geminis. David had recently married Tim's daughter Susan, who was now in her early twenties, so the Martinos had become family.

Dennis was noted for grand schemes that rarely materialized. He would talk of important connections in both underground and CIA circles, though few people believed his stories. But although he had a reputation as a bullshitter, Tim liked bullshitters and he became fond of Dennis, who would be a constant help throughout his time in Switzerland. He was with his partner Robin Viertel, a sexy blonde California teenager who was eight months pregnant. The third member of the party was a handsome, likeable Canadian smuggler named John Schewell. They brought with them gifts of drugs, cosmetics for Rosemary, a waterbed and \$5500 in cash.

Rosemary had had an affair with John while Tim was in San Luis Obispo. He had acted as her driver and looked after her while she attempted to free her husband. Handsome and athletic, he was younger than Rosemary and much younger than Tim. When she told Tim of the affair, he did not take it well. When they arrived in Paris after the jailbreak, they argued so much that Tim went to Algiers alone.' Rosemary only joined him a few days later when Tim had calmed down. Sensing that John's arrival meant trouble was brewing, Brian and Liz left Switzerland at this point to continue their wandering around Europe.

Tim then went into hospital for a few days for an operation on his ear. He had worn a hearing aid ever since proximity to artillery shells in the army had damaged his hearing. This was something that he became increasingly self-conscious about, especially during the latter part of the sixties, for he thought it emphasized the age difference between him and his audience. At events like the San Francisco Human

Be-In in January 1967, for example, he wore flowers in his hair to hide it. The operation was a success and Tim never needed to wear a hearing aid again, but while he was in the hospital Rosemary resumed her affair with John.

Rosemary had found life on the run difficult. It was not the life she envisioned when she had married Tim, and the constant stress, paranoia and rootlessness had taken its toll. This is evident in her letters home to her family from Algiers. "Really, this year has been horrible," she wrote in April that year, "I long for something a little less extreme. I feel like some international robot on greased wheels."2 Tim's arrest on the very day that they were supposed to start a family seems to have been the last straw. She took it as a sign that, with Tim, she would never be able to settle down and lead a regular life. He would always be getting into trouble. He would always be inviting strangers into their house, and his personal crusade would always take priority over her. And that was not the life she wanted to lead.

When Tim returned home everyone, apart from the pregnant Robin, spent a couple of days taking acid and smoking hash and DMT. Then on October 20, while Tim lay on the waterbed with Dennis and Robin, surrounded by acid, cocaine, hash, money and clothes, John and Rosemary announced that they were leaving.'

It was two days before Tim's birthday. This was a sensitive time for a separation because of his first wife's suicide on his thirty-fifth birthday. Tim would later write that at the time he was totally numb and unable to feel anything, but that didn't mean that he was going to feel sorry for himself. Immediately after John and Rosemary left he went out with Dennis to buy a newspaper. On the way back he called in to see a friend, picked up a woman called Emily he met there, and brought her home. Back in the chalet she attempted to cook dinner but set the frying pan on fire instead. Tim took her to bed and she became the first of a string of women whom Tim had affairs with over the next year. She may well have hoped for something more permanent, as shown by her writing her birthday down in his diary shortly after they met,4 but Tim intended to deal with rejection by playing the field. He became more of a sexual predator, losing weight and getting into shape. He grew a mustache and started dressing with more care and style. The last vestiges of his professorial appearance, still visible in Algiers, would disappear. As Liz would later describe, he became quite sexy.,

With Tim's whereabouts no longer secret, he began to travel around Switzerland openly and his social circle grew to accommodate some of the most interesting and enlightened people that central Europe had to offer. There were 49 hippies in Switzerland, he would claim, and he got to know them all. Other friends were in the upper reaches of society, such as Jacquot Goldsmith-Rothschild and the Auschwitz survivor turned art connoisseur Carl Lazlo. A powerful art gallery curator named Antoinette Visher wanted to marry him and make him both safe and immensely

wealthy, and Tim might well have agreed if she had been a little younger than her 60 years. Then there was the gypsy artist Walter Wegmuller and the mystic poet and politician Sergius Golowin, who gave Tim tours of the country. Sergius taught Tim about the history of the landscape and the cast of great thinkers who had previously walked there, including Jung, Nietzsche, Einstein, Voltaire, Rousseau, Paracelsus, Joyce and Man Ray, as well as legendary or literary heroes like William Tell or Sherlock Holmes.

He met twice with Albert Hofmann, the inventor of LSD. Hofmann disagreed with Tim's decision to promote the drug to the young, but they otherwise enjoyed each other's company.° "My impression of Dr. Leary in this personal meeting," Hofmann would later write, "was that of a charming personage, convinced of his mission, who defended his opinions with humor yet uncompromisingly; a man who truly soared high in the clouds pervaded by beliefs in the wondrous effects of psychedelic drugs and the optimism resulting therefrom, and thus a man who tended to underrate or completely overlook practical difficulties, unpleasant facts and dangers."

Hofmann drove Tim along the route of the first ever acid trip, when he was cycling home from his laboratory decades earlier. As he recounted the story Albert and Tim were filmed by Michael Horowitz, who was visiting Tim from San Francisco. Horowitz, together with his colleague Robert Barker, was in the process of compiling a library of counterculture and drug literature. They became Tim's personal archivists after Barker had approached Rosemary at a "Free Tim" benefit called "Om Orgy" in 1970, and asked if there was anything that he could do to help. For a psychedelic historian like Horowitz, the experience of Hofmann recounting the experience of the first LSD trip to Timothy Leary, while they drove the same route, was pretty much as good as it gets.

There were children around, which could only have reminded Tim of his failure to start a family with Rosemary. Dennis and Robin had a baby boy whom they named Orion, and Liz's four-year-old son Davie was sometimes around. It was also during this visit that Tim agreed to be the godfather of Michael Horowitz's newborn baby girl. This baby would grow up to become the actress Winona Ryder. Tim would not meet Winona until eight years later, but godfather and goddaughter became increasingly close in the later years of his life, and they would become a major influence on each other.

Tim visited William Burroughs, who was staying in a hotel in Valais and who gave him a vial of speed and an autographed picture. The Rolling Stones also set up camp in Villars-sur-Ollon, after Barritt had told Keith Richards about the town during his visit to the South of France. Tim would come to identify strongly with their latest album, Exile on Main Street. The aristocratic drugs dealer Prince Stanislaus Klossowski de Rola, more commonly known as Stash, came over with the Stones and

soon became a frequent visitor to the Leary chalet. There were visits from old friends and family, including his daughter Susan and Ram Dass.

Tim was also kept busy with the huge amount of mail that he received from around the world. As well as letters and presents from friends there was a huge influx of mail from strangers. A typical letter might be from a church group urging him to find Jesus, while the next could be from an acid freak insisting that Tim was Jesus. There were brief letters from schoolchildren seeking autographs, and lengthy essays from a deranged homosexual stalker who insisted that they were in love and needed to be together." One of the side effects of being the global psychedelic figurehead is that your mailbox is nothing if not interesting.

BUT AMONG THE social distractions there was work to be done, and it was not proving easy. Leary had to finish the book about his escape which he had promised to Hauchard. But signing away the rights had damaged his motivation, and the book had been through so many revisions by this point that he had lost sight of what he was trying to do.

By March 1972 he had written io different versions of the story. After receiving a \$7500 advance from Random House in Algiers, he began reworking his prison writings (which had been published against his wishes under the title Jail Notes) and called the resulting book It's About Time. It was written with a very psychedelic disregard for language and grammar, and Random House rejected the resulting manuscript. He began revising it, first adding love letters from Rosemary and some bitter attacks on guards and lawyers. These were removed and the next version was political and very pro-Black Panther, before he changed tack again and incorporated large sections of Brian Barritt's Whisper. After further revisions in Michel's penthouse and Lausanne jail. Tim started having increasingly extreme ideas about what to do with the book. He produced a version that consisted of 250 sequential prose poems, which he planned to issue on separate sheets as a form of collectible "currency." Later still, he considered pages with certain words cut out to reveal different text on the pages below. The title changed repeatedly, from It's About Time to How to Escape, to Escapades.° Getting nowhere, Hauchard asked him what he needed to get the book written. Tim said he needed Brian, so Michel paid to fly Barritt to Switzerland to help finish the book. As ever with Hauchard, there was a further price to pay for his help. It was around this time that he amended his contract with Tim. Hauchard now claimed ownership of every book that Tim would write for the next 13 years.

The plan paid off, and together Leary and Barritt turned the story into a conventional, saleable manuscript called Confessions of a Hope Fiend. The new title was a deliberate echo of Aleister Crowley's Confessions and Diary of a Dope Fiend.

It took the story from Tim's first term in prison until his arrival in Switzerland, and included a terrific account of the events in Algiers with Cleaver that made it considerably more interesting than the simple escape story that Random House had rejected. It was also written in a much more approachable style and, in the opinion of the counterculture journalist John Bryan, "Barritt helped make Hope Fiend the best stylistic job Tim had yet produced."" As a result Hauchard had no problem placing it with a new publisher. No one expected Hauchard to negotiate such a good deal, however. By the time he had finalized a deal with Bantam Books, he had negotiated an advance of \$250,000.

But Tim desperately searched for a way of getting out of the contract with Hauchard and gain control of his work again. A chance arose when Brian and Tim were discussing the book with Michel one evening, at Michel's mansion at Gstaad. Hauchard was suddenly called away when one of his dogs savaged his cook. With Michel out of the room Tim noticed that, in an adjoining room, the door of Hauchard's massive steel safe had not been properly closed. It seemed possible that Hauchard would have kept the original contract that Leary had signed in that safe. Taking advantage of Hauchard's disappearance, Tim slid around the doorframe and unlatched a French window. Then Hauchard returned and they continued their meeting.

When they left later that night, Brian and Tim quickly doubled back on themselves. Listening out for the vicious dog, they crept around the side of the elegant house to the open French window at the back. Tim slipped through it, headed straight to the safe and grabbed a file of papers. They then dashed out across the moonlit, manicured lawns, hoping that Hauchard wouldn't see them or the dog wouldn't smell its second human meal of the day.

It was a smooth, elegant crime, worthy of Raffles himself. Like Tim's prison escape, however, it immediately descended into farce. As they jumped into the car and headed for the mountain pass, a blizzard descended on the mountains known as Les Diablettes, or the Little Devils. Gales blew and the car's headlights were useless in the snow-filled night. The car slid constantly as it crawled up the side of the mountain, and it seemed to Barritt that it was only the build-up of snow at the side of the road that prevented them from going over the edge. They made it to the top of the pass in one piece, but as they came down the other side they gave up hope altogether. The road was invisible as the car hurtled down the mountain, and twisting the steering wheel had little effect on the car's trajectory. Somehow they made it to the bottom. Here the car slid off the road, hopped over a barrier, and came to a rest on top of railway lines.

Panicking now, they attempted to bounce the car off the tracks, haunted by mental images of a train full of smiling Swiss commuters thundering through the night. Despite their efforts, however, the car refused to move. If it had not been for the figure that strolled out of the blizzard and came to their aid, a railway worker on his way to start an early shift, there could have been a major tragedy.

When they got the car to safety they assessed what Tim had gotten from the safe. The file contained little more than a few photocopies. These contained evidence of Hauchard's arms deals, but the original Leary contract was not among them. It was safe in a Swiss bank vault, and all Tim's thoughts and ideas still belonged to Hauchard.

The Music of Paradise

By NOW IT was common knowledge that Tim was living in Switzerland, and a seemingly neverending stream of independently minded, thrill-seeking or just plain crazy people made their way to his door. In this respect the arrival of the teenage German musician Hartmut Enke was not unusual. What was unusual was the music that he brought with him. It was epic and transcendent, and no one in the house had ever heard anything quite like it before. Tim's highstakes lifestyle made most contemporary music seem a little trivial. Enke's music, on the other hand, seemed to be the soundtrack to their lives.

Enke was a bass player who had played in bands with his school friend, the guitarist Manuel Gottsching, since he was 14. His problem was that at the time the music scene in their hometown of Berlin was tiny, and high quality musical equipment was nearly impossible to find. A trip to London was necessary in order to find impressive amplifiers and speakers. He bought four enormous speaker stacks that had previously been owned by Pink Floyd, and somehow managed to singlehandedly get them, via taxis, ferries and trains, back to Berlin. "From that moment on [19701 we had the biggest equipment in Berlin!" Gottsching remembered with evident glee.'

Such impressive possessions could not go unnoticed for long. A drummer named Klaus Schulze, who had recently left Tangerine Dream, stumbled upon their rehearsal space and, on seeing the size of their speaker stacks, immediately suggested that they form a band together. The three headed to a bar and Schulze gave their new band a name-Ash Ra Tempel. He was also able to introduce them to a pivotal figure in the fledgling German music scene, the co-owner of Ohr records, Rolf-Ulrich Kaiser.

Without Kaiser, it is questionable whether the great flowering of German music in the early seventies would have ever happened. The German bands that did exist copied English and American rock music. Kaiser believed that it was possible for German musicians to create an entirely new sound of their own. "In 1970 there were no German record companies interested in German music," he explained. "We showed the German people that they can trust their own music."2

When Enke and Gottsching first started playing together, they called themselves the Steeplechase Blues Band and covered British bands like the Beatles, Small Faces or The Who. Gradually their music evolved and they concentrated on improvised blues instrumentals. When they became Ash Ra Tempel, they dropped the blues influences but kept the love of improvisation and experiment. Once signed to Ohr Records they

released a self-titled debut LP and, with drummer Wolfgang Muller replacing Schulze, a second album called Schwingungen ("vibrations"). By now it was clear that something special was happening. The music flowed from the blissful and serene to the urgent and dark. It seemed forward-looking, concerned with a bright future rather than an ugly past, and it justified Kaiser's belief in a new and original German music. Indeed, the musician and writer Julian Cope claims that the album's sleeve should carry a sticker that reads "Beware of Schwingungen!" "It is dangerous to be casually exposed to something that is life-changing, as I found out to my cost when first listening to this record," he wrote in 1995.' "This music... reached into the core of each musician who played in Ash Ra Tempel and pulled out, still wriggling, the cosmic conger eel of white light which so few artists ever capture in the moment of recording. The first four Ash Ra Tempel LPs are so brimming over with high magic that to hear them now on their recent CD re-issues is almost too much." This beauty was not seen by all critics, and English journalists would later group Ash Ra Tempel together with many varied and different German bands under the dismissive term "Krautrock." But Kaiser had his own label for the new sound. This was Kosmische Musik, and it was the music of Paradise.

When it came to producing a follow up to Schwingungen, the band had the idea of collaborating with Allen Ginsberg. They were big fans of the poet and had had the beginning of his epic poem Howl printed on the sleeve of their first record, so they pestered Kaiser to try and arrange it. Kaiser had no idea how to get in touch with Ginsberg and the idea looked doomed to fail. However, he had heard that Timothy Leary was living just across the border in Switzerland, and suggested they approach him instead. The teenage band, who were still in school at the time, knew little of LSD and had never heard of Leary, but Kaiser soon sold the idea to them. Enke was sent to Switzerland to meet Leary, give him a copy of Schwingungen, and discuss collaboration.

Tim was equally ignorant about Ash Ra Tempel, but he was impressed by Schwingungen. "We liked it," Barritt recalled. "They weren't trying to be pop stars or anything like that, they didn't really have any pop star traditions. They were more like a crowd of people who liked playing music, who got together and studied music and could make good music. It sounded great to us because we'd got tired of Pink Floyd, and the stuff we were getting from the States and England was pretty sort of low-key compared to the lifestyle we were living."

Leary immediately seized the opportunity. Making a record sounded fun, and he had an important theory that he thought he could possibly base a record around. This was the mindmap model that he had been working on with Barritt, a system which classifies what the mind is capable of in both normal and expanded states of consciousness. It was always a theory that was going to sound baffling when

explained to the general public, but might it become easier to comprehend if it was represented musically? Tim sat down with Hartmut and explained the theory to him.

AT THE TIME, Tim referred to his theory as the Seven Levels of Consciousness, but this was not a description that he was completely happy with. Over the years he would try out a number of different names, replacing "levels" with technical names such as "circuits" or "brains," as well as more poetic descriptions such as "tongues of God." The main problem with the phrase "levels of consciousness" is that it is easily confused with "states of consciousness," such as alert, relaxed or asleep. What Leary was talking about was much more fundamental. To use the analogy of a television program, changing the "state of consciousness" would be like changing the volume or the brightness level on the television. Changing the "level of consciousness" would be like changing the channel and watching something entirely different. What the model essentially describes are different sets of goals and priorities that the mind obeys, like different software programs running on a computer, and in this sense the later use of the word "circuits" to describe the levels was probably the most accurate. However, an important difference is that the brain is not necessarily using just one circuit or level at any one time. Some or all can be running simultaneously, and usually are, although there is often a dominant level that can drown out the others. It is also not correct to think of them as completely discrete steps, for they merge into each other, rather like a rainbow has seven colors even though there is no clear boundary between one color and the next.

To further complicate matters the number of levels in Leary's model also fluctuated over the years, from five to eight, and he eventually subdivided each level into three different modes, bringing the eight levels up to 24. However, there were seven levels in existence in August 1971, and this was arguably when the model was at its most clear and elegant. It would also be the model that was most suited to being illustrated musically.

Of the seven levels, the first four referred to normal consciousness and the later three were all the extra stuff that the mind could do if given a strong enough dose of LSD.' The important thing, Leary believed, was the circumstances and environment in which each circuit was first activated. This is the primary "imprint" that colors all further use of that circuit. As Leary's earlier work had shown, it is destructive or negative imprints like these that can cause so much damage to people's lives, and become so difficult to change.

The only real way to understand what he meant by "circuits" or "levels" is to look at them individually. The first is called the "survival" circuit, and deals with attraction and repulsion. It is about becoming aware of an external object and forming a judgment about it. This is the logic that the brain uses to head towards something "good," such as food or comfort, or retreat from things that are "bad," such as a wild

animal or pain. This is the only circuit that is active in the brain of a newborn baby.6 It is the circumstances that surround the imprinting of this circuit in our formative days, Leary believed, that sets up for life an individual's basic attitudes of trust and suspicion.

The second level is about power, and has been activated by the time the newborn baby has become a toddler. It is the level when an awareness of the self as an individual in the wider world enters the picture. Where level one is purely a reaction to an external stimulus, level two introduces a relative comparison between the observer and the observed. This comparison will produce either dominant and aggressive behavior, or submissive, cooperative behavior, depending on whether the toddler decides if what they are facing is a threat or not. The presence of older siblings in a family, for example, will appear as big, powerful and usually rough "others" to a baby. This will help create the common difference in personalities between aggressive eldest children and their later, more cautious siblings. Where the initial imprint at level one usually comes from the child's mother, the level two "power" imprint is more commonly linked to the father.

The third level is about a social awareness and politics. It is activated when the child is placed in social groups, and learns that the group dynamic is more complicated than a simple power comparison with one other individual. It is the level where tools like language and interpreting the motivation of others become of value, and it is also linked to the use of tools in general. This is where absolute values give way to the subtleties of realpolitik, where compromise begins and the skills needed to manipulate others for personal gain are learned. Leary believed that the imprinting of this level affected how smart a child would become. If the third level is imprinted in an intelligent environment, the child will become dextrous and articulate, but if the group is less stimulated and mentally challenged then the child will take a more "dumb" influence.

The fourth level is the sexual circuit and is activated at puberty. This imprint comes from an individual's first sexual relationship, and it defines the adult's future sexual self. It is also a useful level for explaining how significant the activation of a new circuit can be. Adults can't remember how they thought before the first three levels were imprinted, but they can usually remember how different their priorities, needs, wants and goals became once the fourth circuit was activated. The brain follows a different set of rules after puberty. It just sees things differently.

Although this is the sexual level it is important to note that it is the emotional side of sex that is important here, specifically the sense that the partners lose their individual selves during sex, and merge into one entity. The physical side of sex can also occur when the brain is dominated by different circuits, and indeed often does. Sex under these circumstances is often considered by many societies to be "wrong,"

or even downright immoral or perverted. A powerful older man sleeping with a young trophy wife for social esteem is following level three priorities, for example. So is a woman who uses her sexuality for personal gain. An abusive, dominating or sadomasochistic sexual relationship is operating on the second level, while a whole host of fetishes, from bondage to rubber to wearing diapers, are the result of the physical sexual act being governed from the first level. It is only when sex produces a loss of the ego, however temporarily, and when an individual's personal wants are not more important than those of their partners, that the fourth circuit is being properly activated. It is ultimately geared to producing, through physical action, an unconditional, loving, emotional reaction.

Those, then, are the four circuits that normally become activated during the life of an individual. Even if the later levels in Leary's model are ignored, those four levels provide a surprisingly useful framework for understanding human motivation and behavior. For example, Tim's inability to work with Cleaver, he rationalized, was because Cleaver was primarily driven by the power circuit, level two, while Leary himself was spending as much time as possible at level six or higher. The reason that Cleaver was so dominated by level two was historical; it was a product of his upbringing in deprived urban areas and particularly the amount of time that he spent in jail. These are dangerous environments where a highly developed power circuit is necessary for survival. Looked on from this perspective, the failure of Tim and Eldridge to achieve anything together was no surprise. They were simply being driven by different goals.

It is easy to see why the first four levels evolved in the human brain, for they allow us to survive as individuals long enough to pass on our DNA to future generations. Leary referred to these as the "terrestrial" or "space" levels, modes of behavior needed for humankind to evolve in an environment like Earth. He liked to compare them to the four normal Euclidian dimensions. Level one survival was essentially moving toward or away from an object, while level two power involved raising yourself above something to appear dominant, or submissively lowering yourself down. Level three social politics was akin to moving left and right, positioning yourself to your best advantage, while the sexual level four introduced the element of time through the propagation of the tribe with the birth of future generations. Like the world these dimensions describe, the first four levels are understandable to those with "unexpanded," normal comprehension. This is an attribute that the next three levels lack.'

Tim thought that most of the levels could be activated at will by taking the correct drug. Cocaine stimulated level three, for example, while amphetamines worked on

level two and opiates such as heroin invoked level one., The drugs that could activate the next three levels, however, are the ones classed as psychedelic. For the fifth level, the hedonic circuit, that drug was cannabis." This level is concerned with pleasure for its own sake and is essentially an enjoyable detachment from the concerns of the lower four levels. It also begins a separation from the four-dimensional world of "space," which Leary identified with the lower levels, and the emergence of a distance between the body and the mind. It is possible to feel your senses work without being identified with them. This is illustrated in the language that emerged to describe smoking cannabis, such as "getting high" or "spaced-out." It is not necessary to use cannabis to activate this level, of course. It can be reached with varying levels of success through listening to music, meditation, physical activities like surfing, or just through a generally luxurious and aesthetic lifestyle. Barritt used to refer to this level as "The Land of Incredible Goodies," a place of pure pleasure verging on rapture.

This level is about freedom from concerns and goals, but paradoxically it does have a very specific purpose. It acts like a cushion to prepare the individual for the shock of the next level, to ease away your connection with the normal world before it disintegrates completely. It is "the Road of Excess," to quote William Blake, which "leads to the Palace of Wisdom.""

By the time you reach level six you've crossed the line, and you are experiencing something that is just incomprehensible to those on level five and below. Descriptions of this level seem to point to a sense of super-awareness, in which the connections between each and everything are blindingly apparent. A flood of understanding washes over you that can, for the unprepared, be terrifying. The use of guides in psychedelic sessions was intended to help people orient themselves in the confusion that follows.

Leary called this the neurologic level and Barritt called it the Land of the Giant Suns, a name that hints at the awesomeness of the totality that is experienced. The occultist P. D. Ouspensky has described an experience that occurred at this level. He looked at an ashtray and became aware of everything that the ashtray had connected with, from the forest where the wood grew, to the man who chopped down the tree and the companies that imported and sold it. "A man could go mad," he wrote, "from one ashtray." If that wasn't strange enough, there are frequent claims that telepathy can occur at this level.

This level is about interdependence and connections. This is where the common hippy realization that "We are all one!" comes from. It accounts for the common belief among LSD users that acid is essentially a drug for pacifists, for how could you hurt someone when you know that they are not separate from you? Level six is the reason that the mass emergence of LSD has been given credit for helping the

formation of the ecological movement, with the awareness of the interdependence of all life on Earth.

This is also the level that the phrase "tripping" refers to, and the experience that psychedelic art and music attempts to recreate. It is where the nervous system becomes aware of itself, Leary claimed, and "sees through" the routines and games of circuits one to four, and even circuit five." It is free to reprogram itself, to choose a different "reality tunnel." At level six, the one reality that you had previously known appears as just one of an infinite number of different realities. As a result, people who spend a great deal of time at level six can have difficulty dealing with the original reality when it returns, as it invariably will.

If level six is a place where the illusion of separation that we think of as "space" ends, then level seven is where time is transcended. Tim called it the neurogenetic level, where you can travel down through the history of your DNA and see generations rise and fall. Barritt called it the Lunetime, for everything appears as if lit by moonlight. This is where the archetypes reside, and the pure forms that Plato spoke of. It is Jung's "collective unconscious," and those religious traditions that speak of a book of all knowledge will find it here. It is where your life will be relived after death. It is where judgment will be passed."

And beyond this level, transcending both space and time, is the ultimate source of consciousness itself: the source from which all life emerged, and which all life will return to. This was left off the sevenlevel model, for going further entails the total annihilation of the self which, by definition, was beyond the scope of this model. But this is the ultimate end, and aim, of the human mind. This is what the seven level model points to.

THAT WAS THE theory that Tim explained to the teenage schoolboy musician that had come to seek him out. To say that it left an impression would be a criminal understatement. It is probably fortunate for Enke that it was the comparatively simple seven level version of the theory that he heard. Quite how he would have been able to deal with it in its later, 24 level version is difficult to guess. But based on what he heard he became a committed Learyist, and returned to Germany to start on the record at once. While Schwingungen was very much Gottsching's project, Enke would become the driving force of the new album.

Leary's idea was to make a record that would be a musical interpretation of this mindmap system. Side one, which was called "Space," would feature songs based on the four lower levels. Side two, "Time," would be three instrumentals based on the three higher levels. This was described by Barritt with the equation, "Time+Space=timESPace." Put the Time and Space sides of the record together, he said, and the ESP would appear in the hole in the center. A meeting to sign a contract

for the album was arranged with Kaiser in the Juker Cafe in Berne. Here Tim sat in the same chair once used by Albert Einstein.

Enke recruited a whole bunch of new musicians into Ash Ra Tempel. They were mostly young, inexperienced amateurs, but they bulked up the band's sound into a fluctuating group of between five and seven musicians. Together they went into a studio and worked out the seven basic tracks. For the first couple of songs, the lowest levels, they drew on their experience of their days as the Steeplechase Blues Band and produced blues workouts. For the final and "highest" track, they reworked the climax of side two of Schwingungen, "Suche and Liebe," as it seemed unlikely that they could write a more fitting or transcendent piece of music. Leary couldn't travel to Berlin without risking capture, so the band went to him. They borrowed a Revox tape recorder from Klaus Schulze, gathered a few friends and partners and set off for Switzerland.

They stayed for a week in a big house in the mountains near Berne, which belonged to a friend of Leary's called Albert Mindy. It was an idyllic, peaceful setting and there was a constant influx of friends and visitors. Leary made a great impression on the young German musicians. "He was very friendly, always laughing," remembers their roadie Klaus D. Mueller. "For me he was not one of us, but more an adored guru, kind of untouchable. Had maybe to do with the fact that he could be our father, age-wise""

"I'd never heard of Tim Leary before," admitted Gottsching. "I didn't know who he was! But I was a bit afraid because of the stories Hartmut told me. In the end he was a very nice guy, a very American guy, and very open minded. I expected something like an Indian guru, with lots of hair and chanting. He managed very well to get along with all those different characters in the group. He could sit with some people and drink a beer, he could smoke a joint, he could talk with everybody in a different way, so he was very flexible."

The arrival of so many new, young people was, of course, a good excuse for an orgy. Tim's notes about the event are somewhat vague. "Tuesday," he wrote in his diary, "orgy."" It was initiated by Brian Barritt, who is at least a little more forthcoming. "I remember that there were a lot of legs," he says. "Ten people or something like that, all fucking at random, moving on to one another, all out of our skulls. I got the blame for that ..."15

Recording took place in Sinus Studios, Berne, over three hot days and nights between August 9 and 12, 1972. This was a small, underground studio. It was entered by wooden shutters in the pavement above, which gave the impression of entering a crypt. The first day was lost due to technical problems, as the band and their crew worked through the night to get their equipment ready. They tried again the following afternoon. Tim and Brian went into the soundproof room and wrote the lyrics for the

level one track "Downtown." They handed these to Mikki, one of the singers brought by Enke, but he found them difficult to sing and no one was happy with the result.

Faced with this unpromising start, Dennis Martino decided that their only hope was LSD. Fortunately he just happened to have some extremely fine crystal acid on him. "I decided then to dose the band and as many people as possible in the studio," he wrote in his diary.', "SHAZAAM-the drinking beverages were dosed-Revelation began-the lyric writing stopped and the band moved onto the 'Time' section of the album. Just cosmic sound for twenty minutes. Everyone was in Ecstasy." For Ash Ra Tempel this was their first experience of taking LSD together. Dosing the band like this without their knowledge was, according to the Commandments of the League of Spiritual Discovery, about as unethical as it gets. But this did not seem to unduly bother Tim. "It was like 1963," he wrote shortly afterwards, "over fifteen people had full-blown mind-loss experiences and the musicians got connected to the wires."" When Barritt noticed exactly what soft drink Martino had spiked, he realized that they now had the name for the album. It was Seven Up.

After a sleepless night and a reflective morning they returned to the studio and Tim and Brian wrote the songs for levels two, three and four. Dennis offered to dose the band again and most of them readily agreed. Manuel declined, however, and a female singer called Bettina had been upset by the first trip and was still angry.

With the lyrics written Tim walked up to the microphone, much to the surprise of the band. "It was not intended that Tim was going to sing," remembers Gottsching, "we'd never talked about it before. In the beginning the idea was just that he speaks, or that our singers would sing his words. But then he just started to sing! He was a good singer. Better than ours!"" Barritt joined him for most of the songs and Liz provided the female vocals. Ash Ra Tempel's singers, who had come all the way from Germany in order to perform, were reduced to adding backing vocals wherever they could.

It was undoubtedly a spirited performance. "Leary and Barritt present the greatest twin vocal of all time," claimed Julian Cope, "coming on like Jagger and Morrison but too caught up in their own maelstrom to be anything less than Heralds of the Punkfuture still five years away ... They were on one and they knew it"19 Certainly it was an experience that Tim loved. "Wrote three rock songs (lyrics and tunes) in one sixhour session. Solve et coagula!!!!" he wrote the following week." "Turns out that I have a pop star rock vocalist somewhere inside, and it was awesome to listen to the tapes of this strange Jagger-Hendrix voice shouting out the lyrics to 'Velvet Genes,' 'Right Hand Lover,' 'Power Drive' etc."

By the end of the evening the recording was complete and Tim and the band said their goodbyes. The experience had been, for Tim, the "highest, wildest week of my life"" and, even allowing for his fondness of hyperbole, that was some praise.

The album was mixed by Dieter Dierks at a studio outside Cologne. There began a struggle for control of the album, in which Barritt and Leary took control from the band, and Kaiser took control from them. With so many people involved, it was inevitable that the mix would be a bit of a compromise. Tim couldn't risk traveling to Germany, so Brian was sent along to oversee the mix. "After the sessions in Bern were finished," he remembers, "Tim said: Get over to Cologne as fast as you can, before Kaiser fucks about with it. So I shot over to Cologne, you know, and he'd already fucked about with it."

The four tracks on side one were merged together into one long piece, and Dierks added washes of synthesizers to blur the joins. "I didn't like the synthesizer thing on the first side, but Tim liked it very much." says Gottsching. But Leary wasn't getting everything his own way. "We wanted them to cut the song 'Downtown' in half, because it goes on much too long," says Barritt. "But I didn't have absolute power. Kaiser had absolute power." Leary also thought that side one was too rough and should be re-recorded, although Kaiser had no intention of paying for this. The album was mixed and released in Germany in January 1973.

This is not to imply that relations soured between those involved. The atmosphere for the mix was relaxed and improvised. "Brian Barritt was sitting there, calling Tim in Switzerland and playing the music to him through the phone," remembers Gottsching, "and he'd record some of Tim's voice long distance and add it to the record. That was fun." At one point Dierks had the studio rigged as a radio station, and anyone local who tuned their radios in would hear Seven Up blasting out. When they played the tapes back they realized that, following the rush of the LSD on August io, they had forgotten to finish recording the track they had originally been working on, the album opener "Downtown." A local singer, Portia Nkomo, was brought in to record the vocal. "While she was singing I said dirty things to her over the headphones, you know, to try and make her freak out," recalls Barritt. "But she didn't. She was much too professional."

The impact of LSD and Leary's theories on Kaiser was profound. He became convinced that he had stumbled onto the vital ingredient that would turn his Kosmiche Musik into something truly transcendent. He changed the logo of Ohr records from an ear to a seven-circled mandala, representing both Tim's seven levels and the nose cone of an approaching "time ship." He began employing Barritt as a sort of "psychedelic consultant." Barritt traveled to Germany repeatedly over the next couple of years, in order to ensure that the musicians on Kaiser's label were as turned on, high and enlightened as possible."

FOR TIM, IT wasn't just the fun of playing "rock star" or hearing the band meld under

the influence of their first LSD that was so important. They had created an album that, in terms of its ambition, must be a contender for the pinnacle of counterculture idealism. Musically, it's a strange and schizophrenic record. Barritt claims it is only really suitable for listening to in the 45 minutes between dropping a tab of acid and the drug kicking in, just as you'd look at a road map before a car journey to give you an idea of where you were heading. But Kaiser, Enke,23 Leary and Barritt had set out to make a record that, while not quite intended to take you into Heaven, was at least a map to reach the Pearly Gates. It is hard to imagine any contemporary artists operating at the same level of arrogance and ambition. Musicians may never get quite that high again.

30 Gallons of Hash Oil, 2.5 Tons of Hashish, 1.5 Million LSD Tablets and Tens of Thousands of Dollars in Cash

FTER THE RECORDING, Tim was still buzzing about the experience of making music and the possibilities offered by this new electronic equipment. The idea of looking for wisdom from the East, or seeking out gurus, just seemed so old fashioned now that they had discovered these amazing new "synthesizer" machines that Ash Ra Tempel had brought with them. This was the way of the future, he decided, and set about acquiring music equipment and a studio of his own. Their aim was to record an album, to coincide with the release of Confessions of a Hope Fiend, that would tell his story through songs and electronic music.'

The Moody Blues had just released another record that featured a song about Tim, "When You're a Free Man." and this had touched him greatly. He wrote to Mike Pindar to say thank you, and told him what he was planning. "We are very interested in Berlin sound," he said, "using synths, voice as instrument, getting away from repetitious rhythmic beats etc." 2 He asked if The Moody Blues would be interested in collaborating with him, and also considered approaching John Lennon. However, a new influence in the house diverted him from this project and became the focus of all his enthusiasm. That influence was heroin.

Liz had made a short visit to London and had returned with six pills of heroin that she had bought from the writer Alex Trocchi.' Barritt was delighted: He hadn't used heroin for a while but the deep junky love of opiates was still within him. He offered some to Tim out of politeness and, much to his surprise, Tim accepted. Leary knew the dangers, of course, but opiates were the only major remaining gap in his personal drug education, and he felt a professional duty to try them. Friends like William Burroughs, Michael Hollingshead and Allen Ginsberg had all obtained heroin from Trocchi when they were in London, and Tim did not like to feel left out. Then there was the influence of the Rolling Stones, who were in Montreux recording Exile on Main Street that summer. Their songs "Sister Morphine" and "Brown Sugar" were heard constantly that year. Aleister Crowley used the drug, and there was a look in Barritt's eyes whenever it was discussed that Leary found intriguing.

It was done ritualistically. Barritt dressed for the session in Bombay silk, and used an occult method to initiate Tim's first opiate experience. "I'd hate to be known as the person who got Timothy Leary hooked on smack," he said, and the drug was pumped into Tim's veins.' "For the first time in his life Tim Leary slowed down," Barritt recalled, "all his ambition drained away, all his dreams became fulfilled and all he had to do was dig it."

"I'm taking some new drugs-which is always exciting for a psychopharmacist," Tim wrote to his daughter Susan afterward.' As fortune would have it, an air stewardess friend arrived and brought more heroin. She had smuggled it in from Beirut, and gave it to Tim as a gift. For the remainder of what Tim called a "warm, sleepy opium month, this was snorted and injected, both into his veins and intramuscularly. Afterward, though, Tim had no desire to experiment further. The comedown left him irritable, or, as he analyzed and classified the experience at the time, the "lower levels were difficult to control when the chemicals were in a state of imbalance." He could also see the junky desire being reignited in Barritt. From that point on, or until his final years at least, he was always very much against heroin. His argument was not based on the dangers of addiction but because, as he later wrote, "The opiates and other addictive escape-drugs which lower intelligence have the opposite effect to psychedelic drugs, which increase sensitivity to and understanding of the broad spectrum of human realities."8

More importantly, external pressures emerged which forced Tim to leave his opium fog and think clearly again. The danger of extradition increased dramatically when the American government suddenly produced a whole new set of charges against him. To ensure that the Swiss understood the importance that the US Government put on Leary's head, Nixon sent his Attorney General John Mitchell to Switzerland to discuss the matter personally. Leary was no longer wanted just for possession of a tiny amount of marijuana. He was now, they claimed, the ringleader of the largest drug manufacturing and smuggling organization that the world had ever known. This was the "hippy mafia" known as the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

THE BROTHERHOOD of Eternal Love was founded by a stocky young biker and thief called "Farmer" John Griggs. In 1966 Griggs and his motorcycle gang robbed a film producer at gunpoint and stole what turned out to be a stash of Sandoz LSD. When they took this the following week, camped out at Joshua Tree National Park, their lives were transformed. Believing that he had undergone a spiritual revelation, Farmer John tracked down Leary, and the two became close friends. Leary admired John's intense charisma, and John viewed Tim as a guru or saint. When Leary formed the League of Spiritual Discovery and advised people to form their own religions, Griggs did just that. He formed The Brotherhood Of Eternal Love, and it was incorporated under California State law twenty days after LSD had become illegal,

on October 26,1966.

The articles of incorporation showed the serious religious intent of the Brotherhood. "The specific and primary purposes are to bring the world a greater awareness of God through the teachings of Jesus Christ, Buddha, Ramakrishna, Babaji, Paramahansa Yogananda, Mahatma Gandhi and all true prophets and apostles of God.... Each member should have the undisturbed right to follow the Word of God according to the dictates of his own conscience under the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit."y The first aim of the organization would be to acquire property, "necessary and proper for a place of public worship and carry on educational and charity work." Griggs bought a ranch outside Idyllwild in California. The property faced miles of open ground and was backed by mountains, which made it nearly impossible for law enforcers to observe or approach without being seen. In order to raise money they opened the Mystic Arts "headshop" in Laguna Beach, which became a handy front when they diversified into smuggling and selling hashish and LSD. Psychedelic drugs were viewed firmly as a religious sacrament, and dealing in them was a holy act.

The Brotherhood grew and soon a hippy subculture flourished in the area, most notably in Laguna Canyon, which became a self-policing autonomous area where the straight population rarely strayed. It was here that Leary and his family went after leaving Millbrook, taking up a long-standing invitation from Griggs. It seemed like an idyllic community to Tim, and a vision of the society of the future. He in turn was welcomed as an honored guest and a great spiritual leader, but his presence did bring unwanted attention to both the Brotherhood and the local counterculture. It was in Laguna that Tim was arrested by the ambitious traffic cop Neal Purcell, the incident that led to his jailing a year later.

As well as inspiring its creation, Tim had many connections to the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. It was the Brotherhood, for example, who funded his escape from San Luis Obispo, paying the Weather Underground \$25,000 to secure his freedom. Tim's children found work at the Mystic Arts headshop. The Martino brothers were members of the Brotherhood. So was John Schewell, for whom Rosemary left Tim. The money to bail Tim from jail in Switzerland reached him through Brotherhood couriers, as did much of the drugs that he took during his exile. The Brotherhood reprinted Tim's Psychedelic Prayers in order to raise money for his legal expenses. Tim introduced the Brotherhood to moneymen and chemists, and he also made a number of public statements in which he endorsed Orange Sunshine, one of their "brands" of acid, as the best LSD available. In the counterculture, this was about as good as advertising could get. What Tim did not have, however, was a specific leadership role in the group. He was viewed as its godfather or patron saint, but the relationship was not a formal one.

The original, idealistic Brotherhood ended tragically, when John Griggs died of a drug overdose in his tepee on the Idyllwild ranch, in August 1969.11' Griggs refused medical assistance, claiming that "It's just between me and God," before he slipped into a coma. His passing marked the end of the Brotherhood as a religion and its rebirth as big business. This is not to say that the organization was insignificant at that time. They had manufactured at least 10 million tabs of LSD before Griggs died. But following Farmer John's death they were taken over by an enigmatic and mysterious man called Ron Stark, and the business exploded."

By the time the Brotherhood were crippled by a major international police operation in August 1972, they had become, according to the prosecution, the single biggest source of LSD and hashish in the world. They made millions of dollars a year and operated on a global scale. They were protected by dogs that were trained to recognize the smell of gun oil. They ran presses to produce fake passports and social security cards. They ran fleets of vehicles with hidden smuggling compartments and ran a "spy school" where they trained recruits to evade the FBI and Interpol. They were linked to the Mafia. They rotated their women regularly-sometimes literally, if accounts of ritualized orgies attended by Tim and Rosemary are true. These involved the men lying on the floor in the form of a circle, with the women on top. Then, at a given signal, the women would get up and move on to the next man in the circle, eventually working their way around the group until they returned to their original partner.

Ironically, it was the same police officer who arrested Leary, Neal Purcell, who was responsible for initiating the downfall of the group. Purcell spent four years investigating the Brotherhood, often on his own time. He was on a personal crusade to clean up his town. "Over the years I built up a dislike, almost a hatred of Leary," Purcell recently told reporter Constance Dillon." "I saw overdoses and deaths. A lot of kids ended up with big mental problems. I saw what I thought were very bright people have their minds blown on LSD or psilocybin." Purcell's crusade had a high personal cost. His house was shot at with high-powered rifles and bombed with dynamite. The lug nuts on his wife's car were loosened. Hippies constantly shouted "pig" at him, and his children were abused as "piglets."

Purcell's main problem was getting his superiors to believe that the seemingly disorganized rabble of hippies could be operating on the scale that they were. Fortunately for Purcell, the right-wing element in the city council expanded during the late sixties and eventually overthrew the more liberal councilors. He was promoted, and in the new political climate he found that he was now being taken seriously.

The local authorities initiated a zero-tolerance policy with the "long-hairs." Scores of arrests followed, as did many allegations of beatings and police brutality. People were arrested for jaywalking. Laws against riding skateboards were introduced and

enforced. A "Gay Squad" was created to entrap homosexuals. According to Rolling Stone, other measures to defeat the menace that were raised at council meetings included permanent police barricades on both of the roads into town, the dynamiting the caves in Laguna Canyon where hippies were believed to hide out, and the mandatory removal of vocal chords of all resident dogs at birth, to prevent the hippies from using guard dogs to alert them to police presence. A local columnist even went as far as to argue for a conditional use of permits for the building of sandcastles. "No sandcastle may be built if the shape deviates from the established norm for sandcastle construction," he proposed. "A copy of the norm is on file with the chief of police. No castle may be erected to represent anything resembling a phallic symbol. All offensive castle plans will be destroyed by the chief of police.""

In this culture Purcell found that he had powerful allies, and soon there were 200 BNDD (Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs) officers working on the investigation. They went into action during July and August of 1972, arresting 40 people and recovering 30 gallons of hash oil, 2.5 tons of hashish, 1.5 million LSD tablets and tens of thousands of dollars in cash. Other arrests as far afield as Afghanistan, Oregon and Hawaii followed, hash-oil labs and marijuana "canning facilities" were closed down and Purcell's picture graced the front of the New York Times.

This was not good news for Timothy Leary. He was, the prosecution alleged, the Godfather of the Brotherhood and was running the whole criminal organization from his Swiss mountain hideout. He was indicted on 29 counts, and a determined attempt was again made to seek his extradition. It was announced that he now had a five-milliondollar price tag on his head. The figure referred to what his bail would be should he be captured, but many people misinterpreted this as a bounty. The District Attorney of Orange County, Cecil Hicks, justified this astronomical figure, the highest bail in American history at that point, by claiming that "Leary is personally responsible for destroying more lives than any other human being."

THERE WAS SOME good news for Tim, however. The first payment from Bantam Books had arrived, and Hauchard dutifully honored his side of the deal by handing over half of it. Tim could not risk putting money into an account for fear that it might be seized, so it was given to Barritt to bank. The next few weeks showed a flurry of activity for Barritt's checkbook. Money went to everyone in their immediate circle, including Dennis, Robin and Susan. Music equipment was bought and good food was paid for. Tim tipped a doorman \$200 to allow him into a casino wearing his usual white tennis shoes. Loans were repaid, including 38,000 Swiss Francs loaned by Tim's old Harvard friend Walter Clark. Leary's American attorneys received the \$14,935.89 that they were owed, and a palpable air of relief is noticeable in their letter of receipt. News of the \$250,000 advance had been wildly reported in America

and begging letters started to arrive, including one from his ex-wife Nena's new husband, the noted Buddhist scholar Bob Thurman. Bob and Nena desperately needed money to finish the home that they were building before the cold winter weather closed in. They were living in the leaking, incomplete house with two children under two, the baby Uma Thurman and her younger brother Dechen, and they were expecting their third child in January. Their request was undoubtedly a fair one, given Nena's financial generosity to Tim a few years earlier, but there is no record of Tim helping them out. It is possible that the letter arrived too late, for Barritt's account was empty and his checks had started to bounce by November 16,1972.'

There was one significant purchase that accounted for the end of this brief burst of wealth: Tim bought himself a bright yellow Porsche 9ii Targa.15 Considering the financial problems he had struggled with since he arrived in Algiers, it does seem to be a remarkably irresponsible purchase. The date when Tim had to leave Switzerland had been pushed back from October 31 to New Year's Eve, but he was still facing a distinctly unsure future. Being on the run was not cheap, and neither would the legal costs be if he were to be recaptured.

There is no doubt that he enjoyed the Porsche. He took Liz for a night in the honeymoon suite at the Montreux hotel, the same hotel which would become immortalized by Deep Purple in the song "Smoke on the Water" when it burned down shortly afterward. She still remembers the fearless, gleeful way he drove the car, spinning it around at speed and nearly colliding with a bus. Tim's financial extravagance may have been because they had only received the first part of the payment from Bantam. It may well be that they expected the rest shortly, although Hauchard, predictably, had no intention of paying Tim and Brian their share of this. Still, it was a typical Leary gesture, scoring high in style and impact and considerably less in wisdom and good sense.

The purchase of the Porsche is a useful indicator of Tim's priorities at the time. It was a status symbol that would not only grant him increased mobility and freedom, but it would ease his passage into the level of European society that he thought his reputation demanded. Tim was no longer interested in the simple hippy lifestyle. He did not want to be driving around Europe in his beat up old VW bus, which still had a Black Panthers decal on the hood. What interested him was the company that Hauchard kept: a heady mix of aristocrats, businessmen, government connections and shady, frequently illegal agreements. This was his reality now. He had been in Switzerland long enough to understand how this culture worked, and he knew that wealth needed to be conspicuous. Discussing money was vulgar, but wealth was necessary if he was to be properly accepted in these circles, so it needed to be

visible.

From this perspective, the purchase of the car soon proved to be a good investment. For the rest of his Swiss exile, he would be moving in greatly elevated social circles. The change was brought about by the arrival in his life of the most significant lover in his life since Rosemary left, a woman who would be, among many other things, his revenge on Michel Hauchard.

I Will Die Before I Go Back to America!

In the SUMMER Of 1946, after the Second World War had finally ended, Joanna Harcourt-Smith was born in the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz, Switzerland.' She was two-and-a-half months premature and weighed only three pounds. Baby Joanna had been born into an aristocratic world of privilege and luxury, but she found little comfort outside the womb. Her mother would later tell her that she had been an unwanted child. All the baby knew then, though, was that it was bitterly cold. A snowstorm covered the mountains, so the heating was turned up and the tiny baby was placed in a cupboard drawer in the next room. A woman in a nearby village was hired as a wet-nurse, and she visited the hotel several times a day to feed the hungry baby. Joanna's mother concentrated on her clothes and her figure, and returned to her social engagements with elegant speed.

Joanna's mother, Marysia, was from a wealthy Polish family. She married the Englishman Cecil Harcourt-Smith, an Etonian aristocrat, Naval Officer and spy, whose father had been a co-founder of the Victoria and Albert museum in London. It was a marriage of convenience that was intended to secure British citizenship for Marysia and her sister, who would then become the legal owners of some family property. The arrangement was complicated when Cecil and Marysia consummated the marriage, and Marysia found herself pregnant. She did what she could to miscarry, from riding a motorcycle over bumpy roads to taking hot baths and pushing down hard on her stomach, but the baby kept growing.

Marysia was part of the international jet set. She spent different seasons in different countries, and her sole role in life was seemingly to attend parties and play bridge. Having a child in tow meant the constant need to arrange nannies, governesses or schools in different countries. This was a terrible burden that threatened to interfere with her social life and reduce her desirability to future lovers. Joanna would come to bear the brunt of these frustrations. She suffered from both verbal and physical abuse at the hands of her mother, and grew up lonely and largely friendless. Her opinions of herself and her own worth were formed in an environment that was rootless and devoid of purpose or direction. Her father, whom she met only once, died when she was 12. Her mother then married the man she thought of as her grandfather, a banker who had wed her grandmother, and who would

eventually claim the bulk of the family's wealth.

When Joanna was ii, while her mother was out at social engagements, the chauffeur entered her bedroom and raped her. When she finally summoned up the courage to tell her mother, she wasn't believed. This was just another of her fantasies, she was told. She was not to make such allegations again as "good chauffeurs are hard to find." With no one else to turn to, Joanna then endured a further two years of rape and sexual abuse.

As she entered her teenage years she started drinking the leftover glasses of wine and whisky that she found lying around in hotel rooms, and it was not long after that that she began taking pills. She became a "chronic liar," and a habitual petty thief. Needing attention, she started to harm herself, and attempted suicide about half-adozen times. On one occasion she smashed a 45 rpm record and slashed her wrists with the shards. Another time she threw herself down a staircase in order to prevent her mother from sending her away to school.

Her mother may have been verbally, physically and emotionally abusive, but she was the one constant in Joanna's life, and her major influence. She learned the values and behaviors that her mother taught her. She learned that only rich and powerful people mattered. She learned that women were dependent on men for everything, because they could not work and so had to please men in order to obtain wealth. She learned to judge the social signals that indicated wealth, but she learned nothing of the value of money. Joanna believed that money was something that just came and went from nowhere, like the weather.

As she grew into a young woman she found that she became extremely skilled at attracting male attention. This was an intoxicating feeling, especially as her ability to attract male attention blossomed at the same time as her mother's began to decline. Joanna's first love was the son of an Egyptian minister, whom she first slept with in an apartment in the shadow of the Pyramids at Giza. A number of affairs followed, as did two abortions.

A couple of brief, unhappy marriages followed, both of which resulted in a child, first a daughter and then a son. Eventually she fell for an English hippy named Tommy Webber, who was close friends with the Rolling Stones. Known as Tommy of the Tumbling Dice, he was the inspiration for the song "Tumbling Dice" and the death of his late wife had been immortalized in the song "Ruby Tuesday." Tommy and Ruby had had two children together, and Tommy took them with him everywhere he went. In contrast to this parental devotion, Joanna had already sent her son away to live with his father, and she would shortly do the same thing with her daughter.

The decadent, dangerous lifestyle of the Stones appealed to her much more than the cold, structured life she had previously led. She had been used to a life where anything was possible but nothing ever really happened. Now she had found people

who were passionate about things, who really lived life for all it was worth. She was quick to ingratiate herself with Anita Pallenberg, the model and actress, who over the previous few years had been the lover of most members of the Stones.

Joanna first heard the name Timothy Leary from Anita. What got her attention was how Anita described him. He was, she said, the Aldous Huxley of our generation. Joanna had read This Timeless Moment, Laura Huxley's book about her life with her husband, and it had had a powerful affect on her. There was something about the bond between Laura and Aldous that she found terrifically compelling. The way Laura was loved and needed by such a great man seemed to the affection-starved Joanna to be the ultimate that life had to offer. But it was a dream that was so far away from the life and relationships that Joanna knew that even wishing for it seemed futile and masochistic.

What she did not realize was that Timothy Leary had just become entangled with a significant figure from her past. Joanna was barely i8 when she met Michel Hauchard at a gin rummy table in the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo. She wiped the floor with him, and he was delighted. After the game he bought her a gold and diamond brooch in the shape of a lion's head, as a mark of respect for her skills. He then dedicated himself to courting her with true flair and chivalry. He dropped white roses into her mother's swimming pool from his airplane, hosted lavish parties in her honor and renamed his speedboat "Joanna." It was months before he would attempt anything more physical than a kiss on the hand or the forehead. Such attention was heaven for Joanna, and while it was all clearly an indulgent game for Michel she was more than happy to play along with it.

Shortly after Michel installed Joanna in his Paris apartment he became unable to visit her. A careless business transaction landed him in jail-a trifling matter, he assured Joanna, which his lawyers would soon correct. This left her, for the first time in her life, with an apartment all to herself. She spent an idyllic summer in Paris, enjoying his generosity and the freedom from her mother. Once he returned, however, their relationship grew dark and suffocating, with Michel insisting on dressing Joanna like a schoolgirl. He hired private detectives to follow her. When he discovered that she had been having affairs with other men, he tried to throttle her and swore that he would kill her. The relationship ended shortly afterward, and Michel found other 18-year-old girls to attend to. Yet their social circles meant that they would often meet, and Michel reverted to his initial, charming, attentive self when they did, trying to win her back.

It was at one such meeting in a restaurant in New York that Michel casually mentioned that he "owned" Timothy Leary. Leary was just a little diversion, he said, but a rewarding one. Puffing on a Cuban cigar he casually pushed a check for \$86,000 across the table to her, leaving it there as an offering. It was his first

installment from Bantam Books for the advance for Confessions of a Hope Fiend. Hauchard seemed to realize that he had at last found something that truly impressed Joanna. He boasted that he could make Leary do anything that he wanted. If she wanted, he would bring him to her.

Joanna still knew very little about Tim. She had only heard brief descriptions of his life and work and had not read any of his books. But already he represented something important to her, and the thought that he had become snared by Michel made her uncomfortable. She handed the check back, ended the meal, and returned to Tommy. They needed to go to Switzerland, she told him, to rescue Leary from Hauchard. For the first time in her life she had found a purpose.

Tommy, Joanna and the children flew to Geneva shortly after Nixon's reelection. On their way to the Palace hotel in Lausanne, they stopped at Michel's villa outside the town, knowing that he would not be there. They were greeted by his butler, a tall Moroccan in a white kaftan and headdress. He informed Joanna that Hauchard was in New York, but he knew her well enough to allow her in on the pretense of writing him a note. While Tommy distracted the butler with some hashish, Joanna searched Michel's study for his leather-bound address book. She opened it at "L" and copied out the five different phone numbers that were listed for "Leary," recognizing the different area codes as locations from all across Switzerland. Then they made their excuses and left.

They took the best suite at the Palace hotel where Joanna was well known, blissfully unaware of how much money they had left and whether or not they could afford to pay for it. For the next five days, as they drank and smoked and transformed the elegant suite into something akin to a Moroccan bazaar, Joanna kept dialing the phone numbers, trying to reach Tim, leaving messages and being repeatedly told that he had just left or was unavailable. Finally, she heard his voice down the line; "This is Timothy Leary, who are you?"

She introduced herself and explained her connection to Michel. There was a long pause before Tim spoke again. Then he asked her what drugs she was on. She told him and he seemed satisfied with the answer. He then said that he had heard of her and they made an arrangement to meet. The whole call was extremely short and direct.

On the day of their meeting Tim, Tommy and Joanna spent the night at Tim's chalet on Lake Zug. They tripped with Tim, Dennis, Brian and Liz, while their children played with young Davie. Joanna produced her last two tabs of Clear Light acid and swallowed one with a sip of wine. "Who loves me will come with me," she announced grandly, and offered the second tab on the end of her thumb to Tim. He ate it, lifted his glass and toasted her. Dennis had to go upstairs to find more acid for everyone else.

The next morning they were the first ones to wake and went into the town together to get breakfast. There does not seem to have been a period of courtship between the pair. From the moment they met there seemed to be an understanding that they had been waiting for each other. She was, he said that day, his "Perfect Love," and he had been awaiting her arrival ever since he had "created her" in his mind while he was in prison. For Joanna, this was what she had been waiting her whole life to hear. He was telling her that she was not only wanted, but needed.

For Tim, there seems to be a sense of recognition that his fugitive life was coming to a close. The one thing that a prisoner needs more than any other is a partner on the outside, to visit him, bring him what he needs, fight for his release, and just provide hope. The fact that Joanna was from a privileged, aristocratic background made her a perfect partner, for he viewed this aesthetic, pleasure-seeking class as the group most suited for living with an expanded consciousness. They had been raised to live life at level five on his consciousness map, he believed, and hence were more able to understand him and his ideals. Indeed, the decision to buy the Porsche appears to be an attempt to be accepted by this class of people. Women like Joanna would not be comfortable being the partner of a man who drove a VW bus, no matter how infamous or important they might be. Now that Tim had both the sports car and the beautiful woman, it was as if he was ready to be arrested. If you have to be captured, you might as well be caught in a Porsche with a beautiful aristocratic woman at your side. And, of course, it was the perfect parting gift to Michel. He had taken Tim's book, so Tim had taken his girl.

But first, a few practical matters had to resolve themselves. Joanna was arrested for being unable to pay the hotel bill, but she was soon released when an "anonymous gentleman," most likely Hauchard, paid it for her. Tommy was dispatched to Amsterdam in order to look for a sailboat that they could buy, for Tim was keen on the idea of living on a boat, cruising between Amsterdam and the Caribbean, and becoming his "own country." The plan was rejected shortly afterwards, when news reached Tim that he would not be safe if he visited Holland, but it served to remove Tommy and his children from the picture. Joanna then called her daughter's father in Greece and arranged for him to come and collect his girl. As she said her goodbyes to her five-year-old daughter she was seemingly unaware of the emotional damage this abandonment would produce in the years to come. Joanna wouldn't see her daughter again for io years.

The living arrangements at Lake Zug were not to Joanna's liking. The large living room served as a communal crash-pad, with mattresses and cushions strewn around the floor serving as the bulk of the furniture. Joanna wanted to spend some time alone with Tim, for they had still not slept together at this point. She suggested that they go skiing in Gstaad. This was an idea that Tim approved of, for he had taken a liking to

the sport since he had been in Switzerland. Skiing was like life, he said, in that the faster you move the more control you have. In Gstaad it soon became apparent that he was still very much a beginner, but Joanna took him down the fastest slopes anyway. She was struck by his unflagging courage and enthusiasm, as he flung himself down slope after slope, falling time and time again, and always coming up smiling and eager for more.

Tim and Joanna were inseparable. Like John Lennon and Yoko Ono, they simply never left each other's side for weeks upon weeks. He effortlessly slipped out of his previous habits and lifestyle and into hers. They stayed in the finest hotels and attended the best parties. They visited St. Moritz and saw the hotel where Joanna had been born. He got to know her mother, a woman who was much closer to his age than Joanna's, and he charmed her. Marysia, dismissive of her daughter as ever, explained to Tim how Joanna's imagination was too strong and that she was unable to distinguish between reality and fantasy. Marysia had no idea, of course, that this was a quality which Tim approved of.

Joanna was an exciting and glamorous partner. At a formal dinner in Basel she entertained Tim by sitting on the knee of a director of Sandoz and causing a scandalous scene. At a party on Christmas Eve in St. Moritz Tim met Andy Warhol and his entourage. Leary and Warhol sat together on a sofa, both speaking cautiously as if they feared that the other would appear more intelligent. "There are only three geniuses in America," Tim told Andy, "you and me, and the third one changes all the time." Warhol responded by getting up, requesting 1950's music and dancing with Joanna, much to the delight of the audience. Many of them had barely ever seen him move, let alone rock and roll.

During this time, Tim and Joanna talked constantly, but the conversation was strangely impersonal. Tim would explain his ideas and describe his past, all of which Joanna knew very little about, but he would rarely go deeper. They would talk poetically and discuss their union in cosmic terms. More down-to-earth subjects like their fears and hopes and their intimate reflections went unspoken.

An offer came to go to Austria and help make an anti-heroin movie for the Austrian government., Tim was happy to lend his support to such a film. While he was prodrugs he was vehemently anti-addiction, as he saw addiction as removing the freedom that he thought the drugs gave. To Tim, making the film after he had been using heroin himself did not seem in the least bit hypocritical.

TIM SOUGHT BRIAN's advice before leaving Switzerland with Joanna, for he wasn't certain that he was doing the right thing. His concern, he told Brian, was that he didn't see any kindness in Joanna's face. Brian told him that this was cultural. They

were used to liberated, hippy women like Liz and Rosemary, who made no attempt to prevent any thought or emotion from appearing in their facial expressions. Joanna came from a more controlled and masked culture, so just because qualities such as kindness did not appear externally did not mean that they didn't exist.

Brian's advice was not completely impartial. Tim had enjoyed sleeping with lots of different women but it did seem wrong, somehow, that he didn't have a permanent, devoted partner as well. Increasingly he had been coming to the conclusion that the only woman beautiful and intelligent enough to take this role was Brian's partner, Liz. Liz was devoted to Tim and more than happy to sleep with him, just as Brian had been more than happy to sleep with Rosemary when Tim was in jail. But what Liz was not prepared to do was go off with Tim and leave Brian for good.

All the sexual complexities and permutations of the house were dealt with in a thoroughly open and liberated way, of course. Nevertheless, it was clear that Tim's interest in Liz had shifted to a different level from, say, Tim's attraction to Robin. When Joanna suddenly arrived in their lives, it seemed to Tim and Brian that she had been sent by divine providence to defuse a potentially problematic situation. So when Brian advised Tim to leave with Joanna, he did so in the awareness that he would get Liz back for himself and prevent a potential problem from erupting. But the trip did make sense. Legally, Tim had to leave Switzerland by midnight on December P. Driving across the border to Austria seemed much safer than flying, especially in a sports car with a ski-rack on the roof, for they would blend in with all the jetsetters who regularly crossed the border. He was then free to return to Switzerland the next day, although in truth he had little reason to return. Tim and Joanna left Switzerland on December 25,1972.

They drove without trouble to Vienna. During their three-week stay in Austria they were visited by Dennis Martino, who crashed the Porsche and wrote it off. They were also visited by Tim's daughter, Susan, who was returning from a visit to India and was eight months pregnant with her second child. She proudly displayed a bottle of holy water that she had collected from the Ganges. Joanna took a drink of this, and a few days later looked into a mirror and discovered that her skin had turned a vivid orange. Her illness was quickly diagnosed, and eyebrows were no doubt raised by the anti-heroin filmmakers when Tim arrived with a partner suffering from hepatitis.

As if to prove how symbiotically linked they had become, Tim soon joined Joanna in becoming a psychedelic color. They decided to dye his silver hair black as a disguise. The hair dye's instruction leaflet said that it should be left on for 20 minutes. Unfortunately, normal time is unpredictable and somewhat flexible while on acid, and correctly assessing 20 minutes was much too ambitious a challenge. When the dye was washed off, Tim found that he had a full head of purple hair. With his

purple satin pants and silver lame shirt that Liz had bought him from Biba on Kensington High Street in London, Tim now looked every inch the Acid King. The tweed-jacketed academic who had strolled through the Harvard campus io years earlier almost seemed to be a different person.

Joanna's health had been deteriorating before she contracted hepatitis, thanks to the huge drug intake she had experienced since being with Tim. During their time together Tim had insisted they take acid every day, and she had felt that she must keep up with him or risk losing his respect. Her body was smaller than his and her mind was not as psychologically impervious to the constant onslaught that LSD brought. Tim had an astonishing ability to act perfectly normal and deal with normal everyday situations while at the height of a trip, and she simply did not. She knew that she couldn't keep up with him forever, and so she started palming the drug and pretending that she had taken it. But the LSD, cocaine, champagne, hashish, Valium, missed meals and irregular sleep took their toll. Her hair lost its shine and her face became drawn. When the hepatitis hit, her immune system was in no shape to fight, and she quickly went downhill.

Joanna suggested that they go to Sri Lanka, believing that the climate would help her recovery. Dennis, however, wanted them to go to Afghanistan. He knew an important hashish dealer there, a rich merchant named Rayatollah, whom he had done business with on a number of occasions. This dealer would be honored to meet Tim and would be happy to house and feed them for as long as they liked. The idea of leaving Europe appealed to Tim, for he believed that a different environment would create a different reality in his mind. It looked like nothing was going to happen with another film being proposed, an adaptation of Hermann Hesse's Steppenwoif starring Tim as Harry Haller. They had enough money remaining to pay for three flights, if they left without paying for their accommodation. So they duly bought the tickets, left Tim's skiing equipment and Joanna's camera behind in the hotel room as a form of payment, and flew via Beirut to Kabul.

AFTER THEY DISEMBARKED at Kabul International Airport, Dennis left his companions and went to the immigration window. Tim and Joanna sat down to rest. They were approached by a short man with a clipped moustache who called Tim by name, and asked to see their passports. Before they had realized what was happening, the man had grabbed both of the passports from Tim's hand, handed him a card that identified him as a member of the American Embassy, and turned and disappeared into the crowd.

They quickly realized that they were in trouble. A female Afghan immigration officer approached and asked to see their passports. They explained what had happened but the officer paid little attention. She informed them that, as they had no

passports, they would be arrested and deported.' A policeman escorted them to a stone and mud hut outside the terminal where they were held until a group of six soldiers carrying machine guns arrived. They were prodded with the butts of the guns in to the back of a waiting jeep, which drove them a few kilometers along a dirt road into Kabul. Night fell, and as the last of the acid that they had taken as the plane left Beirut began to wear off, the seriousness of the situation became starkly apparent. They had assumed that they would be safe because Afghanistan had no formal extradition treaty with the United States. Yet the actions of the American Embassy official made clear that some form of unofficial cooperation was in play.

Eventually, they were taken to an abandoned two-storey building that was once, according to the sign outside, known as the Plaza Hotel. Now it was a run-down shell, with peeling walls and uneven floors. They were placed in a windowless room on the second floor, lit from the hallway via the opaque pane above the door. Guards sat outside, playing cards and laughing. By now they had given up trying to release Joanna, for she shouted and threatened anyone who tried to separate her from Tim. She insisted that she would die if she was taken away from him, and she looked so discolored and sick that this threat must have seemed plausible. They resigned themselves to having two prisoners instead of one, though her requests to see a doctor were ignored.

Fearing that they might simply be taken outside and shot, Tim and Joanna decided to strip naked and get into one of the beds, planning to refuse to get dressed if someone came for them. But no one came, and hours passed. Eventually Joanna needed to go to the bathroom. Tim spoke to a guard who escorted them through the corridors to a filthy toilet. Tim got down on his knees, took out his handkerchief and silently cleaned the edge of the toilet bowl for her.

The next day they were visited by a frightened Dennis Martino, who brought opium, hashish, cigarettes and food, but not good news. Tim's arrest was a big story, and Kabul was full of international press. All his contacts had disappeared and he could not think who to turn to for help. He had an appointment with the American Embassy the following day, and was afraid that he would also be arrested.

On the third day they were visited by a nephew of the Afghan king who had been educated at Berkeley, where he had followed Tim's guidance to create a spiritually guided LSD trip. He was honored to meet Tim and vowed to do all he could to help. He brought some opium and a tape recorder, and offered to do an interview that he could use to influence important people.

With the tape rolling Tim gave an accurate overview of the events that had led them to Afghanistan. Effortlessly slipping back into his customary charm and flattery, he then explained that they had decided to come to Afghanistan because they "believed it to be one of the few, if not the only, truly free countries in the world." It was a place, he said, where men are strong and women love family, a place where he wanted to live in peace with Joanna and raise children. His capture at the request of the Americans was an "insult to the independence of Afghanistan." He said that he considered it an honor to be "one of the first American exiles" and that he would not live "as a prisoner in that country of slavery." Becoming increasingly passionate and animated, he swore that he would not be taken back to America alive. "I say this to the American government," he said, "if they try to take me back by force they will take a free spirit but a dead body. I will die before I go back to America!

The friendly words of the king's nephew were a source of hope, as was the fact that three days had passed and the Afghans had not handed them over to the Americans. Tim speculated that Afghanistan was negotiating a deal with the US, and wondered exactly how many tanks he was worth. A CIA telegram that was later released revealed that, while Afghan Immigrations had cooperated with American Embassy officials, no deal had been in place at the time of the arrest.' But whatever the political negotiations now going on in the background, a deal was evidently reached.

At midday on the fourth day, January 19, 1973, the door was flung open and a group of soldiers escorted them to the jeep. By now Joanna was extremely frail; four days existing on opium instead of food had done little for her fight against the hepatitis virus. As the jeep took them toward the airport they thought that perhaps the king's nephew had managed to free them. It was only when they arrived at the airport and were taken toward a PAN-AM 747 that it became clear what was happening. An airport doctor handed Joanna a form and informed her that she must sign it. It read, "I, Joanna Harcourt-Smith, hereby release the Afghan Government from all responsibility for my physical condition in the event that I die on my trip originating from Kabul International Airport." Her refusal to sign was met with a gun muzzle to the spine. She took the pen and with a shaking hand signed the form.

They climbed the steps and were met by an agent named Burke from the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, who handed them back their passports. Tim's had been canceled on every page except for the last. It also contained an ID card which, next to the entry for profession, read "philosopher." And inside the passport was a first class, one-way ticket to Los Angeles.

I'm Not in the Twentieth Century

HEN THE AIRPLANE was approaching California, Tim signed his name on the bottom of a note and handed it to Joanna. It said: "This is to introduce Joanna Harcourt-Smith. She is my voice, my love, my life. She is designated to act on my behalf. Please assist her in any way you can to help me get free."

He also gave her his address book, marked the names of the people he thought could help her in California, and told her who she should contact first. The address book was a shock to Joanna. In the two-anda-half months that they had been together, he had never mentioned any of the people it listed. The contacts were an elite register of the great and the good of the Californian underground, but they represented a period of Tim's life of which she knew very little.

Tim and Joanna were spread out on cushions on the floor of the first class upper lounge, drinking champagne. The lounge was otherwise empty apart from the BNDD guards, who watched from a discreet distance, and a society acquaintance of Joanna's, the German playboy Gunther Sachs von Opel. Joanna had spotted Gunther on the flight and had turned to him for help. He was sympathetic and promised that he would look after Joanna when they landed.

That Joanna would be resourceful in working to free Tim was not in doubt. Once the plane had left Kabul she went to the bathroom and wrote a series of notes in both French and English that read, "I am Dr. Timothy Leary. I have been kidnapped illegally by American authorities. Please help me when we get to Frankfurt. Alert the press and the police. Do what you can to help me." She dropped these in the laps of various passengers on her return. It seemed to work, for after some of these passengers had disembarked at Frankfurt, the plane continued to London where it met with a barrage of international press.2

Tim's trademark smile lit up for the cameras when he disembarked, and he shouted to the press that he had been kidnapped and that he requested asylum. The press seemed more concerned about what Joanna's English aristocratic father would think about her association with the despicable Dr. Leary. When the next editions of the papers appeared they carried front page headlines like JOANNA FLIES OUT WITH LSD LEARY.' Tim's plea to immigration officials for asylum was referred to the Home Office and quickly refused. After only an hour and a half in London they were back on the plane and heading for Los Angeles.

The mob of press at Heathrow airport was nothing compared to their welcome at LAX. TV cameras and over a hundred journalists waited for their arrival. It was

here, when the plane was on American soil, that Tim was informed that he was under arrest. Joanna was crying, for they were finally about to be separated. Tim gathered copies of Time and Newsweek magazines from the plane and stuffed them in the pockets of his coat. It always took forever to be processed into the prison system, he explained, and he knew he would be grateful for something to read.

Tim smiled and waved at the press as he emerged from the door of the 747. Handcuffed, he walked down the stairs into a throng of about 60 federal agents, one of whom shouted out his Miranda rights. He was put into a white mini-van and driven away in a convoy of Ii other vehicles. Joanna was left behind. The FBI had no interest in her and she had only been on the flight because the Afghani officials had wanted to be rid of her. She passed through immigration and emerged into the sea of press and a barrage of lights and questions. She announced that she was Mrs. Joanna Leary and that she would be speaking for her "husband." In her exhausted state she was less than coherent, and the press described her as a "disheveled acid freak." To Joanna, this was an outrageous slur. How dare they call her "disheveled"? Gunther took her to the Beverley Hills Hotel and, while he went to arrange medical care, she fell into bed and slept for 20 hours.

Tim was taken to Orange County, where he was greeted by a newspaper with the banner headline, \$76 MILLION TAX SUIT AGAINST DRUG-KING TIM From there he was returned to San Luis Obispo, the scene of his escape over two years before, and promptly sent into solitary confinement.

This lonely cell was his home for the next two-and-a-half months. He used the time well. He only had a small, two-inch pencil stub, for longer pencils were considered to be potential weapons and were forbidden. He also had legal briefs that he could write on the back of. So he sat on the floor, under the light of a 20-watt bulb, and wrote down his mindmap system. "It was one of those inspired clearchannel transmissions," he would later write.5 "I had been thinking about the classification of brain circuits for years, and now in slow, tidy handwriting, with almost no corrections, the words poured out." The result was a short, 24-page booklet called Neurologic that is arguably Leary's most important work.6

In later years Tim returned to the system and enlarged it, and came to regard the manuscript of Neurologic as a work in process. Nevertheless, this prison version has qualities that later embellishments are lacking, most notably a sense of relative clarity and simplicity that makes it more approachable to a general reader. "I can't quite describe how that little book hit me," recalled the writer Robert Anton Wilson over 20 years later.' "That small pamphlet came to me as the kind of Great Light that Copernicus represented to Giordano Bruno: what had previously seemed vague, even chaotic, suddenly fell into place in an organized system that made sense. Although Leary did not mention his sources, I saw that he had synthesized everything of value

in most of the major psychological systems of the twentieth century with everything I had ever heard about the current research on brain function, and he made it all suddenly, beautifully, coherent."

Neurologic was published in a couple of national magazines and was translated into French, German, Spanish and Japanese, but its impact suffered greatly from the blows to Tim's reputation that immediately followed its completion. This began with newspaper reports of his escape trail in March 1973 which, in the words of John Bryan, "made him sound like a Raving Madman from Outer Space. It was at this point that many of his former followers decided that Tim had overdosed-both on acid and on life."

Tim took the stand in a suit that had been borrowed from Joanna's previous husband. He gave his name and announced that his occupation was a "neurologician." Both the judge, Richard F. Harris, and the jury must have known that they were in for an interesting day when Tim went on to explain that this was a word that he had made up himself.

That admission would come to look positively normal by the time Tim had finished. He explained that the reason he had compared himself to people like Socrates and Jesus Christ in his escape note was because his escape was the result of eternal patterns that repeat throughout history. From this perspective, his escape had been unpreventable and he couldn't really be held responsible for it. As a result of "12 years deliberate and disciplined research with drugs and different forms of yoga," he explained, "my nervous system travels throughout historical times and to become Timothy Leary is like getting into a car and turning a key. I'm not Timothy Leary most of the time. I'm not in the twentieth century. None of us are." For the benefit of the somewhat stunned judge and jury, his Defense Attorney Bruce Margolin asked Tim to clarify what he meant. "I'm not Timothy Leary most of the time. I get into this uniform and turn a key and use the Timothy Leary identity to move through space and time as is necessary for the accomplishment of my mission and my survival, so that I compare that part of my personality to a car.... I was no more Timothy Leary than I was [someone like Socrates] and persons will, in the future, understand what is happening now.""

It was, it is fair to say, an unusual defense. It has been interpreted as an attempt to appear insane, and to seek acquittal on the grounds of diminished responsibility. Leary's archivist Michael Horowitz believes that Tim's intended defense was that he had no choice but to escape, because LSD use had left his mind so sensitive that he was mentally unfit for prison. Tim, however, would later claim the opposite, writing that he used the trial to defend himself against rumors that he was a "burned-out acid casualty. To this end the defense team had previously sent Tim for a battery of tests and submitted the results at the trial. These showed that his IQ was 143, which made

him officially a genius, and that his creativity was "exceptional" He was, or so the doctor testified, perfectly sane. Quite how the doctor felt about reading those results to a jury that had heard Tim speak earlier is hard to gauge.

So had Tim finally gone mad? It would certainly be understandable if he had. The pressure he had been under during years on the run, dependent on revolutionaries, gunrunners and terrorists for his protection while constantly taking LSD with scores of strangers, was the sort of mental strain that few people could stand. Spending the previous months in solitary, aware that the rest of his life would probably be spent in maximum-security penitentiaries, could well have pushed him over the edge. Others have suggested that the Thorazine with which he was repeatedly doped while in prison may have been responsible, although this was largely administered after his escape trial.

But it is worth remembering that what Tim said in court was no crazier than his conversations throughout his exile. During that time, he frequently sounded more like the BBC science fiction character Dr. Who than the hippy guru of the Summer of Love. He could converse at that level with people like Brian or Dennis for hours, and they would all come out of it feeling that they had had a productive conversation. To them what he said was perfectly sane, it was just that your mind needed to be operating on the sixth and seventh levels of his Neurologic system in order to understand it. What was different during his testimony in court was that he was no longer attempting to match his conversation to his audience.

Tim knew that he had no chance of winning this trial, for there was no denying that he was not in jail on the morning of September 13,1970. It may well be that it pleased his ego to simply sit in court and state the truth as he saw it, aware that he would sound insane, but believing that he would come to be understood by future generations. This is possible, if slightly out of character. But reading his testimony does give the impression that he was simply unaware of how he sounded to the judge and jury, that he was no longer aware of normal reality as other people saw it. The medical tests he took and the clarity and coherence of Neurologic indicate that he had kept his sanity together, on some level at least, during this incarceration. But his testimony suggests that something had happened to his mind, an inability or a refusal to acknowledge the bigger picture and the "real world," which was a new thing for him. If this is the case, then it raises the question of what had caused it.

Regardless of what had happened to his mind, the jury took less than two hours to return a guilty verdict, and a maximum of another five years were added to Tim's collection. He was sent to the infamous Folsom Prison, the last stop for lifers, the unrepentant and those that the system has given up on. It was arguably one of the cruelest places to send someone whose mental state appeared to be teetering on the edge. In Folsom and the prisons that followed, he was frequently treated as if he was

insane. He was regularly doped with Thorazine, and at one point his hair was shaved and his head marked as if in preparation for a lobotomy. Joanna once visited him and found him strapped up in a straitjacket. He viewed all this as a game, if an unpleasant one. He had complete faith that he was sane, whatever anyone else might think, and this assessment is shared by friends who visited him at the time. He certainly did not "calm down" his writing and his ideas in order to reassure people. Indeed, it was during his stay at Folsom that Tim would truly cement his reputation as a brain-fried casualty.

During his first visit to the Folsom Prison Library he discovered something that he would come to view with profound importance. In the final chapter of a book about outer space he found a drawing of the remnant of a living organism, a nucleic acid molecule, which had been discovered inside a meteorite. This molecule was one of the fundamental building blocks of life itself, yet it had crashed to earth from outer space. It gave support to a fringe scientific theory known as panspermia, which argues that life originated not on earth, but somewhere in the vast interstellar space beyond, and that Earth was essentially "seeded" during a collision with a comet or meteorite that contained the necessary organic molecules." As unlikely as it may sound, the concept of panspermia soon became an important part of Leary's philosophy.

This is not a new idea and it has had some very respected champions, but it is the sort of thing that makes most biologists and cosmologists extremely uncomfortable. It is an idea that does not solve the tricky question of how life first started, but merely shifts the problem elsewhere. It was first proposed in 1871 by the great British mathematician and physicist Lord Kelvin, and the idea was further explored by the Swedish Nobel Prize winner Svante Arrhenius. It was raised again in the twentieth century by Francis Crick, who together with his colleague James Watson had been awarded the Nobel Prize for discovering the structure of DNA. Crick argued that DNA was so complicated that it was difficult to believe that it could have evolved during the lifespan of the Earth. He suggested that Earth was "deliberately seeded with life by intelligent aliens," an idea that has been described as "at the very fringe of scientific respectability." This, according to the writer Bill Bryson, is a polite way of saying that the notion "would be considered wildly lunatic were it voiced by anyone other than a Nobel laureate."" It was certainly a notion that was never going to sound convincing coming from a man who had just months earlier defended himself in court on the grounds that he didn't really exist when the crime was committed.

In recent years, however, the idea has gained some respectability. A meteorite that

exploded in 1969 above Murchison, near Melbourne, was found in 2001 to have contained complex strings of sugars called polyols, and 74 different types of amino acid." Other comets have proven to be much richer in organic matter than expected. In 2004, scientists discovered a clump of frozen sugar in a dust cloud near the heart of our galaxy." The sugar is glycoaldehyde, which chemists class as a 2-carbon sugar, and should it combine with a 3-carbon sugar it would form one of the important constituents of RNA. These are just the sort of molecules the formation of which biologists have had great difficulty explaining, for their formation on Earth had to have been before the reproduction and evolutionary processes of life had started. How they are forming in space, surviving the heat of the stars or the cold of the void, is not understood, but there is certainly evidence that some of the building blocks of life could well be extraterrestrial. The concept of panspermia has slowly come to be viewed as a reasonable hypothesis that is deserving of further study."

Leary's interest in the subject was sparked by the light it shed on his Neurologic system. It was easy to see why the first four levels had evolved, but why should the later three exist? Why had the nervous system evolved in such a way that all this potential lay dormant within every human mind? The first four levels were necessary for life to survive and continue on a planet like Earth, but the other three, he decided, would surely be of more use in some unimaginable "postEarth" existence. He would come to describe the first four levels as like the four legs of a spacecraft, such as the Eagle lunar lander, which made it possible for the craft to arrive safely on a planet. The three higher levels were like the capsule that was eventually launched back into space.

Life, he decided, came from space. It consisted of nucleotide templates-seeds-that land on planets and are activated by solar radiation, which then evolve into nervous systems. These nervous systems are housed in whatever bodies evolve to allow survival in the environment of the host planet. The aim of these nervous systems is to eventually switch on the higher levels of consciousness that will allow them to leave the planet, travel through space and ultimately seed further planets." With this idea in place, Leary's world view seemed nearly complete. He may have considered himself a scientist and not a mystic, but he had finally produced his own creation myth. What he was advocating was ultimately "intelligent design."

Now that he was out of solitary, Tim soon collected a group of prisoners around him, men who were excited to have the famous Dr. Leary providing some interest during their long, dull incarceration. They readily accepted the idea of panspermia, and the drawing of the interstellar nucleic acid molecule was adopted as their symbol. Tim named it Starseed, and the image can be seen on the gray shirt that he wears in an interview that was filmed inside Folsom. A member of his prison entourage had faithfully embroidered this for him.

It was at this point that he read in the New York Times about a newly discovered comet which had recently entered the Solar System. It was named Kahoutek after the East European astronomer who discovered it, and it would be visible in a few months" time in the dawn sky. It would be brighter than the moon, it was claimed, and it would have a long, curved tail like a sickle. It promised to be the most magnificent astronomical event in history. The fact that it had chosen this very time to appear was too much for Tim. It was a sign. It had to be a sign.

When the Tim Leary of the late sixties went to jail, he became an advocate of political revolution and personal escape. After emerging from solitary confinement in the early seventies, he was predicting the ultimate prisoner's escape fantasy, that of escaping from Earth itself. If you were to plot how crazy Tim appeared throughout his life on a chart, we would now be looking at the highest peak. This was the Timothy Leary who heard about the approach of the comet Kahoutek. It was a signal from an intergalactic intelligence, he egotistically believed, to mark the change in human consciousness that he had brought about. It was coming for him. It was coming to free him.

And not just him. "The moment of spiritual reckoning approaches," he wrote.'6 "The elements are in order, the stars are in position, the heart's love pure: It happens. Transfiguration. Now is about time. Starseed is the signal.... Strange how everyone feels it." Kahoutek had taken on all the significance of the Second Coming of Christ. The comet's arrival would mark the spiritual awakening of all humankind, the dawning of a "New Age."

THE TASK OF publicizing these bizarre ideas fell to Joanna, who had relocated to San Francisco and dedicated her life to freeing him. The energy and commitment she brought to the task was immense. "It is generally agreed," Tim later wrote, "that no one ever worked harder to get a fellow out of prison than Joanna."" She organized benefit after benefit in order to raise money and awareness. She founded an organization called the Starseed Information Center that printed four pieces of Tim's writing in booklet form, including Neurologic, Terra II and Starseed (A Psi-Phy Comet Tale). All of these made money for the defense fund. She produced At Folsom Prison, a filmed interview with Tim that was screened to counterculture audiences from California to London. She arranged countless benefit nights and talks, sometimes with bands or screenings of the movie. She courted the press and gave many interviews about Tim's situation.

Their plans to marry were frustrated by the difficulty of divorcing Rosemary, who was in hiding due to her role in the prison escape. While Tim hired lawyers to investigate the practicalities of divorce, Joanna legally changed her name and became the fifth Mrs. Leary." She tirelessly promoted his ideas and theories, and

essentially attempted to "fill in" for Tim and do whatever he would have been doing if he were free.

All this effort produced a most unexpected result. For perhaps the first time in her life, she began to receive praise and recognition from her mother. Marysia had taken a liking to Tim, possibly because he reminded her of Joanna's father. She came to America to visit him in prison and they corresponded frequently. "I admired deeply what you and your wonderful love have brought out in Joanna," she wrote,19 "it is very marvelous how she has become, she needed you so very much."

But admiration for Joanna was notably lacking away from her mother and Tim. She was an outsider to the close-knit California radical community, and one whose accent, mannerisms and background betrayed a sense of perceived superiority over the frequently poor and powerless hippies. Joanna could not understand why they did not try to dress better, or were so preoccupied with ideas that struck her as silly, such as astrology. Rosemary had been almost universally loved by all, and there was resentment that this colder, more arrogant foreigner had taken her place. Joanna's naive attitude to money was another issue, for she supported herself from the benefits of the fundraising. The money came, in part, from people around the country mailing in a dollar or two that they often couldn't afford, out of recognition for the impact Tim had had on their lives. But Joanna had never learned the value of money and it all disappeared on items like hotel bills and cocaine.

Tim's friends and family also resented what they saw as the hold she had on Tim, and were uncomfortable with her overly dramatic ways. "I felt very distrusting of Joanna," said Ram Dass. "I thought that she was very fanatical and slightly hysterical. More than slightly hysterical. I didn't feel safe with her at all."21' Tim's son Jackie hated her on sight and resented her presence in the visiting room. "He just wanted to sit there with Joanna, the love of his life or something," he said, "I couldn't stand her. I thought she was insane. She had this trip where she had this capacity for violence. Like, if you didn't agree with her, she'd just totally flip out. She just got to the point where she was ready to attack."=1

Among the wider community, it didn't help that the Timothy Leary that Joanna was representing was very different from the one that had left three years earlier. There was still a great belief in psychedelics and the alternative lifestyle, but the Summer of Love was a long way behind them. There were many that, perhaps subconsciously, wanted the old Tim back, to guide and reassure them. Talk of leaving the planet, and messianic raving about comets was, in this context, something of a disappointment. To see him locked away for the rest of his life, sent apparently insane by his beloved LSD, seemed deeply symbolic. It was hard to escape the conclusion that the innocence and hope of 1967 had died a very ugly death indeed.

Nevertheless, there were still many who did not or could not accept this. While

Tim remained in jail, he was a persecuted prisoner of conscience who needed help, and in this context he was still beyond criticism for the majority of the hippy community. As a result the response to his interstellar theories was muted, but not hostile. A typical reaction was that of Albert Hofmann, who wrote that, "the idea that man will emigrate to the stars is too far fetched for me. Does Dr. Leary really plan technical research in this area? I myself have not studied the problem. I certainly believe in the importance of Dr. Leary's research in inner space and of course, there is a correspondence between inner and outer space: Both are immeasurable. I should add that it is wrong that Dr. Leary was imprisoned. I hope that he will be allowed to live in freedom and to enjoy his freedom."2

Still, Joanna continued to try and sell Tim's ideas to the world, and sent them to research labs and universities that studied astronomy and space flight. The admirably polite and restrained reaction from the Center for Radiophysics and Space Research at Cornell University was perhaps typical. "I read [Leary's manuscript] with interest," they wrote, "but still cannot distinguish what is intended as fact from what is intended as metaphor.... Interstellar spaceflight is an exceedingly difficult undertaking for our present technological level. Just to give one example, the first steps for relativistic interstellar spaceflight cannot be planned until a fusion reactor is successfully built and tested. Something like a billion dollars is being spent annually on fusion reactors on the planet Earth. Some of the best estimates are that they will not be available until about the year 2000. I do not see any way in which relativistic interstellar spaceflight can be developed on the Earth within the next century or two.""

It is hard to tell how much these criticisms impacted on Tim and Joanna. They appeared to be living in a delusional bubble of their own making, protected by their own faith and belief that Tim was simply fated to be free. Joanna's replies to questions about how they intended to secure Tim's release were almost childlike in their lack of reality. Tim would escape, she told a Rolling Stone reporter, because they would "simply leave our bodies. We believe in miracles." So as the year went on, and Leary remained in jail, the approach of the comet Kahoutek became increasingly important. Soon it became the focus of all of their hopes. They looked to midwinter, when this bright new star would shine down, as the time when Tim would finally be free.

But the original story about the comet had been inaccurate. It was not certain that it would be visible to the naked eye, let alone the brightest thing in the heavens. Its luminosity had been, experts claimed, "oversold by astronomers who have not thought the brightness problem out very well."" There was also the problem of how it could be seen from Folsom, where prisoners were confined to lockdown in their cells for 17 hours a day.

Then, with Tim's uncanny sense of good timing and luck, he was transferred to San Francisco county jail just as Kahoutek was at its closest point to Earth. He would be driven across the state at sunrise, and would be able to see the horizon, when the comet was supposed to be the most visible. So with great anticipation the handcuffed prisoner climbed into the marshall's car and studied the sky through the rear window as they drove toward his new home. He saw the dark of the night dissolve away before the approach of the morning sun. But he did not see anything else.25

The comet didn't appear. And he was not free.

Naked Apart From a Pair of Long White Gloves and a Shotgun

N JANUARY 2, 1974, Joanna persuaded Dennis Martino to sign an affidavit for Tim's lawyers.

"I, DENNIS MARTINo, am twenty-seven years old and am currently living in San Francisco, California," it began. "On or about January 16, 1973, I was arrested in Afghanistan, contemporaneously with Dr. Leary's abduction. Although I was not officially charged, I was told by James Senner of the American Embassy that I could only leave Afghanistan by `contacting Mr. Burke at the Justice Department in the Embassy.' Mr. Burke indicated that I would be permitted to return to the United States if I consented to become an informant for the BNDD [Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, soon to become the DEA, or Drug Enforcement Agency].

"I consented to this arrangement and was assigned a'contact agent' in Los Angeles. However, upon arrival in the United States I was again arrested at the Los Angeles airport, jailed in special custody in the "informant bloc" of the Hall of justice, and then approached three days later by my contact. This individual indicated that I could secure my release from custody and have all passport charges dropped, if I would consent to assist as an undercover informer. Part of my assignment was to gain the confidence of the Leary defense team, and to let my BNDD superiors "know what's going on with that [escape] trial."

Dennis was an effective informant. Once released, he set up a drugbust of his former Brotherhood friends in Santa Cruz. Forty people were arrested on Easter Sunday, and 16 of them went to jail. What he was not, however, was discreet. Immediately after agreeing to become an undercover informant, and before he was released from the Los Angeles jail, he telephoned Joanna and told her he had some exciting news. She was pleased to hear from him. He was the only person she knew in California and her only link to the life she had been living with Tim in Europe. She found him on the twelfth floor of the old, musty jail, alone in a large cell.

"I'm working for the Feds!", he told her through the bars. "Isn't it exciting?"

Dennis didn't seem to have any problems justifying the ethical issues raised by informing. In an outlook clearly inspired by his time with Leary, he believed that he

had evolved far beyond the old "us and them," level two circuit of consciousness. He also had little time or compassion for the dealers and hippies who were still dominated by that mode of thought. Far too many people in the counterculture were trapped in 1967, he felt, and they needed help moving on. Their whole identities were based around what they were not, and who they opposed. Without "The Man" or "the pigs" to fight they were nothing, because the counterculture, by definition, needed a normal culture to define itself against. As Michael Horowitz once explained, "People who need heroes will get traitors.... One of the persuasive imprints of the Piscean Age is that you can't get Christ without Judas. But the message of the Aquarian Age is, 'every man and woman is a star.""

What Dennis discovered was that when he got close to the "enemy," it no longer appeared as a gray, monolithic "them," a single-minded entity unquestioningly enforcing the will of Nixon. Up close, the governmental structure soon crumbled into a chaotic mass of competing and uncommunicative agencies and individuals, each with their own priorities and agendas. In this sense it was very similar to the hippy underground. Soon the dividing line between the establishment and the underground began to lose definition, and it appeared to him as nothing more than a gray area of ever-shifting loyalties. As he wrote in response to later attacks by the activist Jerry Rubin, among others, "Rubin goes on to state that I am an informer for the government. So what! Look around you. See anyone else who is in the middle ... lawyers, gurus, media informers, tradesmen, drug dealers, rock stars ... hundreds of people from these professions have used the game of two sides, left against right, right against left, for profit and fame.... Wake up! There are not two sides. Life is a mobius strip of experience. Jerry Rubin is as static and as frozen against receiving new ideas as any of the politicians he once tried to scream at."2

Using this logic, Dennis thought of himself as the ultimate double agent, working for everybody and no one. He had no problems in secretly taping phone conversations with Joanna at the request of the DEA, while at the same time giving her insider information about the government's movements. What does seem remarkable, however, is how quickly and effortlessly he went from being on the run from the government to being on its payroll. This is, of course, assuming that he had not cooperated with them, however informally, before January 1973.

The issue arises because of a trip Dennis made to America the month before his arrest. His international immunization certificate proves that he was in New York on December io, 1972. This certificate shows that he received a booster injection to protect against cholera on that date.' The clear indication here, based on his previous travels and his known contacts, is that he was planning another trip to Afghanistan. What is not clear, however, is what Dennis was doing in America at the time. He had jumped parole when he had flown to Europe to be with Tim, and he faced a potential

five-year sentence for a passport violation. Returning to American soil was therefore a risk, and one that he would not have undertaken without good reason or some expectation of personal security.' What is particularly intriguing is that he kept the trip secret from his close circle in Switzerland, including Brian, Liz and Joanna. Dennis had gone off on international trips many times before, usually involving work for the Brotherhood, but he was always very open about what he was doing with those around him. It is highly unlikely that this American trip would have involved Brotherhood work, as the organization was all but destroyed by the many arrests a few months earlier. Unfortunately his Swiss diary does not reveal the reasons for the journey, as the relevant pages have been cut out.

What we do know is that Dennis left America and traveled to Austria, where he met Tim and Joanna. He then suggested that they travel to Afghanistan, where American officials were waiting to capture Tim. In this light his behavior at the airport, when he immediately left Tim and Joanna after landing in order to speak to immigration officials, can be viewed as suspicious. There is sufficient circumstantial evidence to raise questions about his involvement in Tim's capture, but if Dennis did betray Timothy Leary, then his price, his equivalent of the biblical 30 pieces of silver, is unknown.

LIKE MANY IN the Brotherhood, both the Martino brothers idolized Leary and wanted to be part of his life. David achieved this by marrying his daughter. Dennis took a more direct route, and became Tim's friend and confidant. But what he failed to do was become his equal. He was not someone who Tim was fascinated by and learned from, like Richard Alpert or Brian Barritt. His role was more of an assistant or helper, performing useful but mundane tasks for Tim such as searching for homes to rent, or getting supplies from the nearest town. Dennis wanted to be more important than this, and he was jealous of Brian's relationship with Tim.,

What Dennis lacked was recognition. He had come to see himself as something akin to a Nietzschean Superman, a power beyond good and evil. The problem was that if no one else shared this view then it would be a difficult self-image to maintain. What he needed was an equal who also operated at a similarly elevated level. His partner Robin was a California girl through and through. She was sexy, bright and fun, and she was the mother of his child. But he felt that he was deeper and more important than she was.

Dennis became increasingly obsessed with Joanna. There was no one quite like her in America. She had an air of grace and mystery, but more importantly Tim considered her to be special. If she was the only woman good enough for Timothy Leary, then she was the only woman good enough for Dennis. He began to pursue her.

Joanna slept with a lot of men, and women, during this period. She saw no reason

to turn down anyone who made an advance, for she was lonely in America, and sex helped to mask this, if only briefly. It also gave her stories with which to entertain Tim during prison visits. But she did reject Dennis's advances, for the first year at least, claiming that sleeping with him would make things "too complicated." Dennis, however, continued with the chase, telling her how much he loved her and becoming more determined and obsessed with every passing month. Eventually, his perseverance paid off.

Joanna had become increasingly frustrated by her relative poverty. It was a lot of work raising money for the Timothy Leary Defense Fund. She considered that the money that came in was rightfully hers, for she was the one who was fated to free Tim. The problem was that the money that came in was not enough to support her in the lifestyle that she was used to. Fortunately, she saw an opportunity to obtain wealth when she met a wealthy LSD chemist, who was known as "Franklin" because of his habit of carrying wads of hundreddollar bills. He asked Joanna if she had any contacts in Europe who could obtain ergotamine tartrate, an ingredient in the manufacture of LSD that had become increasingly difficult to find. Without thinking of the consequences Joanna falsely told him that she did, and asked him how much he wanted. He asked the price, and she told him it was io thousand dollars a pound. He asked her to get him six pounds of the chemical.

Dennis was delighted when she told him. Thanks to his DEA experience, he knew exactly how to complete the sting. He outlined a plan of action that Joanna followed to the letter. She rented three rooms in a Holiday Inn, two together with an adjoining door, and a third on a higher floor. A locked, metallic, Haliburton suitcase was placed in this room. Dennis hid in one of the two adjoining rooms, and the other, the only one rented in her own name, was where Joanna was to meet Franklin.

Franklin arrived punctually, at 7 pm. Joanna gave him champagne and he gave her a wad of 60 thousand dollars in crisp, new, hundreddollar bills. Methodically, she counted them all. Satisfied that the money was correct, she gave him two keys. One key was for the suitcase containing the ergotarmine tartrate, she explained, and the second was for the hotel room where he would find the suitcase. The reason for this was because it was not safe to have the money and the chemical in the same room at the same time. The key was for room 666.

The moment Franklin left to collect the suitcase, she slipped through the door to join Dennis in the next room, and locked the door behind them. He hugged her, and indicated the lines of heroin that he had laid out for her on the bedside table. She snorted one with one of her new hundreddollar bills. They lay quietly in a blissful opiate fog while Franklin entered the room above and discovered that the second key did not open the suitcase. They were undisturbed by the sound of Franklin returning to the adjoining room, banging on the door, and trying to find Joanna. In time, he

departed and, much later, so did they.

Joanna now knew that ripping off outlaws was sexy and exciting. The adventure also bonded her with her co-conspirator. She had had a glimpse into Dennis" world as a DEA informer, and realized that she was capable of operating at that level. She liked the way he had access to all the drugs he wanted. Joanna no longer made any attempt to resist Dennis, and they became lovers.

Joanna initially took the money to Tim's lawyers, but was surprised to learn that even money on that scale could not buy Tim's release during the current political climate. Once the realities of the situation had sunk in, she decided that she might as well make the best of a bad situation. She decided to spend the money on herself. When she next went to visit Tim in jail, she traveled in a rented Rolls Royce, drinking Jack Daniels in the back from a carafe of Baccarat crystal.

Tim was delighted to hear the story of the Franklin caper and her other exploits, such as hiring the most expensive prostitute that she could find in order to offer Dennis the opportunity to sleep with two women. Tim also had a few sexual stories of his own to share, an impressive achievement for a long-term prisoner. He was currently in Vacaville prison, where they had put his training to good use and given him a job in the psychiatric office. Here he had met a young and beautiful staff nurse and begun a furtive, lusty sexual relationship based on brief, risky encounters in any available empty room. Tim considered that the nurse had become part of his "sexual family," and asked her to also sleep with Dennis and Joanna.

BY MAY 1974 Tim had been in jail for 17 months. All his legal routes to freedom had been effectively exhausted. Tim and Joanna had not been able to come up with an escape plan that could get around the high level of security that he, a known escape risk, was kept under. Their ideas had become increasingly farfetched and desperate. At one point Joanna had been approached by a hippy from the Midwest, who believed that he could build a flying saucer. Joanna's plan was to equip this saucer with bright flashing lights and speakers that blared out "A Whiter Shade Of Pale" by Procol Harum. The saucer would then land in the prison exercise yard and Timothy could jump aboard. Inside it he would find Joanna, naked apart from a pair of long white gloves and a shotgun, and together they would fly off into the future. The guards, according to the plan, would be so stunned that they would drop their weapons and forget to shoot.

Unfortunately, despite his best efforts, the building of a flying saucer proved to be beyond the capabilities of the lone Midwestern hippy. The plan came to nothing, as did the idea of finding a homeless man who looked like Tim and persuading him to swap clothes and exchange places with Leary in the visiting room. The comet Kahoutek, of course, failed to herald their release. Tim was unable to levitate over

the wires and, despite the best efforts of meditating hippies around the globe, the walls holding Tim completely failed to dissolve away into the ether. The only way Tim could escape again, it was clear, was if he was transferred to a lower-security facility. There seemed to be only one way to achieve this, but it was not an appealing option.

Tim had received repeated visits from federal officers offering a chance at freedom if he would collaborate with their investigations. Dennis had long argued that he should do just this. Joanna had warmed to the idea after she had been told that it would bring certain privileges, not least the transfer to a low-security "country club" style of prison. Tim had repeatedly refused but eventually, by April 1974, he had a change of heart. All other options had been exhausted by this point, and he faced a straight choice between remaining in jail and becoming a snitch. He chose the latter.

It was a dangerous game he chose to play. Ultimately, he knew that he simply did not know the information that the FBI wanted to hear. Their main aim was to put the Weathermen behind bars, but he had only spent a few days with the group and he knew precious little about them. Most of what he knew had already been published in Confessions of a Hope Fiend, or had been bragged about by the Weathermen themselves in their many press statements.6

He also knew that he would be asked about the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The 29 counts against him in relation to Brotherhood activities had been quietly dropped in December, due to a lack of evidence, but the government still thought that his ties with the group ran deeper than they did. Leary had known the Brotherhood well in its original form, but it had changed radically during his time in exile. John Schewell, the man Rosemary had left him for, had been a member of this new group. This had given Timothy an aversion to hearing about their movements.

If Tim was going to convince the FBI that he was a valuable source of information, he was going to have to play a complicated game extremely well. Back when he had first been jailed, in 1970, federal agents had visited him and asked many questions about the Weathermen. He had no intention of revealing anything during that meeting, but he kept the discussions going as long as he could for his own amusement. In Jail Notes he described it as being a game, more like the Chinese board game "Go" than Chess. His ultimate aim, in which he sadly failed, was to get the officers to confirm certain information to him in a game of quid pro quo. He wanted to know if, because of the strict moral rules in the Bureau, an unmarried man like J. Edgar Hoover would only be acceptable to the FBI if he was a virgin. To do this he had to assess what information they already had, tell them things he knew that they already know, and attempt to throw them off the track by supplying false details that managed to support false theories and suspicions. This was achievable for a psychologist of his intellect

during a short interview, but could he keep the game going for longer? What if it lasted for months? What if it lasted for years?

There are those who think that he did. His supporters point to the fact that, despite collaborating with the FBI for close to two years, no one was imprisoned as a direct result of his testimony. In Acid: A New Secret History of LSD, the author David Black prints a 1999 letter he received from Richard Metzger of disinformation.com, who had studied Timothy Leary's FBI files and concluded that Leary was very skillfully leading them on. "I was able to see 578 pages of the FBI file." he said, "The problem with all of this is that the files ARE very damning if one doesn't know what one is REALLY looking at.... The subtleties are all lost without practically having a Ph.D. on Leary or the counterculture, and it appears that he was singing his head of.",

Yet when Leary agreed to collaborate, he was aware that he might end up giving away damaging information. Before he spoke to the FBI, he got a message to the Weather Underground warning them that he was going to start talking. They got a message back to him in prison. "We understand," it said. It was accompanied by the I-Ching symbol for dispersion. It was also clear that the FBI would want help in convicting a number of counterculture lawyers who had helped groups like the Weathermen or the Brotherhood, or who had been go-betweens in Leary's escape. This was a subject that he did know a lot about, and it was difficult to see how he could keep up the appearance of collaborating without giving the government something they could use.

From the reasons Tim gave Dennis for agreeing to testify, it seems clear that he expected to implicate people. "I know some people might get hurt," he told him, "but if I can tell my story and get it all out karmically I think I'm free within. And if I'm free within, it will reflect without. I know I'll suffer a huge ego loss and loss of support, but nobody is behind me anyway, really. They write newspapers about me. They talk about me to their friends. They have their pictures taken with me here when they visit. They run around and get energy. They make me a martyr. They keep me in prison. They make me look like I'm operating their networks. I've got to clear all that out. I'm just a man with a lot of ideas. I don't want to go down in history as a martyr. I don't want a lot of people running around saying, "He's Jesus Christ and he's a martyr and he's suffering for our cause." Because I'm doing no such thing. Like it or not, when you're in the prison system, you come out through the system, unless you escape. And that didn't work...."

TIM WAS TAKEN from Vacaville Prison in the early hours of May 24, 1974. He was taken to the Marriot Motel in Whittier, California, where, in the presence of armed officers, he was reunited with Joanna and Dennis. They walked out to a

restaurant. According to Dennis, Tim exclaimed: "Well, this is certainly a step in the right direction. I'm out of prison! I'm walking down the streets of Whittier with the sun shining in my face and the blue sky, with traffic passing by me and horns honking, breathing fresh air. And there's no convicts around. And I'm dressed in a suit and taking my first free steps. I'm out of prison! Well thank you, everybody! It's absolutely right!"" But the feeling was not to last. The FBI had plans for Tim that were not what he was expecting.

Their first request was that Tim and Joanna assist them in securing convictions for George Chula and Michael Kennedy, two lawyers who had reputations for successfully defending counterculture activists. In order to do this Tim had to call them and ask them to meet with Joanna, using the excuse of discussing an element of Tim's legal situation. Joanna, who would be wearing a wire and be watched by undercover officers, had to then persuade them to sell her some cocaine. The hope was that they could be tricked into supplying Joanna with enough drugs that they would receive a sizeable jail sentence and be barred from practicing law. It was only if Tim agreed to do this that the FBI would be convinced that he was genuinely cooperating with them. It was only then that they would make some commitment to reducing his jail sentence. Tim agreed to the deal. Joanna assured them that she would do anything to help free Tim.

Worse was to come when these plans were underway. The government leaked the news that Leary was collaborating to Newsweek, and the story whipped up a whirlwind of paranoia in the underground. "It's Official-Leary is Singing!" ran a typical headline in the Berkeley Barb. The article went on to quote Mike Aun of the US Bureau of Prisons, who said that "Leary is singing. He's talking about a multimillion dollar drug scheme, and he knows there are a lot of people who want to silence him."4 It was claimed that he was ratting on everybody, from old friends to the Weathermen, and that a lot of arrests were imminent because of his testimony. Many articles credited unnamed sources, such as the "heavy source in the narcotics world" who told the San Francisco Chronicle that, "unless [Leary] gets enough plastic surgery to change his entire appearance, he's a dead man as soon as he hits the street.""

By publicizing his decision to cooperate, the government had Leary exactly where they wanted him. The precariousness of his position was made evident when, unhappy with the information that he was giving them and suspecting that he was holding back, they moved him to Sandstone Federal Prison in Minnesota. Here he was booked in under the name Charlie Thrush, a clear message to the other inmates that he was a "songbird." With his life clearly in danger, he was moved from prison to prison and held in solitary or maximum security situations. The dream of an escapable, minimum-security "country club" jail evaporated like smoke.

And at night in Sandstone, as he sat alone in the solitary confinement wing, he could hear someone walking up and down outside his window, singing the Moody Blues song "Legend of a Mind." "Timothy Leary's dead," the song went, and the man repeated this line throughout the night.

Can I Shoot You?

BETWEEN JUNE AND July1974, Joanna had three meetings with George Chula. He gave her cocaine and marijuana, which Joanna then gave to the Orange County and federal narcotic officers who were hiding in the next hotel room. Wearing a wire, she gave him \$700 of marked police money and asked him to get her half an ounce of cocaine. Just before he was due to deliver the drug, he received an anonymous phone call and was told that he was due to be arrested that night. He immediately drove to Joanna's motel and asked her if she was behind the set-up. Joanna scoffed at the idea. All that cocaine he was taking was making him paranoid, she told him, and she proceeded to lecture him about the dangers of the drug.

Joanna was a natural at operations like these. She had long ago learned to mask her feelings and emotions. She could appear uninterested and unconcerned when inside her heart pounded and her pulse raced. There definitely seemed to be advantages, as Dennis insisted, to playing both sides of the game.

While she was setting up George Chula, Joanna's apartment was burgled by Robin Viertel and a cocaine dealer that she had recently moved in with, Charlie Dewald. Robin had not been rejected by Dennis when he started sleeping with Joanna, but she had been relegated to a secondary position in his affections. The relationships were all open but Robin found herself increasingly being treated less like an equal and more like a maid. She decided that she deserved some of the money from the Franklin caper, and so, with the help of her new partner, she drove to Joanna's apartment and took everything they could find. They took furniture, musical equipment, jewelery, clothes, letters from Tim and the sensitive tapes that Dennis made of all his phone conversations.

When she discovered what had happened, Joanna took advantage of her newfound friends in law enforcement. By the time Robin called later that night to demand \$25,000 for the return of all her belongings, the phone was being tapped and the house was full of police. Joanna went to the rendezvous at the Motel 8 near the Golden Gate Bridge the following day with a squad of police at her heels. Robin and Charlie were arrested and sentenced to 90 days and four months respectively. Joanna even managed to get through the whole affair without the police realizing the source of the money.

In their efforts to free Tim, the counterculture organized fundraising benefits, consciousness-raising events and letter-writing campaigns. To Joanna this was naive:

a pointless waste of energy with no hope of achieving Tim's freedom. Powerful people were the only hope, she knew, and that meant government people. Her ultimate goal was to arrange a meeting with President Ford and convince him that Tim should be released. This was, she believed, how the world worked. She failed to do this, of course, but she came closer than might be expected. After a chance meeting with Senator Hubert Humphrey in the first class section of a flight to Washington DC, she secured a meeting with the Attorney General William Saxbe. The meeting was not a success, and Saxbe told Joanna that "If I was your father, I would spank you hard." Undaunted, she posed as a European reporter and enjoyed a more good-humored meeting with California's controversial new governor, Jerry Brown. When her FBI contacts heard about her exploits, they considered trying to use her to set up Governor Brown in a cocaine bust.

That Joanna had turned against the counterculture was evident when she testified against Chula in court. "The first year I spent in this country, I met a lot of people who were in the so-called-I won't say underground-but part of the drug culture," she said, "I found 99.9% of them to be dishonest, lying people." Following her testimony, Chula was found guilty on a reduced charge of marijuana possession and sentenced to 45 days in the Orange County Jail.

Tim also took the stand and testified against Chula. He told the court that Chula was "a very jolly person." He also told them how Chula had handed him a piece of hashish during a prison visit and he had eaten it. "I firmly believe that it was hashish on the basis of what it looked like and the way it tasted ... it is kind of an acrid, a dark, semi-bitter resinous, oily taste." Afterward, he went on to explain to the court, "I felt euphoric, as I felt a feeling of happiness and that nothing mattered, and I was no longer angry with Mr. Chula. It is a feeling like a philosophic detachment. It will all be over in a hundred years and no reason to get upset about it."2 Leary then went on to explain why he was testifying. "I think we are now at a time in this country when everybody has to tell the truth. I think if Watergate hadn't happened, I probably wouldn't be here today.... I feel no shame or guilt for things that I have done in the past. I have made mistakes, but I have never covered up any of my activities, and I don't think that people in responsible positions as officers of the court, such as defense lawyers, should have anything to cover up. I think that the truth should be open for everyone to see."

PLACERVILLE COUNTY JAIL was the "thirty-sixth jail I had inhabited in my outlaw career," Tim later wrote, "and the worst." He spent three months there in 1974, in a Io foot by lo foot cell with only books for company and little sign that his collaboration was bringing about his release. It seems to have been a combination of the frustration and the boredom, plus a sense that the FBI had him exactly where they wanted him, that pushed him into an increasingly desperate state. During a visit with

Joanna he looked at her and mouthed the letters "G," "U" and "N." She nodded.

Joanna bought a .38 revolver from "a seedy guy in a garage." She bought a dark wig and, using this disguise, rented a Sacramento apartment under a false name. This was where they would hide out once Tim was free. She then bought an anatomy book and learned where to stick a knife in order to wound, and where to stick it in order to kill.

It was when she later thought back to this time that Joanna realized that, throughout those years trying to free Tim, she was not in control of herself. As she explains it now, "I had been insane."

WHEN TIM WAS sent to Folsom Prison after his escape trial, he had initially been sent to the adjustment center known as 4-A. This was the home of the worst of the worst in the prison system. The only company that he had during that period belonged to the voice that drifted in from the other side of his cell's thick brick wall. And that was the voice of Charles Manson.

Manson had created such a hold over his followers that they killed seven people and one unborn child for him. Manson and three members of his "family" were sentenced to death, although this was changed to life imprisonment when the California Supreme Court abolished the death penalty in 1972. Manson gave LSD to his followers in order to control them, and proved to be far more effective at the task than any of the known CIA brainwashing programs. When the light and dark icons of psychedelia talked for the first time, in the lowest and most brutal hole of the American prison system, the subject of brainwashing was quickly raised. Back in 1965, when Manson had left prison for the first time, he found thousands of kids eager, as he saw it, to be controlled. What he could not understand was why Leary had not taken advantage of the situation that he had created. These people all looked up to Leary, and could easily have been made to do anything that he wanted. Instead he told them to reject leaders, think for themselves and even create their own religions. Manson realized that if Leary was not going to impose his will on the young, then there was no reason why he could not take that role himself. Indeed, Manson's strange hold over his generation continues to this day, to the extent that he has reportedly received more mail than any other prisoner in the US prison system.

Leary knew as well as Manson that the person that gives LSD could imprint a powerful paternal imprint on those that he bestows the drug upon. Indeed, Tim had firsthand experience of this phenomenon, for he imprinted a similar impression of Michael Hollingshead when Michael gave him his first ever LSD trip. Leary then, much to the embarrassment of others, spent a couple of weeks convinced that Hollingshead was some form of divine messenger. What, then, are we to make of Tim's behavior after he met Joanna in Europe? He gave her LSD every single day for

two-and-a-half months, and insisted that she took it. He then proceeded to tell her that he had created her, that she was his "perfect love," and that she had been sent to free him. He would not have been unaware of the view she would form of him under these circumstances. In a letter from jail to Brian Barritt, Leary strongly implied that he knew that after the Brotherhood busts he would shortly be recaptured, and that he knew from experience that he would not be able to survive long on the inside without a devoted partner on the outside."

Joanna certainly showed all the signs of being brainwashed by Tim. This was evident in press interviews, where she would blindly reiterate Leary's craziest thoughts with utmost sincerity and unquestioning belief, such as the idea that he would escape from prison by simply leaving his body so that they could live together among the stars. Many of Leary's old friends, particularly his son Jack, stated categorically that they thought she was insane. As she describes the relationship now, Tim "had monumental power" over her. All of which raises the question, had Leary deliberately exerted an almost Manson-like level of control over her?

The prison psychologist Dr. Wesley Hiler was able to closely observe both Manson and Leary during their incarceration in California during the early 1970s, and he made many perceptive comments about the similarities between the two men. He claimed that they were both megalomaniacs, for example. Megalomania is a common reaction to extensive LSD use, for once you are aware that your reality was created by yourself for your own benefit, it is hard to avoid getting a God complex. Indeed, this is a strong argument against widespread LSD use, for society can only absorb so many megalomaniacs at any one time.

Hiler had much to say about the differences between the two men as well. "Leary was not at all psychotic," he claimed, "he was very aware of what was going on, very realistic about everyday life. Manson was not. Manson was definitely deluded, had psychotic delusions, wasn't able to function effectively with people around him ... He just thought that he was doing something superior and wasn't concerned with good and evil."

In particular, the two men had very different attitudes to sex and women. "Manson had contempt for women," Hiler said, "he enjoyed manipulating them, controlling them. He felt that he didn't really love any of the women in his gang but he enjoyed being loved by them, enjoyed the power trip that he was on. Both Leary and Manson were narcissistic. The difference between them was that Leary's relationship with Joanna was a more mutual one. He didn't have any contempt for her at all, but they had experienced what he called a `fusion.' It was a symbiotic relationship in which they mutually idealized each other and felt very intense love as a result of mutual identification. They idealized each other to an unusual degree.... I felt Leary had a definite capacity for love.... Neither Leary nor Manson had a conventional

conscience. Both of them are willing to do what is in their self-interest to the sacrifice of others. But, in addition to that, Manson has a whole lot of hostility in him which Leary doesn't and so Manson is destructive. Leary is not destructive at all. Whatever destructiveness comes out of him is either accidental or because he feels it's a necessary evil."

It seems that, while Tim was giving Joanna LSD daily in Europe, he was becoming equally as changed by the drug as she was. The reality that they were both imprinting was focused on one simple message: that they had a perfect love and that Joanna had been sent to free Tim. So deep did this mutual brainwashing go that other realities became invisible to them. This, then, could explain Tim's testimony during his escape trial and Joanna's press statements. Their words did not seem mad to them, because their minds refused to acknowledge any other reality except that Tim was destined to be free and Joanna was destined to free him. This would also explain Tim's decision to cooperate with the authorities. As he was destined to be freed, and there was only one route to freedom still available, then he had no choice but to take it.

It seems that Leary was still adhering to the principles of his preHarvard Existential Transaction. In giving the drug, the "doctor" was allowing himself to be as changed by the transaction as the "patient." He was giving Joanna exactly what she craved, the love and devotion of a powerful alpha male in order to strengthen her fragile self-worth. In return, she became what he most needed: a woman who, unlike Marianne, Delsey, Nena or Rosemary, would not leave him in his hour of need. If Tim had brainwashed Joanna in Switzerland and Austria, he had also brainwashed himself at the same time. If she was being molded to suit his needs, then it was only fair that he change himself to give her what she needed. Their relationship may have been closer to worship than genuine love, but it was at least mutual worship.

The situation also echoes ideas in Leary's much-respected work from 1957, the Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality. There are times when what appear to be mental disorders are, he had argued, "a healthy, pro-survival adaptation" of an individual to a crazy situation. Knowing what he faced when he was recaptured, it can be argued that brainwashing himself to believe that he was going to be freed by a beautiful woman was, in the circumstances, the sanest thing that he could have done.

JOANNA HAD THE gun in her boot as she and Tim were driven north through California toward the Oregon border. They sat in the back of the car while US Marshal Art van Court drove, and FBI agent Dan McGowan sat in the front. They were being taken on one of their occasional "outings," a trip to try and locate the safe houses that Leary was kept in after his escape from San Luis Obispo. Joanna believed that she would shoot the two officers when the right opportunity arrived.

As they drove across the Golden Gate Bridge toward Sacramento, Tim glanced down and saw an enormous .357 Magnum lying at his feet. It had fallen out of the holster of agent McGowan, who sat in front of him. Slowly he picked it up, shocked at how heavy it was. Joanna could hardly believe her eyes when she noticed Tim clutching "the biggest gun I've ever seen." She pulled her revolver out of her boot. The pair sat, each pointing a gun through the front seat at the agents in front. As Leary described the scene, "[Joanna] looked at me with child-like expectation, a pretty twelve-year-old about to be taken to the circus. I waited. The cops chatted away innocently. It was every prisoner's all-time escape dream."8

It was the sort of unbelievable situation that only happens to people like Timothy Leary. It was comparable to the time he sat the new prisoner's psychological profile test, only to realize that he had written it himself, or the time he had needed a building and was handed Millbrook. It was almost as if some power in the universe was looking after him, making his wishes come true. And after all, was this not what he had wished for? Wasn't his personal freedom the most important thing in his life? Well, he could now reclaim that freedom. All he had to do was take it.

It seems that holding the cold metal in his hand helped Leary make a decision. He wrapped the gun up in a copy of the San Francisco Chronicle that lay in the back seat, and handed it back to the FBI agent with a smile and a pat on the shoulder. McGowan was stunned when he realized what he had received, as was Joanna. Agent McGowan may well have noticed his gun missing before a suitable time to spring the escape, so it was wise to return it. But the fact that Leary did so discreetly, in order not to embarrass the FBI agent in front of the US Marshal, completely blew Joanna's mind. Here was Tim concerned about the possible embarrassment of a man they planned to kill very shortly.

Later, they were left alone when the car was parked at the entrance to a forest. The agents took the car keys and went into the trees to relieve themselves. They were many miles from the nearest town. It was an ideal opportunity. Joanna turned to Tim expectantly. He, however, had been assessing the sequence of events that would unfurl if they put their plan in option. Could they kill them both before one of them returned fire? What would they do with the bodies? He thought, for the first time, of their families. And this would not be the end of it. As he said to Joanna, "Do you realize that if we kill them and take their car, then we will have to kill the next people who come for us, and the next after that?" This was news to Joanna, who was not in the habit of thinking through the consequences of their actions. They looked at each other and both knew that they would not go through with it. Then they heard a question from one of the agents, who had just returned from out of the trees. "Can I shoot you?" he asked. They turned and found him standing expectantly, holding a camera. They smiled, and he took their photograph. The next day Joanna's gun went into the Sacramento River.

TIM'S TESTIMONY AT the George Chula case may have seemed unnecessary at the time. It could not have brought about a conviction because Tim had eaten the evidence, and Joanna's testimony was strong enough to bring conviction. But the real reason Leary was forced to take the stand became evident after his testimony was reported in the press. The underground was overcome with panic and horror. Paranoia reached hysterical levels, for it was believed that Leary was ratting on anyone who had ever shared a spliff with him. Within a week of Tim taking the stand, the activist Jerry Rubin and the writer Ken Kelley had formed an organisation called PILL, or People Investigating Leary's Lies. The group was formed, reportedly at the advice of an underground attorney, in order to discredit any future testimony that Tim may give. They arranged a press conference at an elegant, Georgian room in the St. Francis hotel, San Francisco, on September 18, 1974.

At the press conference the group revealed a petition signed by over ioo prominent members of the counterculture. "We condemn the terrible pressures brought to bear by the government on people in the prisons of this country," it stated. "We also denounce Timothy Leary for turning state's evidence and marking innocent people for jail in order to get out of jail himself." It was accompanied by a short note from Rosemary in exile, in which she refuted any "karmic responsibil ity" she may have for Tim's actions. But most wounding for Leary was the members of the panel that addressed the press. Alongside Rubin and Kelley sat Allen Ginsberg, Ram Dass and Jack Leary.

Rubin spoke first. He denounced Leary as a "traitor," a man who was "fabricating elaborate lies" in order to trade the freedom of his former friends and supporters for his own. His condemnation, however, was interrupted by the emergence of a man in a kangaroo suit who burst into the room and attempted to hit Rubin in the face with a custard pie.9 The kangaroo was protesting about what it considered to be a "kangaroo court," determined to judge Leary before the full facts were known.

Ram Dass spoke next. He argued that prison had turned Tim from a "rascal" into a "scoundrel." A rascal was a "mischievous fun-loving prankster who doesn't really hurt anyone," he explained, while a scoundrel, "is malicious, and people get hurt." He was followed by Ginsberg, who posed "44 Temporary Questions On Dr.Leary." These questions struck a more considered and cautious note than the previous speakers. They ranged from questioning the motives of the government, to acknowledging both the lack of information about what was happening and the resulting fear and paranoia in the underground. They also showed compassion for Tim and the situation he found himself in. That compassion was missing in the next speaker, however. This was Tim's son Jack.

Jack, who was now in his mid-twenties, was dressed in a casual checked shirt and

a light jacket. He had begun to resemble his father physically, most notably in his eyes and his build. His anger at his father had been growing for many years now. Tim has written that one of his most treasured memories was when Jack reached out and touched his hand during his 1964 Millbrook wedding to Nena, for "we were never as close again."" Tim believed that while he was in India Richard Alpert slept with Jack, and for all his libertarian beliefs this was something that he could not accept." The resulting arguments caused Alpert to leave Millbrook. Jack appears to have taken Alpert's side in the feud.

Tim's last prolonged contact with his son was in 1970, while jailed in Chino when Jack was placed in Tim's cell for a couple of days. They both found the situation awkward, for they were no longer used to spending time in each other's company. Speaking freely was difficult because they both suspected that the cell had been bugged. After Jack had been moved to a different cell, they had little contact for many years.

"This is the first time I have appeared to speak publicly," Jack began. "I have always gone out of my way in the past to avoid publicity. But I feel compelled to come forward now because Tim is engaged in very dangerous actions which can destroy the lives of many of his former friends and associates. Tim's actions are not out of character with his personality as I have come to know it for 24 years. As incredible as it seems for many people to realize that Tim has become a government informer, his actions come as no surprise to me. What does surprise me is that he didn't do this two or three years ago. What died in jail was not his soul, but his self-esteem and public image. Based on my past experience, I know that Timothy Leary lies at will when he thinks it will benefit him. He finds lies easier to control than the truth. And he creates fantastic, absurd stories that he gets caught up in, and then cannot distinguish from the truth.... I do not believe by this statement that I am in any way betraying Tim's trust. Rather, Timothy Leary, by his deceit, is betraying the very meaning of the word trust.""

It was the sort of public spectacle that the FBI's COINTELPRO campaign would have dreamed of organizing. The fact that Tim had turned on the hippies, and that the hippies had turned on Tim, was big news in the mainstream press. Most reports focused on the personal angle of a son denouncing his father, such as the New York Post story SON HAS ACID COMMENTS ABOUT TIM LEARY.14

Just as Leary had been personally associated with the birth of the flower-power movement, so he was now being linked with its death. As the organizer Ken Kelley remarked at the end of the conference, "The sixties are finally dead. That was just the funeral."

ANGER AT LEARY continued to reverberate through the underground over the next year. Many people thought that he had a duty to die in jail. "To believe that Leary is

anything other than a pig requires either total naivete or total paranoia" claimed a typical letter to the Berkeley Barb.'s "[The idea that Leary is an important political prisoner] is ludicrous when we think of the revolutionary courage of George Jackson and the countless others the pigs had to murder because they couldn't break them: people like Inez Garcia, Ruchell Magee, Joe Remiro, Russ Little, the San Quentin six and all those sisters and brothers who continue to set examples for all of us from inside the walls." The paranoia continued because nobody could find out where Tim was being held or what he was doing. Indeed, by the end of November, attorneys for Allen Ginsberg served a formal notice on the US Bureau of Prisons to produce Leary and prove that he was still alive. Any clue as to what was happening was leapt upon and analyzed at length. People were so desperate for news that the San Francisco Chronicle ran a story, based on a comment by the prison psychiatrist Wesley Hiler, entitled "Timothy Leary Has a Suntan." 16

For those who still could not bring themselves to attack Tim there was an easier target, and that was Joanna. Her initial positive press soon descended into a level of hostility that was comparable to the treatment of Yoko Ono after the breakup of the Beatles. It didn't take conspiracy theorists long, once she was known to be working for the government, to decide that she must have been a government agent all along. She went from being described in the press as "Joanna Leary" to "Joanna Harcourt-Smith, who calls herself Joanna Leary." The fact that she had been allowed to legally change her name when she and Tim were not married, it was claimed, was highly suspicious and indicated that she had powerful friends in high places. That she had once spent time in Washington DC was also offered as further evidence of her dubious nature, as was the fact that she had been flown back to America with Tim from Kabul, despite being neither his wife nor a wanted American. The position of the Starseed office, which was at the end of narrow street and in an ideal position for observing anyone who approached it, was seen as a sign that she was not to be trusted. The office, in fact, was simply one that had been donated by Francis Ford Coppola in order to help free Tim. When requests to visit Tim in jail were turned down, it was said that Joanna had poisoned Tim's mind and made him reject the applications. The prison paperwork, however, shows that the prison authorities turned down applications themselves."

Before long many people were claiming that Joanna was some form of international spy who had been sent to Europe in order to seduce Tim and arrange his capture. It soon became accepted knowledge that it must have been Joanna, and not Dennis, who had persuaded Tim to fly to Afghanistan. Once he was back in captivity it was then her job to destroy his credibility and separate him from his "true friends." Somehow she had also brainwashed Tim and had made him cooperate with the FBI against his will.

Joanna's sexual relationship with Dennis did not help matters, and neither did Martino's growing obsession with her. Matters came to a head when Dennis, arguing that there should be no secrets, wrote a letter detailing his relationship with Joanna, and sent it to the FBI. Tim had been working his charm on those who guarded him, and had become increasingly friendly with his FBI handlers. He had grown a mustache, put on weight and had even, Joanna felt, started to resemble them physically. He had known all about Joanna's sex life, of course, but in front of the agents he had kept up the pretense that she was a good, loyal wife who was devoted to her man. The FBI agents were a generation older than those who embraced free love and women's liberation. While they had no problem with what Dennis had done, they were disgusted that Joanna could behave in such a way and betray their good buddy Tim. In order to diffuse the scandal that Dennis's letter had brought, and to avoid the anger of the counterculture, Joanna went back to Spain in order to wait until the situation calmed down. She made it clear to Dennis that he would not be welcome in Spain. But he followed her anyway.

THE BODY OF Dennis Martino was discovered at noon on March 15,1975. A hotel clerk found his body in his bed at the La Fonda Hotel in Marbella, near Seville. Initial reports indicated that he had died of an overdose of Valium and alcohol.',

The first Joanna heard of the death was when a friend ran up to her in a cafe and told her that the police were looking for her. They wanted to ask her questions about the "dead American." The Spanish police had a terrifying reputation in the days of Franco, so she fortified herself with a Valium, donned an expensive fur coat and reported to the police station. She was taken to Martino's cheap hotel room. Laid out on the desk was a rack of electronic equipment, covered in dials and cables. A senior officer, his face and voice radiating extreme seriousness, indicated the equipment and asked Joanna which government Martino was working for. The machine in question was Dennis's current toy, the latest Moog synthesizer. Joanna had to don a pair of headphones and eek a few electronic bleeps and whooshes from the machine before the police would believe that it was not a spy's surveillance center, but was in fact a musical instrument.

The Spanish authorities termed it "death by misadventure," but back in America it was assumed that there must have been something more to it. "Former associates of Martino and Timothy Leary are speculating that Martino was murdered by the US Government, possibly by the CIA or the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA)," reported the Berkeley Barb." This theory was based on the idea that Dennis had been talking to a number of journalists about his work for the DEA, and that his lack of discretion

had destroyed his ability to perform undercover work. "This is a prime example of what happens to snitches when they've outlived their usefulness to the government," said the writer Ken Kelley, "I wouldn't be surprised if the same thing happens to Timothy Leary." The writer Robert Anton Wilson also suspected foul play. "If all this were happening in Russia-a great scientist jailed for his research and held incommunicado for eight months now, his wife disappearing, all similar research stopped by law and now a murder!-the liberals and the ACLU would be having the shits, the fits and the blind staggers." Other people agreed that it must be murder, but thought that a more likely culprit was the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, or some other element from the drug underworld who he had snitched on.

But those who were closest to Dennis, such as Robin and Joanna, believed it was suicide. He had failed in his attempts to win Joanna completely. It was clear that she would never choose him over Tim, and once Leary was released he would almost certainly lose her for good. He had burned every one of his bridges; there was nothing for him in America but enemies, his usefulness to the DEA was over, and he had nowhere to go. He had spoken of suicide a number of times in the past months. Joanna had even warned him that if he was going to kill himself, then he had better not do it "on her doorstep" in Spain. The issue is not clear cut, for a three-quartersfull bottle of wine and half a jar of Valium were left in the room, and it might be assumed that someone attempting to overdose would have emptied these. It may well be that his body just failed, for Dennis had ingested a lot of drugs over many years, and particularly liked to mix all sorts of different substances at once. But it does seem likely that, even if he had yet to attempt suicide, it was imminent. The last entry in his diary was blank apart from a simple quote from the Bob Dylan song "Just Like A Woman." Joanne interpreted this as a goodbye message, aimed at her. It read, "When we meet again, introduced as friends, please don't let on that you knew me when I was hungry and it was your world." Joanna's world, Dennis knew, was an exclusive but unwelcoming place, and it was somewhere where he, the son of an American immigrant barber, was never going to be properly accepted.

ON FEBRUARY 28,1975 Timothy Leary was released from the Californian Prison System after serving 31 months, and placed in federal care. He had served sufficient time for the Laguna Beach arrest and the prison escape, it had been decided, and these sentences were now over. The 18 month to 10 years federal sentence for the arrest at the Mexican border now began.

But if the FBI wanted to secure convictions among the Weathermen and Brotherhood of Eternal Love for their part in Leary's escape, then time was short. The five year statute of limitations on the crime expired in September, and afterward no conviction would be possible. In July, Tim was brought before a grand jury in San Francisco, but his testimony alone could not bring about any indictments. As a

prisoner cooperating in order to gain early release, his information would have to be corroborated by external sources in order to be admissible in court.

In order to appear to be cooperating fully, Leary had suggested that Rosemary and his archive, which was in the care of Michael Horowitz, could corroborate the information that he gave. Six FBI agents, accompanied by Joanna and Denis, raided Horowitz's home and searched his library, but this did not produce any damaging information. As Rosemary's whereabouts remained unknown, the September deadline passed with no arrests or indictments. There was now little that the FBI could gain from Tim's continued cooperation. More importantly, the political pressure to keep him locked up had ended following the post-Watergate administration changes. It was a combination of these factors that explains why, on April 21, 1976, Timothy Leary was given his freedom.

Brian Barritt describes it as Tim's greatest escape. "He basically talked his way out of a life sentence, you know, which is good going seeing as he didn't know anything. Now, some people were embarrassed and some were inconvenienced, but compare that to the situation he was in and what he was facing." This was also the attitude that Tim would later take about the incident. But there were those for whom the embarrassment and inconvenience was not minor. It seems likely that the FBI would have found a way to put George Chula behind bars if they had not had help from Tim and Joanna, but it is unlikely that he himself would have seen it in that light.

Then there are those that Leary named to corroborate his testimony. Horowitz was certainly inconvenienced. He was subpoenaed to appear in court and to deliver his archive to federal custody, but he shows no animosity toward Tim because of the incident. Indeed, he started a campaign to give archivists the same legal protection as doctors and priests, in order to ensure the safe storage of private information for future generations without the risk of prosecution. In this he gained considerable support from the literary world, including the American PEN club and the leading Beat writers.

The impact on Rosemary, however, was far worse. She had already been in hiding for breaking her parole, and because of her role in the prison break. But the jailbreak was a California warrant which would be forgotten once the five year statute of limitations expired in September. When Tim gave her name to federal agents, however, she became wanted by the FBI and Interpol. Their warrant for her arrest would not expire with time. The result was that Rosemary spent the next 23 years on the run.

Rosemary's relationship with John Schewell remained strong throughout the seventies, as their refugee travels took them to Canada, Afghanistan, Sicily and to South America, where they raised cattle in Colombia. In 1979 the pair returned secretly to the USA, landing in a speedboat on Cape Cod, and they separated shortly

afterward. Rosemary hid under the name Sarah Woodruff, as her true identity had to be kept secret from all but her most trusted confidants. Her health suffered for lack of medical care. Every night during those two decades, she would check where her shoes were before she retired to bed. If the FBI came during the night she had to be ready to make a run for it, to leave behind whatever life she had built herself. And the stress of this fear remained with her, day after day, month after month, as the years of hiding passed and slowly turned into decades.

THERE WAS ANOTHER cost for Tim's collaboration, and that was one that he paid himself. By the time he walked free from jail, his name and reputation were destroyed. Of course, he knew that this would be the price when he agreed to cooperate. When he decided to talk he said that "I don't want to go down in history as a martyr," and he achieved this. He was willing to pay the ultimate personal price because he knew that, while his reputation was an illusion, freedom was real. But the incident can't be considered a victory, for those people in the Nixon administration who wanted Leary jailed must surely have been very happy about what followed. Had they been able to arrange the total destruction of his reputation among his followers, to turn him into a snitch, a fink and a government informer who was denounced by his friends and family, it seems likely that they would have chosen this option over prison in the first place. Leary had been dangerous to society, they knew, because of what he symbolized. As far as they were concerned, that threat had now been neutralized.

Scum! Fucking Traitor!

FTER TIM wAs released he and Joanna were taken by federal marshals to the Sangre de Christo mountains in New Mexico.' They were told that their lives were in danger because of their collaboration with the FBI, so they were placed in the witness protection program and were given false identities in the names of James and Nora Joyce. With their government stipend they rented an isolated wooden A-frame house in the Pecos wilderness. There was a small creek behind the cabin where they could cool their drinks, and bears could occasionally be seen moving along the edge of the forest. They watched the stars at night and Tim wrote on a manual typewriter during the day. The first time they went into Sante Fe, however, they were immediately recognized. It soon became clear that hiding a man as famous as Tim was not going to be possible and by July they had been dropped from the federal witness protection program. They reassumed their own names and identities, and hoped for the best.

Freedom did not bring with it the idyllic relationship of "Perfect Love" that they had longed for during his imprisonment. Isolated in the cabin, they drank too much and fought constantly. Joanna was extremely jealous of any woman who came close to Tim. The anger and hurt that had been growing in her since childhood, and which she had largely hidden during their months together in Europe, had been stirred up by the stresses of the preceding three years. There was no way that she could keep it from erupting, and all her anger, insecurities and spite were directed at Tim.

Tim would later claim that he had known all along that their relationship would not continue after his release.' If this was true, it would imply that he had just used Joanna to help secure his release, and rejected her when she was no longer useful to him. This position is not supported by the letters that he wrote while in jail, both to Joanna and, more revealingly, to other people, in which his devotion to her comes across as genuine. This devotion, even if it was the result of brainwashing, seems to have been unshakable during his incarceration. It is visible in many little ways, such as the way the first thing he did when he was placed in Folsom was to put pictures of Einstein and Joanna on his wall. It does seem, however, that they both longed for heavily idealized visions of each other. When they were thrown together in the middle of the wilderness, while they both had to recover from the strains of the past years, life was never going to compare with the relationship that they had imagined. Both were difficult and demanding individuals, and the hard edges of their personalities were impossible to ignore in such a confined environment.

Tim also felt a need to return to the spotlight, partly because of his addiction to celebrity but more importantly to show that he had not been cowed or defeated. Remaining with Joanna made this problematic, for Tim was aware of how hated she had become over the previous i8 months. The only way that he could free himself of this negative reaction was to publicly reject Joanna. This he did, going as far as implying in a later press interview that it was Joanna's "fault" that he collaborated with the authorities.

The idea that one woman could force Timothy Leary to spend nearly two long years collaborating with the FBI against his will does not seem believable in the light of his personality. Tim was undoubtedly under immense personal strain during his imprisonment, but there is little doubt that he made the decision to speak to the FBI himself, and that he intended to see this approach through to the end. Nevertheless, the idea that the whole incident was entirely Joanna's fault was readily accepted by much of the press and many of his supporters alike, and his split from her was an important step in reestablishing his reputation.

Joanna's mother had been diagnosed with lung cancer, and was in the last few months of her life. This was emotionally catastrophic for Joanna, for despite the abusive nature of their relationship, Marysia was the only constant in her life. Marysia was in a hospital in San Diego and Joanna flew there in order to be with her during her final days. Tim, however, wouldn't go with her, saying that he had spent too long in institutions and did not want to visit a hospital. While separated, the doubts and insecurities between them grew. Tim began an affair with a woman in Sante Fe. Joanna resumed an affair with a man named Jann. Jann had helped Joanna design and print Tim's last prison book, a thinly disguised autobiographical novel entitled What Does Woman Want?, and she had slept with him while Leary was inside. She did so again, on the morning that Tim finally returned to California. He came not to visit Marysia, but to appear on the Today show. Tim and Joanna also slept together on the night that he arrived. The following day Joanna was pregnant.

Joanna has always maintained that the baby was Tim's. She says that, for every one of her three children, she has known instinctively that she had fallen pregnant at the moment of conception. Her belief has only been strengthened over the following 30 years, as the child has grown and, she says, come to resemble Tim far more than Jann.' Nevertheless, she felt that she had to tell Tim that there was a chance that the child might not be his. Leary was furious, and another drunken fight erupted. The following morning Joanna awoke and discovered that he had gone. He had packed what few possessions he had accumulated since release into his little Pinto car during the night, and left without another word. From that moment on, Tim refused to accept that he might be the father. He always insisted that the child, a boy, was not his but Jann's, and it appears that he kept to this belief until the end of his days.4 The

strength of this reaction demonstrates that he did not use Joanna's affair as an excuse to end the failing relationship, but that he was genuinely hurt by the betrayal.

For Joanna, the dream of building a life with Tim was over. She had done many questionable things while he was in jail, but the overriding motive for them was to free Tim. The life she imagined they would eventually have together had kept her going: a reward for all the pain and abuse that she had undergone during the previous three years. When Tim left, this future disappeared and, when her mother died, her only link to her past crumbled away too.

Alone, hated and pregnant, she turned again to Jann, who always insisted that he was the father of her son. They married and separated shortly afterward. Despite all the alcohol and cigarettes she consumed while pregnant, Joanna's baby was born healthy. Believing that a contract had been put out on her life by the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, she went into hiding and fled to the Caribbean, where she lived on a small houseboat. She was declared an unfit mother by an American court and lost access to the child, who was raised by Jann.

Her mother's estate offered to give her \$70,000 if she would sign away any right to her family's wealth. Tempted by the instant gratification of the check in hand, Joanna signed away both her stake in a considerable fortune, and that of her children. Now truly having nothing but a rapidly dwindling supply of dollars, she sank into years of alcoholism. In time, she would come to turn her life around. She would kick her addictions, recognize her faults, and attempt to address the hurt she'd caused her children. But from the vantage point of the mid-seventies, such a transformation was a long time away. After she lost Tim, her mother and her son, Joanna continued to fall, and her descent lasted for many years.

AFTER LEAVING JOANNA, Tim headed north. He initially stayed with his daughter, before making a permanent move to Los Angeles. In many ways it was a statement of intent. Timothy Leary was not going to go away. He planned to be where the action was. He viewed Los Angeles as the most modern place on Earth: a town whose main industry was the creation of new realities, supplied to the world through the screens of cinemas and televisions. He argued that Los Angeles was the final step in the westward march of human civilization, and that all the great historical discoveries had occurred in steps along the inevitable drift from Greece to Rome, through central Europe to Britain, then across the Atlantic to the Eastern States and, finally, California. This was not one of his more convincing ideas, as anyone with a basic grasp of Chinese or Islamic history would be the first to point out, but it did highlight a new patriotism that appears in his writings after the last vestiges of the Nixon administration crumbled away. His anti-American thoughts and statements were now a thing of the past.

The America that Leary was released into was a very different place from the one that locked him away. The utopian idealism of the early hippy movement had slowly evolved into the hedonistic fulfillment of simpler personal desires. Even as Tim first walked free under his own name, the initial rumblings of the punk movement were emerging. The punks may have taken the "Do It Yourself" attitude and the rejection of existing institutions from the psychedelic movement, but they had nothing but contempt for the previous generation. They adopted the slogan "kill all hippies," and they rejected the highs of LSD in favor of the mindless buzz of cheap speed and sniffing glue. Punk was followed by the materialistic eighties, a time of money, Wall Street and President Reagan, and the drug of choice became cocaine. Finally, there was a compelling argument for rejecting that the inner journey created by acid had any value. Whatever else it may have been, the psychedelic experience was clearly materially unproductive and unprofitable. The psychedelic revolution, as far as the mainstream was concerned, was over. The cool leaders of the generation that came of age in the early eighties would no more have considered using LSD than they would have listened to skiffle, or danced the Charleston.

This was the background to Leary's attempts to reestablish himself after he returned to the City of Dreams, penniless and unemployable. His reputation was in tatters and his previous experience with celebrity had left an addiction for recognition that he longed to feed. His initial plan was to throw himself into writing, hoping that he could rekindle his validity among the dwindling stock of his previous followers. Four books followed in quick succession,' which together with the jail-era What Does Woman Want?6 came to be known as the Future History series. But their impact was small. The books could be confusing and off-putting, with outbursts of bitterness mingling with absurd ideas and the occasional flash of clarity and insight. As he would later add in an apologetic introduction to Neuropolitique, a later revision of Neuropolitics, "The first version of Neuropolitics was written during the years 1973-76.... I must confess at this time I was alienated, a bit daft and given to occasional fits of irritation.... I hope those at whom I railed from jail will understand. I particularly regret my whining comments about Bob Dylan." It also did not help that Leary was preoccupied with science fiction during this period and frequently disguised real people and events under B-movie identities. He would refer to himself as Commodore Leri, of the Galactic Intelligence Committee, for example. Eldridge Cleaver would become the "Master of Space," while he was the "Time Traveler." None of this helped rescue his reputation as a great thinker.

Leary could have reacted by tailoring his message to appeal to the burgeoning New Age movement, as a number of his peers from the sixties were doing with some success. Instead he went in the other direction, eradicating any vestiges of spiritual thought from his writing and aiming for a scientific, or pseudo-scientific, approach. This was evident when he attempted to remove religious phrases from reissued past

writings. A sentence such as "The relentless web of Karma," for example, was somewhat tortuously rewritten as "The relentless web of Mind Mirror," and the meaning of the passage, to the casual reader at least, was lost.

This was evidence of an increasing atheism in Leary's philosophy. For Tim, the brain and nervous system were everything. He had no time for calls to any form of divinity beyond it. This is clearly illustrated in the addition of an eighth level to his consciousness levels mindmap, a system that now became known as the Eight Circuit Theory. People like Brian Barritt believed that beyond the seventh level was a profound experience that stripped you of your identity and merged you with some divine other, a "White Light" or "Godhead" that is familiar from most religious teachings. What Tim was doing with his eighth level was effectively reclaiming this experience as a product of the nervous system, describing it as some barely imaginable shift of consciousness to an atomic level, and thus denying the need for any form of external divinity. Effectively, he was claiming personal ownership of God.' This had the pleasing side effect of balancing out the eight-circuit model more symmetrically, allowing him to describe the higher four levels as enlightened versions of the lower four. He would also link the first four to the left hemisphere of the brain and the second four to the right.

This was just the start in a number of radical changes to his eight circuit model. The next evolution split each of the eight circuits into three distinct stages, turning the model from eight discrete steps to 24. These were described as the input, processing, and output variations of each of the original eight circuits. But what really confused matters was when he started to change what the model represented. It still described the levels of awareness that a brain can operate at, but he now claimed that it also described the evolution of a species through time. The journey of an individual from birth to enlightenment, he claimed, matched perfectly the evolution of our species, from pre-vertebrate life to simple amphibians, through apes and humans to some post-human future.

This appears to be a product of Leary's main strategy for regaining his credibility: that of seeming to concentrate on issues other than psychedelics. What was controversial, after all, about speculating about the evolution of the human race, both past and future? In this instance his attempt at scientific credibility was doomed to fail, partly because he was the infamous Timothy Leary and his reputation would always tower over him, but mainly because it simply isn't good science to create a theoretical model and claim that it represents different things at the same time. This thinking was, essentially, occult or mystical, and would never be taken seriously by the establishment. Those who took the trouble to study his model, such as the writer Robert Anton Wilson, would come away declaring it one of the greatest achievements of the late twentieth century. But the number of people who were

prepared to look past Leary's reputation and spend time studying his ideas was small. The number who would do so and risk their reputation by declaring their support publicly was even smaller.

Leary's attempts to disguise his psychedelic interests by seeming to promote non-drug ideas is best illustrated by his endorsement of a set of ideas that he gave the acronym S.M.P.L.E. This represented Space Migration, Intelligence Increase and Life Extension, and was the focus of Leary's public appearances in the decade after he was released from jail. At first glance these appear to be fanciful but uncontroversial topics of speculation, but the reason they interested Leary was because of their links to the higher levels of his mindmap. These were the technologies that needed to be advanced, he felt, in order to assist humankind in turning on the higher circuits.

But Leary's past was too significant to be forgotten by a change of topic. He would always be asked about drugs, and while his opinion had not changed personally he was careful not to be too controversial or campaigning in his remarks. The problem with the sixties, he used to say, was that "we expanded awareness but we did not expand intelligence." But despite his cautionary approach, he could not resist getting in a dig at Nancy Reagan's "Just Say No" anti-drug campaign. Tim's hijacked version of the slogan was "Just Say Know."

Nor would his collaboration with the FBI be forgotten or forgiven so quickly. In tapes of a public discussion with William Burroughs and others, a member of the audience can be heard heckling whenever Leary tried to speak." "Where's your police friends?" "He's a cop!" and "It's an outrage," were typical comments. When Leary made the comment that "the dinosaurs, for example, developed an adult species that was overspecialized," the heckler is heard to yell as he is evicted, "You're an overspecialized scum, Leary! Scum! Fucking traitor!"

IN MAY 1978 Tim met the woman who would be the sixth and final Mrs. Leary. Her name was Barbara, she had recently divorced a film producer and she lived in Beverley Hills. "I find it hard to describe Barbara's beauty, wisdom, and all-out capacity for love," he would write in 1983." "In my scientific estimation she is the sexiest, smartest, funniest woman in town."

They married seven months after meeting, and Tim adopted her five-year-old son Zachary. The wedding was a small affair, and the reception even smaller, as it was held in Tim's Mercedes. Apart from Tim, Barbara and a few bottles of champagne, only Brian, Liz and Susan were present in the car. Susan did not seem to approve of the wedding and asked her father embarrassing questions in front of his new wife, such as whether the wedding was legal, and whether he was really still married to Rosemary. Brian, for one, had doubts that the marriage would last. This was partly

because when Tim explained to him why he was marrying Barbara, the fact that she owned her own home and knew film people seemed a little too important. Yet despite these shaky foundations, the wedding would be the start of the longest period of family stability in Leary's life.

Brian would not be around to see this, however. Uninspired by Tim's new interests, he left for London with the promise to write a book about their adventures together in Africa and Europe. Brian devoted his time to heroin rather than literature, and the book failed to materialize. His intention was to lay low until "a less horrible time came around again." Angered by Brian's addiction and his failure to work on the project, Leary dismissed Barritt in his 1983 autobiography as a "lying junky." 12

BARBARA TOOK TO producing Tim's lectures and public appearances, most notably a traveling debate with his old Millbrook nemesis G. Gordon Liddy, who had since served time for his role in the Watergate burglary. The debate was on the subject of duty versus freedom. It was a big hit on the college circuit, and Liddy deserves credit for arguing his opinions in front of an audience firmly on Leary's side. While the pair would tear into each other on stage, behind the scenes they grew first respectful, and then friendly toward each other. Of course, neither could persuade the other to alter his opinions. Liddy had famously forced himself to eat a rat to test his will, so Leary offered to do the same if Liddy would try marijuana. Tempting as this deal may have been, Liddy refused on the grounds that he would not break the law. But despite their differences, Liddy spoke as fondly and as warmly about Tim during radio interviews after his death as did the left-wing activists from the sixties.

Liddy was not the only one who would find himself unexpectedly fond of Leary. The publisher Jeremy Tarcher has written about the meetings he had with Tim during this period. They met on a number of times, with Leary attempting to interest Tarcher in book proposals which the publisher never really understood or wanted. Yet he did find that after their fruitless meetings he would return feeling strangely optimistic and full of possibilities. Tim somehow made him feel good. As Tarcher explained: "I had worked with many famous people in the television industry and had been out in public with many of them, but I noticed something different when I was out with Tim. No one who recognized him failed to smile. Apparently he had devoted strangers posted on every corner. A stroll with Prometheus in ancient Athens would, I imagine, have brought the same words and winks of pleasure, gratitude, conspiracy, and community as a stroll with Tim in Beverley Hills.... I could tell that there was a little bit of what Tim symbolized in every one of these at-least-once-ignited souls, and they were happy and proud to know about that part of themselves.""

BY THE MID-EIGHTIES Leary had found a new focus for his interests. He became increasingly fascinated by computers, and in particular the spread of networked,

personal computers. Like the S.M.P. L.E technologies, these seemed useful in spurring on the development of the higher brain circuits, in particular level six, which has many similarities to the Internet. He threw himself into the subject with his usual enthusiasm. He wrote articles for computer magazines declaring that individuals had to reclaim the computer culture from corporations." He designed computer software, most notably Timothy Leary's Mind Mirror, which was published by Electronic Arts. He wrote a book, Chaos And Cyber Culture, in which he predicted that people would soon spend much of their days, both at home and at work, with their minds projected "through the Alice window" of a computer monitor, and that they would need to prioritize time spent "enjoying their bodies" to compensate. His house became full of young, intelligent people and his garage full of equipment. They would think nothing of attempting to do things with computers that had never been done before. In 1992 they built one of the first personal websites for him, and their playful approach to exploring the potential of these new tools rekindled Tim's admiration for the young. The PC was, Tim would claim, the greatest thing since acid.

To most people, this was just more crazy talk from his LSD-fried brain. The idea that normal people would use computers was considered ludicrous in the late 1980s. Computers were the domain of scientists and the worst kind of geeks. Normal people would no more be able to use them then they would build nuclear reactors or perform brain surgery. And even if they could use them, what on earth would they use them for? What possible use would, say, a housewife have for such an incomprehensible and expensive machine? When Leary made such ludicrous-sounding claims such as that "within ten years every school will have an Internet connection," it was almost as if he were back in the Orange County courtroom, claiming that he was from the twenty-first century.

Of course, the PC revolution occurred so quickly that Leary's computer essays have gone from appearing ludicrous to seeming quaint. Tim was around to gain recognition for his insights, winning a major award for his Leary.com website in the early 1990s. It seems to have been an important personal achievement for him. In his role as a "stand-up philosopher" on his lecture tours, Tim argued that philosophy, like baseball, was a numbers game. It was okay, and even necessary, to be wildly wrong on occasions. As he wrote in 1988, "I no longer feel embarrassed about the enormous number of boring or stupid or nutty concepts I launched in the 38 years I have been performing philosophy."" What were important were the percentages over the long game. Tim's early adoption of information technology and his computer prophesies did his scorecard a lot of good. By the time he reached his loth birthday, there is a sense that Tim felt a sense of pride about his philosophical batting average.

LEARY APPEARED To have found a comfortable niche for himself, but the good times were not to last. As the eighties rolled into the nineties, he was hit by three

personal tragedies, each enough to destroy a lesser man. The worst was the first of the three. In 1989, his daughter Susan committed suicide.

Susan had had many problems in her life. Following the death of her mother she became increasingly devoted to her father. He was not always around for her, however, and was frequently too preoccupied with other matters to give her the attention she desired. During his exile in Switzerland, Tim sent Susan and her husband David to India. He paid her a small wage to write him letters every day. The trip was not a success, and they returned to Europe in disgrace after Susan kicked a beggar. Her marriage to David crumbled, and it has been remarked that David only married her because she was Tim's daughter. They separated, and David returned to America, where he had a breakdown and was institutionalized. Susan was in Amsterdam, about to give birth to her second child, when she heard that her father had been captured and taken back to America. The news pushed her over the edge. She attacked her first child and tried to kill herself.

She was sent back to America, where she tried to build a career as a nurse. Tim received numerous letters in prison during this period from members of the Martino family, concerned that the children did not have winter coats and asking if they could help in raising them. When David was released from the Institute he married a woman named Rita. Susan responded by phoning the postal service, claiming to be Rita, and arranged to have all her mail forwarded to Mexico City. A few years later Tim bought Susan a car. She responded by methodically wrecking it. She poured sugar in the fuel tank, slashed the tires and drove a large iron spike through the engine. Her point was that it was not material things that she wanted from her father 16

There's no doubt that Tim loved Susan and that he adored his two grandchildren, but his attitude to her problems could be dismissive. He had remarked to friends that they came from a history of mental illness on her mother's side of the family, seemingly denying that any of her problems came from her unorthodox upbringing or her early drug use. This was an attitude that showed his dislike of individuals blaming their past, which he viewed as indulgent "victim" behavior. It also highlighted his tendency to refuse to accept the blame for situations.

Susan's problems came to a head when, during an argument, she shot her boyfriend in the head. He survived, but she was arrested and jailed. In the cell, she hanged herself with her shoelaces.

Burying a child has to be the most painful thing that a parent can do, and Leary was utterly devastated." But there were more knocks in store for him. During a holiday in South America, Barbara met a Brazilian millionaire for whom she immediately left Tim. Tim returned to the United States alone. And then, in January 1995, he was

diagnosed with prostate cancer. It was inoperable. He was dying.

23

On Houdini's Grave at Halloween

«CHANCES ARETHAT I'm wrong," Timothy Leary said in 1967 at the height of his fame, "because as a visionary prophet, you know, it's one out of a hundred that you are right and ninety-nine out of a hundred that you are a nut. That's the chance of the game, but history will tell."

Timothy Leary clearly was a "nut," at least in how the phrase is commonly understood. He did, after all, tell a courtroom that he was from the future. He described shooting a policeman as a "holy act," and he declared that a comet would free him from jail. He was a megalomaniac, a bad father and a shameless publicity seeker, and his attempts to make psychedelic use a permanent part of mainstream life were a failure. But this is not a good reason to dismiss him. Society needs nuts, for it is they that push back the boundaries of what is possible, by imagining scenarios that normal people could never conceive of themselves. Indeed, in a roll call of the most important thinkers, philosophers and scientists from our history, those who were considered to be nuts acquit themselves extremely well. For those who have spent time with his books and his ideas, there is a nagging concern it's too early yet to simply dismiss him and his ideas out of hand. In the words of the writer Robert Forte, "Timothy Francis Leary was one of the most influential people of the twentieth century. What his influence has been, however, remains to be determined."

There is no doubt that his life was lived to the full and that he was a major cultural influence on the late twentieth century. But is his importance deeper than that? There are certainly elements of Leary's work that can, without too much controversy, be regarded as important. His psychological work in the 1950's was an important step forward in the development of that science, in particular his classification of personality types, his work on group therapy and his criticism of the doctor-patient relationship. Many of his ideas about being responsible for your own reality have become standard principles in Life Coaching, Neuro-Linguistic Programming (NLP) and the personal development movement in general. His evangelizing of the importance of networked computers and their potential impact on society has proved so accurate that his prophetic writings on the subject now appear bland and unremarkable. But the true debate about the importance of Leary's life, of course, concerns his ideas and discoveries about consciousness and the human nervous system. And these are inextricably linked to his work with psychedelic drugs.

From the viewpoint of the scientific community, it is not yet possible to assess the value of psychedelic drugs because we are still no nearer to understanding what they do or how they do it. Tim's actions were so controversial that the near-total global clampdown on the study of these drugs is usually attributed solely to his actions.

There are signs that this is slowly ending, and indeed in February 2005 Harvard announced their first research into the therapeutic use of psychedelic drugs since the dismissal of Leary and Alpert. The emerging science of neurotheology, which studies the changes in the brain caused by religious experience, is asking similar questions to those posed by Leary. But we are still a very long way from understanding what is going on in human consciousness under the influence of LSD, and whether this can reveal new insights into the tricky problem of understanding the mind.

But although it is still too early to assess his academic impact, we can begin to assess the cultural impact the actions of Timothy Leary had on our society. It is a simplification, of course, to solely credit Tim for the millions upon millions of psychedelic trips that have been taken since his holiday in Mexico in 1960. He did not invent any drug, nor did he mass-produce or sell it. Yet he was fundamental to the enormous scale of the psychedelic explosion. LSD is not like other illegal drugs that have reached a mainstream level of use, such as marijuana, cocaine or ecstasy. The reason for the popularity of these drugs is clear: People take them because it makes them feel good. LSD is more complicated than that. When people take a strong dose, they undergo an overwhelming psychological death and rebirth journey. It should have become no more popular than similar drugs, such as DMT or Ayahuasca. The reason that this was not the case was that Timothy Leary convinced people that they should try it.

The "founding fathers" of psychedelia did not promote the drug in this way. These were men like Albert Hofmann, Captain Alfred Hubbard, R. Gordon Wasson, Aldous Huxley and Humphry Osmond. Although they wished to spread the word of their discoveries, they wished to do so within limits. They remained respectful to the dangers that these drugs could unleash, and would have never advocated such mainstream use, especially among the young.

Following them were a number of contemporaries of Leary, all of whom have strong claims for stoking the psychedelic fire. Chief among them is Ken Kesey who, through his Californian acid tests, personally introduced the drug to more people in one evening than Leary managed in all his years at Millbrook. Kesey was also integral to the formation of the American hippy culture and the establishment of psychedelia as a coherent and recognizable social trend. Yet Kesey would always respectfully defer to Leary as the LSD figurehead. Leary was "so much my senior in so many ways,", he wrote. As George Walker, one of the original Merry Pranksters, said in the mid-i99os, Tim "was the man, he was the man in front of the LSD movement. You know, Kesey was a big man in front of it, but Leary was the man, he was the guy.... If anybody was, and he would hate me for saying it, he was the Messiah of the movement. 1'4

Michael Hollingshead may have been, as his autobiography declared, The Man

Who Turned On the World, but before he met Leary he was depressed and close to suicide. It was Leary who gave him a sense of purpose, and advised him to return to London and set up the World Psychedelic Centre. Richard Alpert is another figure whose impact deserves recognition, but he was always content to let Tim be the focus, referring to himself as "MisterLSD,Jr." Dealers and chemists, such as Ron Stark and Owsley Stanley, fed and grew the public demand for LSD, but they did not start it. In many cases they were inspired to follow their chosen career by the work of Tim, in particular those who were linked to the "hippy mafia" of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

The fact is, as any trawl through press cuttings about LSD will reveal, nobody came close to Leary in bringing psychedelics to mainstream attention. Nobody defended them so publicly or praised their benefits so eloquently. The LSD movement only had one figurehead. From the point of view of history it often looks like one of the most outlandish claims of his followers was true: Leary was LSD. The explosion of psychedelic use in the 1960s would not have occurred, as we know it, if Timothy Leary had not pushed it.

What, then, was the social and cultural impact of this LSD movement? Clearly it did not herald the dawn of the spiritual utopia that Leary promised. But what did it do? There have been grand claims that LSD was responsible for all of the varied and distinct movements that make up the sixties, including the environmental movement, women's liberation, black power, gay rights, free love, vegetarianism, communal living, the anti-war movement and Rock 'n' Roll. It is certainly true that the study of these various movements quickly throws up the influence of LSD on key figures, and it is tempting to attribute the core values of those movements to an expanded awareness, but the idea that LSD is solely responsible for creating them is clearly mistaken. The black power movement, for instance, sprang from the civil rights work of groups like the SNCC, while the music of the sixties would not have happened without the Rock'n' Roll of the fifties, and both Martin Luther King and Elvis Presley were around before LSD. The sexual revolution may have been created by a pill, but it was the contraceptive pill.

What LSD did do, however, was act as a catalyst for the rapid expansion and evolution of these movements. It arrived at a very fertile time in history, and it lit a fire under almost every emerging idea, social movement or philosophy that it found. It did this in two ways. Firstly, the drug enabled people to see the failings in the current system or world view with far greater clarity. Secondly, it gave users a burst of creative energy and a sense of purpose. The combined influence of these two effects was to convince many people that they had the ability to do something about the problems of the world, because as soon as they stopped seeing reality as fixed and unmoveable it became something that they could change. And the combined

reactions of the millions of people who took LSD was also strong enough to influence many millions of other people who never tried it. Fashions and ideas spread, and soon the fact that someone had grown their hair long and was protesting against the war or concerned about the environment did not necessarily mean that they were a drug user.

Some of these influences are more obvious than others, and it is the cultural impact that is the most noticeable. LSD made an immense impact on musicians in the i96os. It seemed to be particularly effective at inspiring talented songwriters who had already learned their craft and proven themselves in a particular genre of music. Bob Dylan, for example, left straight folk music behind after taking LSD and wrote Highway 6i Revisited instead. The Beach Boys' Brian Wilson went beyond surf music after LSD and wrote Pet Sounds. It only takes a quick listen to a pre-acid Beatles album such as With the Beatles, and a post-acid album such as Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Heart's Club Band for comparison, to recognize what a profound change LSD could have on a band and their music. The Beatles song that heralded this dramatic change in their music, "Tomorrow Never Knows" from the 1966 album Revolver, can be directly linked to Leary, for the lyric "Turn off your mind, relax and float downstream... " was taken from Leary's The Psychedelic Experience. Of course, the "psychedelic" style and subject matter was a fashion that soon faded. But what remained was the sense of potential, the realization of what an album could be, and this can be credited to LSD. The explosion of new ideas, from radical instrumentation to experimental production techniques, has not been rejected over time, and neither have the artistic ambitions that LSD unleashed. Certainly the quality of the music created during this period is undeniable. When the BBC ran a poll in January 2006 to find the best year for music, 1967 was the runaway winner. When musicians discovered LSD, they realized that an album doesn't need to be just a throwaway collection of "filler" material. It could be a valid artistic achievement. It could have depth.

LSD's impact was most pronounced in the world of music, but it affected many art forms.' In Easy Riders, Raging Bulls (1998), Peter Biskind makes a compelling argument for the importance of the heavily psychedelic movie Easy Rider in sweeping away the last vestiges of the old Hollywood studio system, and replacing it with the auteur-driven productions of the seventies. It was also responsible for alerting Hollywood to the greater financial reward available from adopting youth cultures and targeting younger audiences.

The influence of LSD on the movie industry was more subtle than just introducing new talent and new stories. The drug was popular with technically minded people, and seemed to inspire them in a wave of new inventions and experiments. New techniques in special effects were pioneered by bearded hippies in offices that

looked more like communal squats then professional workspaces. This is particularly true of the pioneers of home computing, and the crossover between the psychedelic generation and the founders of the modern PC era has been well documented.6 It is said that Berkeley is famous for LSD and creating UNIX, for example, and that the two are not unrelated. Silicon Valley emerged out of the same San Franciscan peninsula where psychedelia had run rampant, and psychedelic ideals were clearly evident in the first online communities, such as the Well. The first e-commerce transaction in history was a drug deal. In the early Seventies, students at MIT used the ARPAnet, which later evolved into the Internet, to arrange the sale of some marijuana with students at Stanford.' There are many stories about Bill Gates's LSD use in his Harvard days-use which he seemed to confirm in a December 1994 Playboy interview. Steve Jobs, the CEO and co-founder of both Apple and Pixar, has told the writer John Markoff that "taking LSD was one of the two or three most important things he had done in his life."" The idea that individuals could be empowered by having a personal computer was too fanciful for the straight corporations who manufactured mainframe computers. It only happened because users of psychedelics thought that it made perfect sense.

Psychedelia hung around in science departments of universities long after mainstream culture had moved on, particularly in mathematics and physics departments. The mathematician Ralph Abraham, for example, has argued that psychedelics were instrumental in the emergence of chaos theory and chaos mathematics. This influence went both ways, for the colorful and chaotic images of the Mandlebrot set were quickly adopted by a new generation of drug users. The principles of chaos mathematics, among their many other uses, are invaluable to the computer models used to study climate change, so it is no exaggeration to say that this field of science is extremely important to our future.

Perhaps the most significant impact of LSD on scientific knowledge is in the field of cellular biology, and in particular our understanding of DNA. The Nobel Prize winner Francis Crick, a devotee of Aldous Huxley and co-founder of the legalize cannabis campaigning group Soma, later confided to his friend Dick Kemp that he had perceived the double-helix shape while on LSD.9 He was not the only Nobelist in this field to have a similar inspiration. Dr. Kary Mullis was awarded the Nobel Prize for chemistry in 1993 for his work on PCR, a method of detecting and amplifying tiny amounts of DNA in ancient material. Dr. Mullis learned how to make LSD while a student at Berkeley. "Would I have invented PCR if I hadn't taken LSD? I seriously doubt it." he has said. "I could sit on a DNA molecule and watch the polymers go by. I learned that partly on psychedelic drugs.","

BUT PERHAPS THE major influence of the emergence of LSD in the late sixties was philosophical. The loose collection of ideas known as post-structuralism emerged, thanks to the work of French thinkers including Jacques Derrida and Michel Foucault, around the time of the Paris riots of 1968. Over the following years these ideas would evolve into deconstruction and postmodernism, where they would come to gain a stranglehold on critical thinking, especially in American academia. The cultural historian Terry Eagleton credits the emergence of post-structuralism to a reaction against the failure of the 1968 political protests. "Post-structuralism was a product of that blend of euphoria and disillusionment, liberation and dissipation, carnival and catastrophe, which was 1968." he wrote. "Unable to break the structures of state power, [the targets of post-structuralism] became coherent belief systems of any kind."" These "coherent belief systems" were denied their internal logic, and viewed as inevitable constructs of the culture that created them. Context and relationships were everything, and fixed values were rejected. The similarities with the "expanded awareness" of acid are striking, and the fact that ideas like this took off after LSD washed through Parisian minds cannot convincingly be dismissed as coincidence. But what is interesting is that anecdotal evidence suggests that LSD use was far less prevalent in Paris compared to, say, Czechoslovakia, where the drug is more strongly linked to the uprisings of the same year. LSD was certainly an influence on the radical French thought at the time,': but the lack of a popular movement meant that those ideas were discussed rather than directly experienced. What appears to have happened is the insights of LSD became intellectualized. In this way they grew into postmodernism and were absorbed into academic orthodoxy.

WHEN CARDINAL RATZINGER gave his last sermon before becoming Pope Benedict XVI, in April 2005, he used it to condemn relativism. Here "relativism" referred to a rejection of the idea of a core set of moral standards and ideals from which all behavior can be judged. For just as Copernicus realized that the Earth was not the center of the universe, and Einstein realized that a scientific measurement is dependent on the relative relationship between the observer and the observed, the moral or metaphysical relativist denies that there is a fixed view of reality that is "true" in all circumstances. "We are moving toward a dictatorship of relativism which does not recognize anything as for certain and which has as its highest goal one's own ego and one's own desires," Ratzinger argued. This was an attitude that he came to late in life. As a youth one of his doctoral dissertations was rejected because his superiors believed it showed signs of relativism. What changed his thinking, and put him firmly on the path toward a conservative, absolutist world view, was his horror at the German student uprisings of 1968. His stance came, not from believing that the absolutist viewpoint was logically superior to relativism, but from a dislike of the implications and results that the relativist path produced.

This is a common reaction. When Leary claims that the world that appears real and complete is in fact only a cartoon of reality that you have drawn for your own amusement, the immediate reaction is to reject the idea because it is too disturbing. In many ways it is even more upsetting than Darwin's announcement that we are descended from monkeys rather than created in the image of God. But what stopped Leary's ideas from being rejected immediately was the way he could back them up. All that was needed was for an individual to take LSD and reach a state of expanded awareness for them to be convinced beyond doubt. It was this empirical evidence that reinvigorated relativism to such an historically unparalleled degree. Unlike many who were swept up in the events in the streets of Germany in 1968, Ratzinger did not take LSD, and his understanding of relativism remained theoretical instead of empirical.

There have been many predictions that time will validate Leary's ideas and that, one day, a statue of him will stand outside Harvard. "It may be another century before he is accorded his rightful stature," wrote William Burroughs." "Let his detractors shake their heads, a hundred years from now." It may also be that, as Ratzinger argued, the wave that he unleashed will bring nothing but fear and uncertainty. If all realities are equally valid, you have the option of adopting one that will give you pleasure, one that will be the most harmonious for those around you, or even one that will unselfishly give the most support to a loved one. Unsurprisingly, Leary believed that it made sense to adopt the one that provides the most personal happiness. "I think that I'm the happiest person that ever lived," he said before his death, "and I'd love to be proved wrong, so that you can show me what your trick is." But Leary had a unique mind in many ways, and not many people could successfully adopt his trick. Indeed, if the evidence of his life and the impact in his family is anything to go by, the mass adoption of such a philosophy would prove disastrous to traditional values. Given the choice between being right and being comforted, there is much to be said for the reassurance of a comfortable untruth, rather than facing up to the truth in its awesome entirety.

It has been suggested that the great division between the "red" and "blue" states in contemporary American society can be traced back to the ideas of the i96os. This is clearly a very generalized explanation, but there is no doubt that a map of the heartlands of mass LSD-use in America is a very close match to the map of the blue states in the early twenty-first century.

The question of the extent of Leary's influence on modern society is a tricky one, and it does not have a short answer. There are so many different threads to follow, and their reach is so diverse, that you could devote a lifetime to following them. Perhaps a more interesting question would be to ask what our culture would be like if there had been no Timothy Leary. Tellingly, it is a question that cannot be answered,

for so fundamentally has his influence spread throughout our culture, that a world without his impact is simply too different to imagine. Our culture was so indelibly changed by his life that his fingerprints, once noticed, are now visible everywhere. It is a culture that is wiser but considerably less certain or secure. It also is a place that is more exciting, dangerous and imaginative than past generations could have ever dreamed. The ripples that stretch out from his life cause as much pain as they do joy, but they must be accepted, for no one can eradicate them. As Tom Waits once sang, "You can't unring a bell."

"I'M TIMOTHY LEARY and I'm seventy-five years old and, as a matter of fact I believe that I just now have died. It was a wonderful experience. Awesome. It's exciting, it's the most important decision that you make in your life, as to how and when and with whom and why you die."

It was 1995, and Leary was recording vocals for a new album, Beyond Life With Timothy Leary. The last 17 months of Tim's life were a flurry of activity. There were records to be made, documentaries to film, computer projects to complete, and countless personal appearances. He was busier then he had been since the late 1960s. The stream of press that flocked to his door for interviews seemed never-ending.

The spark that triggered the avalanche of interest was his attitude to his approaching death. "Personally, I've been looking forward to dying all my life," he wrote in his last book." "Dying is the most fascinating experience in life. You've got to approach dying the way you live your life-with curiosity, hope, experimentation, and with the help of your friends. I have set out to design my own death, or deanimation as I prefer to call it. It's a hip, chic thing to do. It's the most elegant thing you can do. Even if you've lived your life like a complete slob, you can die with terrific style."

Tim talked about having his head cryogenically frozen, and of being re-animated in the far future by unimaginable technology. A comment he made about "dying on the Internet," probably a throwaway remark intended as a joke, soon escalated into stories in the national press that he was going to commit suicide online. There was a sense of moral alarm in mainstream press reports about the emerging Internet in the early 1990s, and the combination of Timothy Leary, the Internet, and suicide was much too potent a cocktail for editors and headline writers to ignore.

Tim made no effort to calm the press. He was dealing with the ultimate taboo now, and was enjoying himself immensely. He said that he would drop two hits of acid on the day that he went into cryogenic suspension, a statement that caused much moral outrage. Tim seemed to love the freedom that dying gave him to wind people up. In Timothy Leary's Dead, an otherwise factual documentary that was made about his life, he arranged to shoot a fictitious scene of his head being removed from his body,

and put into storage. The sequence was expensive and technically impressive. It involved a professional special effects crew and the creation of a cast of Tim's head. The appearance of the sequence in the documentary is totally startling; during the first hour or so of the documentary you are lulled into believing that you are watching a straight factual program, and then Tim's fake death and the gruesome surgery is presented without comment. It was a joke that he seemed to relish.

Eventually Tim explained that he was no longer planning to be cryogenically frozen. The reasons that he gave were that the cryogenic company involved "didn't have a sense of humor," and that he was terrified of being brought back under a Republican administration. The real reason was more practical. He had been in negotiations with the cryogenic company to receive a payment for being frozen, on the grounds that he would bring publicity to the fledgling cryogenic business, and these negotiations had broken down. During his final years Tim had been bankrolled by a wealthy friend, but he was aware that he was going to die several hundred thousand dollars in debt and was doing what he could to put his estate in order. He sold hundreds of autographs, for example, and signed many pieces of LSD blotter paper that have since gone on to fetch high prices as works of art. But while his attempts to put his house in order financially would ultimately fail, he was more successful in personal matters. In his final years, he was reunited with Rosemary.

They began to communicate again after Susan died. Tim was able to clear up Rosemary's precarious legal situation. After he spoke to the FBI it was agreed that she was no longer a wanted suspect, and that he had led her astray. Rosemary was able to resume her own name and identity. There was hope that the pair might remarry, but it was not to be. Rosemary saw the way that Tim still lived in a commune-like way, with a house full of young people hammering away at computers, and realized that she could never go back to that sort of life. But their reuniting was important for both of them, for they were the love of each other's life.

Tim was also visited by his son Jack, but their reunion was described by a friend as "a very brief, kind of terse moment between them." A healthier reunion was with Brian Barritt, who had kicked heroin and finally finished the book he had promised. He visited Tim again during his last months and described him as being like a king in a royal court. A constant stream of visitors came to pay their respects, day in and day out. The kingly image was reinforced because Tim was in a wheelchair, and his visitors would instinctively kneel on one leg in front of him in order to talk. People felt compelled to touch his hand, and Barritt recalls some visitors kissing it as if it bore a Papal ring. The doors were left open and visitors were welcome day and night. "Seven million people I turned on," Leary remarked to Robert Forte, "and only one hundred thousand came by to thank me."I"

LEARY WAS BECOMING increasingly gaunt and frail-looking as the cancer spread.

He began to depend on the gas nitrous oxide for pain relief, which he inhaled from large balloons. In later interviews it is apparent how much nitrous oxide he is using, and just how constant his physical pain is. And yet, Tim somehow remained as optimistic, quick-witted and enthusiastic as ever. His attitude to death may have shocked the healthy, but it came as a relief to a great many terminally ill people who were struggling with both their health and the constant solemnity from those around them. Somehow Leary could even turn dying into a way to make others feel good about themselves. The psychologist Dr. Charles Slack, who knew Tim at Harvard, once wrote that "it is characteristic of Leary that he moves from each resounding factual defeat to a new idealistic view of himself and the world, thus 'upleveling' (his word) failure into success."" Even Slack would have been impressed that Tim would go so far as to use that technique to confront death and emerge as a winner.

There were many who put Tim's positive attitude to dying down to his spirituality, believing that Tim was "enlightened enough" that he did not fear death and saw it in a larger spiritual context. This does not seem to be the case. Tim remained ultimately atheistic until the end, convinced that the brain and nervous system were the only reality. Barritt recalls Leary being surrounded by materialistically minded people who all insisted that there was no form of life after death. This was not Brian's view, but he did not force his opinions on Leary, believing that "he would find out soon enough." Ultimately, Leary's attitude to dying came not from his approach to death, but from his approach to life.

But perhaps there was a flicker of hope left in Tim. His final meeting with Ken Kesey took place over the Internet, in a video conference that the press speculated would see Leary's live suicide. Kesey is visibly emotional during this meeting, and it seems clear that he does not think that Tim has long to live. Leary, of course, joked throughout the whole thing.

He spoke to Kesey, and the Merry Prankster Ken Babbs, again on the telephone three weeks later. At the end of the telephone call, Ken tells Tim that he is sure they will meet again. Tim quipped that it would be on Houdini's grave at Halloween. It was a classic Leary line, at first glance flippant and funny, delivered immediately and seemingly without thought. Yet with hindsight, the words run much deeper than their delivery suggests. The image of Houdini's grave is an apt one for a dying escape artist like Tim. It represents the doomed end to any escapologist's career, the final venue from which no escape is possible. But the reference to Halloween is interesting. Houdini died on Halloween, and it is traditional for magicians to gather at his grave on that day and pay tribute. But that might not have been the reason Tim suggested it. Halloween, in pagan lore, is the night when the spirits of the dead are allowed to return to Earth. It is a night when even Houdini's grave could be transcended.

Tim died in bed between 12:30 a.m. and 1 a.m. on May 31, 1996. His last words were: "Why not?" a phrase he had repeated three times the night before. He had talked about taking LSD as he died, like Aldous Huxley, and a number of his friends had given him a supply to use for this purpose. But it seems that, when the time came, he did not take the drug.

Shortly after his death he was visited by Winona Ryder, who spent some time with his body. She found that there was a faint smile still on his lips and, she said: "after he died, they could not push his smile down.",, In the weeks before his death, the brightest comet for 20 years had appeared in the sky.'y

A MONTH LATER, Robert Anton Wilson received the following email:

Dear Robert,

How are you doing? I'm doing fine over here, but it's not what I expected. Too crowded.

Love,

Tim.

The email had been sent from Tim's email account, but to this day no one who could feasibly have had access to his computer has admitted sending it.2°

IN A NUMBER of his books, Leary recounted a story told to him in India by the Hindu scholar Sri Krishna Prem. It concerned a golden chalice that promised eternal wisdom, and which was held in a castle surrounded by a swamp. A string of stepping stones crossed the swamp, but whenever they were stepped on they immediately sank into the marsh. For centuries, knights had attempted to reach the castle, but had fallen afoul of the disappearing stones and drowned in the water.

One day, a prince and his princess arrived at the swamp and, so desperate where they to reach the castle, they decided to run across the stones. They leaped from rock to rock so quickly that they were away from the stones before they sank. In doing so, they reached the castle and gained the grail of illumination. The point of the story was that keeping moving was a way to avoid failure.21 As Tim used to remark about skiing, "the faster you move, the more control you have."

This story echoes descriptions of Tim made by Ram Dass just days before Leary's death. "Tim had a way of creating new ideas so fast." he said. "In a way it was the way he danced so lightly, so that he didn't have to deal with the implications of his own ideas. He kept leaving behind things. It was not a positive thing about Tim, because he really did spoil his nest and then walk away. He didn't do well dealing

with the darker side of life. He just pushed it away. He did it with everything, including the death of his first wife.""

It was his family that suffered the most from Tim's actions, for those who were closest to him took the most damage as he blazed through his life. Marianne committed suicide. Rosemary spent decades hiding under false names. His mother and his children had their own hurts to carry. Leary often remarked, about his chameleon-like personality, that "you get the Tim Leary that you deserve." That was no comfort to those who loved him, who had to endure his adoption of yet another personality while they remained the same and became left behind.

Not everyone reconciled with Tim before his death, in the way that Rosemary and Brian did. Susan and her mother were no longer around, and neither was Dennis Martino. Joanna is still of the opinion that while he was "a brilliant visionary" he was "totally self-centered and ruthless" and could be "a shit." Yet despite his flaws, the overriding emotion that Tim left with his friends is an incredible warmth and love. This is noticeable even among his enemies. G. Gordon Liddy spoke fondly of him after his death, and even Eldridge Cleaver remarked "I like Leary, myself" in 1976.

This support was evident when, in 1999, the website thesmokinggun. com published FBI files concerning his cooperation in the early-to mid-1970s. These did not reveal anything that wasn't public knowledge at the time, but this was not acknowledged by the worldwide press interest that followed the story. They presented the news that Leary had collaborated as a startling new revelation, for the details of the events and the context in which they took place had been largely forgotten. In response, a group of his friends issued a statement of support, attempting to correct the misrepresentation inherent in the majority of reports. It began with a quote from Ken Kesey, who said that "those who want to gnaw on his bones never knew his heart." It was signed by Winona Ryder, Susan Sarandon, Tom Robbins, the cyberpunk writer Douglas Rushkoff, Robert Anton Wilson and many others.2

A reason for Tim receiving such support can be glimpsed in a revealing comment by Huston Smith, an early participant in the Harvard psilocybin project. Smith visited Leary during his exile in Switzerland, and recalled him arriving on the back of a seat of a Harley Davidson motorcycle. Tim had remarked, "Nobody ever changes, do they, Huston?" As Smith later commented: "Like so many of Tim's observations, it was deeply discerning. Here we were, in a foreign land, thousands of miles from Cambridge, so much had happened for both of us. But I was still on the spiritual journey that was my priority before I encountered Tim and the psychedelics. And he was still a fugitive from lawful society-kicked out of it as he had been kicked out of West Point, Harvard University and Zihuatanejo."24

The remark recognizes that there is some unique spark of identity in each

individual that nothing can erase. It is the essence of personality that arrives fully formed in a child and which is still present in old age, even though time and experience has changed the tastes, beliefs and opinions that go into making our personalities, and even though every single cell in our bodies has died and been replaced countless times during our lives. It is the one thing that all Tim's work on psychedelic imprinting and reality tunnels had completely failed to shift. In many ways he could have viewed this as his ultimate failure. In truth, however, it was the blessing for which he owed everything.

In Tim, this innate spark of identity was overwhelmingly positive. It was present in his Irish charm and his irrepressible optimism. It is noticeable in the way that he would leave visitors feeling upbeat, even when he was dying or incarcerated in Folsom prison. It is not always apparent in his writings, for his sense of humor never transferred well to the page. But in person, he just radiated enthusiasm. To talk with him was to leave feeling giddy with potential. He gave an unselfish gift, the promise that each individual was capable of achieving far more than they dared hope. This was not deliberately used to coerce people into following him. But that would usually be the result, for nobody had ever met anyone quite like him. As his friend Stacy Valis once remarked, "You could see your potential in his eyes."

IN DEATH, TIM achieved his most extreme and crazy desire. Most of his ashes were distributed among his friends. They were mixed with gold dust, in order to appear more dazzling when scattered. But in April 1997 a small portion was launched into space, along with the remains of other notables including the Star Trek creator Gene Roddenberry. His dream that supported him during the depths of solitary confinement in Folsom, the "ultimate escape" of leaving the planet, had been achieved.

Part of Timothy Leary is now in orbit around the Earth. He passes overhead every 96 minutes. Very gradually, the Earth will claim him back. Gravity is pulling him lower and, many years in the future, he will hit our atmosphere. Then there will be a sudden flare, and he will disappear in a flash of white light.

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In memory of Paddy Mallon, O.B.E.

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CDs

Beyond Life With Timothy Leary, Various Artists, Mercury Records, 1997

Seven Up, Timothy Leary and Ash Ra Tempel, Ohr records, 1973; reissued Spalax Music, 1993

DVDs

Maybe Logic: The Lives and Ideas of Robert Anton Wilson, dir. Lance Bauscher, Deepleaf Productions, 2003

The Weather Underground, dir. Sam Green, The Free History Project, 2003

Timothy Leary's Dead, dir. Paul Davids, David & Mills Productions, 1998

Timothy Leary's Last Trip, dir. AJ Catoline & OB Babbs, Winstar, 1996; DVD Shout Factory, 2003

Notes

1: I'LL FREE You, MY LOVE

- i. While living as an exile, Leary gave many contradictory accounts of his escape in order to confuse the police. David Weir, writing in the August 28, 1975 edition of Rolling Stone, claimed to have heard 17 different versions. The most detailed version is the account he wrote in Confessions of a Hope Fiend (Bantam, 1973), although this contains a number of deliberate factual errors. The account given here is primarily based on Confessions of a Hope Fiend, but it has had a number of those errors corrected. The sources for these corrections include a visit to San Luis Obispo in December 2004, and the recollections of a number of Tim's friends from the early 1970s, with whom he gave more candid descriptions of events. Bill Ayers' autobiography, Fugitive Days (Beacon Press, 2001), and Leary's 1983 autobiography, Flashbacks (Tarcher/Putnam, 1983), were also useful sources.
- 2. When Leary was asked about this at the time, he would usually disagree and claim that the most dangerous man in America was actually President Nixon. When the subject was raised in his last filmed interview, with the documentary company World of Wonder, he made the joke that gave this book its title. Only months away from death and looking increasingly frail, he nodded solemnly and gave the deadpan reply, "Yes it's true. I have America surrounded." The remark by Nixon was made in a television interview and has since been reported in print as "Timothy Leary is the most dangerous man in America," "The most dangerous man in the world" and "The most dangerous man alive." " ... In America" is the most "Nixon-like" phrase of the three.
- 3. Leary, Jail Notes (Douglas Book Corp., 1970), p. 49.
- 4."Metcalf" is the name Leary used in Confessions of a Hope Fiend and Flashbacks, but as most names given in the accounts of his escape have been changed, it is likely that this too is an invention.
- 5.Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, p. 118.

2: THE CHILDREN WILL GROW UP WONDERING ABOUT THEIR MOTHER

i. This is Leary's recollection of events as given in his autobiography Flashbacks.

- Other accounts, however, such as "The young manhood of Tim Leary" (Robert Taylor, Boston Sunday Globe, November 29, 1970), place the event after the Army-Notre Dame game at Yankee Stadium, November 2, 1940.
- 2. Leary, Flashbacks, pp. 103-4.
- 3. For a more detailed account of Leary's conception(!), see Flashbacks pp.9-11.
- 4. Saint Timotheus was a fourth-century martyr who was imprisoned and beheaded after preaching Christianity in Rome. The Irish surname "Leary" is derived from Laoire or Laoghaire, meaning "one who guides young cattle." Laoghaire (the pronunciation is very close to Leary) was the High King of Tara and had a confrontation with St. Patrick who, at Easter in the year 433, lit a fire on Slane Hill that came to mark the end of pagan Ireland. Laoghaire, unlike his brothers, refused to convert to Christianity and remained pagan to the end.
- 5.John Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary? (Renaissance Press, 1980), quoting from an interview with Jack Leary. Sadly, the name of Tim's imaginary friend seems to have been lost to history.
- 6.Leary rarely talked about his relatives and early life, until he gave a detailed description in Flashbacks. Certain details need to be questioned, however. In Turn off Your Mind (Sidgwick & Jackson, 2001), Gary Lachman points out that the advice Leary claims his grandfather had given him ("Never do anything like anyone else, boy") was actually given to Gurdjieff by his grandmother. This was something that Leary was certainly aware of, for he has written about the story. Flashbacks contains many similar embellishments, point-scoring and omissions. This is perhaps understandable given the conditions under which the book was written. Leary was attempting to salvage his reputation with the book, but he was writing in the early eighties, during the start of the "War on Drugs." The book was subject to a prolonged period of editing and rewriting that drained his energies and enthusiasm. Despite its flaws, there is still much about the book to praise. Any autobiography which starts with a sperm's-eye description of the author's conception can't be all bad.
- 7."I have always felt warmth and respect for this distant mailman who special-delivered me. During the 13 years we lived together he never stunted me with expectations."-Leary, Flashbacks, pp. 39-40•
- 8. Taylor, Boston Sunday Globe, November 29,1970. In Whatever Happened To Timothy Leary?, Bryan has a more dramatic version, in which the principal screamed "Never let me see you here again! Never talk to me again! Don't come near this office door."
- 9. During his time at the University of Alabama, Timothy coauthored a oneact play, entitled Prelude to Nothing, with Harold Cooperman. A dark tale of a facially disfigured soldier unable to return to his previous family life, it shows Tim's early interest in destructive psychological states. Tim also gave his protagonist the prophetic line, "I'm afraid I'm beyond psychology, somewhere in the realm of the

- io. Truman certificate, from the Leary archive. The certificate ends, "Because you demonstrated the fortitude, resourcefulness and calm judgment necessary to carry out that task, we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace." It's probably fair to assume that Tim's interpretation of that request was not quite what Truman had in mind.
- ii.Leary, Interpersonal Diagnosis of Personality: A Functional Theory and Methodology for Personal Evaluation (Ronal Press Company, 1957).
- 12. The concept of the denial of normality was possibly best expressed by Tim's friend Robert Anton Wilson during the 1990s. Wilson argued that there was no such thing as normality at all. There was no average person or a typical day, not even such a thing as a "normal" mouse or leaf. Everything was therefore either paranormal, supra-normal or some other form of nonnormal, and anyone who believed that they had found something "normal" clearly wasn't paying close enough attention. He set up an organization called CSICON, the Committee for Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Normal, to analyze such matters.
- 13. Quoted in Bryan, Whatever Happened To Timothy Leary?, p. 27.
- 14. Bryan, Whatever Happened To Timothy Leary?, p. 29.
- 15.Leary, High Priest (Ronin Publishing, 1995), p9.

3: BUT DON'T You THINK HE'S JUST A LITTLE BIT SQUARE?

- 1.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 17.
- 2.Lachman, Turn off Your Mind, p. 155—
- 3.Martin A. Lee and Bruce Shlain, Acid Dreams: The CIA, LSD and the Sixties Rebellion (Grove Press, 1985), p. 72.
- 4.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 33. Leary gives a full account of this first trip in High Priest pp. 11-34.
- 5. Alpert interviewed on the DVD special features of the documentary film Timothy Leary's Dead (dir. Paul Davids, Davids and Mills Productions, 1998).
- 6. Some Huxley scholars have denied that Huxley ever met Crowley, and point out that Huxley left no written record of such a meeting. Crowley's diaries, however, make it clear that they spent a few days together in Berlin in October 1930, a meeting arranged by their mutual friend John Sullivan. His diary does not record what transpired between the pair, although it is claimed in occult circles that Crowley gave Huxley peyote. See, for example, Robert Anton Wilson, Cosmic Trigger (Abacus, 1979), p. 65, referencing Sexuality, Magic and Perversion by Francis King (Citadel Press, 1974), p. 118. This seems possible because Crowley was very much into using peyote at the time, and an interest in drugs becomes

apparent in Huxley's subsequent writing. Huxley wrote his first essay on the subject the following year, 1931, "A Treatise On Drugs" (in Moksha: Aldous Huxley's Classic Writings on Psychedelics and the Visionary Experience, Michael Horowitz and Cynthia Palmer (eds.), Park Street Press, 1999). The drug soma is integral to Brave New World (Doran and Co., 1932), and his descriptions of the differing effect of higher doses of soma can be read as evidence of first-hand experience. It is also interesting to note that his collection of essays published in 1929 was called Do What You Will (Chatto & Windus), a title extremely reminiscent of Crowley's maxim Do What Thou Wilt. However, when Michael Horowitz was editing Moksha, a collection of Huxley's drug writings, he spoke to many people in Huxley's immediate circle, including his wife Laura Huxley. They all denied that Huxley was given peyote by Crowley, believing that he would have told them about such an important event.

- 7. The word was coined by Dr. Humphry Osmond in a letter to Aldous Huxley, and means "mind manifesting." It emerged in rhyme. He wrote, "To fathom hell or soar angelic/Just take a pinch of psychedelic." The political fallout of Leary's actions is still so great that many researchers and academics are wary of being associated with the word "psychedelic," and have instead coined the word "entheogens" as a more politically acceptable name. The word "empathogens" has also come into use to describe drugs, such as MDMA or Ecstasy, which stimulate emotional feelings.
- 8. High Times: Timothy Leary Special Tribute Issue, 1996, p. 16
- 9.See, for example, R. Gordon Wasson's books Soma: Divine Mushroom of Immortality (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1970) and Road to Eleusis (with Albert Hoffman and Carl AP Ruck, William Daly Rare Books, 1998) or The Long Trip: A Prehistory of Psychedelia by Paul Devereux (Penguin/Arkana, 1997).
- io. Paraphrased description of events as told by Timothy Leary to Brian Barritt in the early 1970s.
- 11.Ralph Metzner would become a pivotal player in the Harvard Psychedelic Research Program, alongside Leary and Alpert. The three would coauthor The Psychedelic Experience in 1964, and Metzner would edit The Psychedelic Review, a scholarly journal that promoted drugs research and ran for eleven issues between 1963 and 1971.
- 12.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 86
- 13. The claim of a drop in the recidivism rate from 70% to 10% is repeated frequently in Leary's subsequent writing. See "Dr. Leary's Concord Prison Experiment: A 34-year follow up study" by Rick Doblin (Journal of Psychiatric Drugs, 30:4 (1998) 419-26), however, for a reappraisal of these results. Other literature on the experiments include "Predictive Recidivism: Base Rates for

Criminal Constitution" (R. Metzner and G. Weil, Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science, 1963), "A New Behavior Change Program Using Psilocybin" (T. Leary, R. Metzner et al, Psychotherapy, July 1965) and "The Effects of Consciousness Expanding Drugs in Prisoner Rehabilitation" (T. Leary, The Psychedelic Review no. 10, 1969).

- 14.Email from Ralph Metzner to author. See "Dr. Leary's Concord Prison Experiment: A 34-year follow up study" (Journal of Psychiatric Drugs, 30:4 (1998) 419-26), by Rick Doblin of the Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies (www.maps.org).
- 15.Unfortunately, the political fallout from Leary's actions put an end to psychedelic research like this, and the work has not been followed up. However, there are signs that, after over 40 years, the subject may be making a return. As this book was being finished, John Halpern, a psychiatrist with Harvard's McLean Hospital, has announced a study on the use of MDMA to treat anxiety in terminal cancer patients. See, for example, "Shall We Take a Trip: Medicine Opens Up to Psychedelics" in The Guardian, 17 February 2005.
- 16."The Seven Tongues of God," a 1963 lecture by Leary reprinted in The Psychedelic Review (no. 3, 1964) and The Politics of Ecstasy (Paladin, 1970).
- 17. See The Legacy of Timothy Leary's Research by Rick Doblin of the Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies, printed in High Times: Timothy Leary Special Tribute Issue, 1996.

4: THEN HE LICKED THE SPOON

- i.Lee and Shlain, Acid Dreams, p. xiv.
- 2.Lachman, Turn off Your Mind, p. 151.
- 3. The reason that Hofmann was cycling home was because the war had interrupted the gasoline supply, and he was unable to drive his car. If he had been in his car and had attempted to drive during the peak of the trip, it seems highly likely that he would have crashed, and the discovery of LSD could have been lost forever.
- 4.Lee and Shlain, Acid Dreams, p. 29.
- 5. The late Dr. Ewan Cameron, once president of the Canadian, the American and the World Psychiatric Associations. See Acid Dreams (Lee and Shlain), pp. 23-4
- 6.Jon Ronson, The Men Who Stare at Goats (Picador, 2005).
- 7.Letter from White to Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, quoted in Acid Dreams (Lee and Shlain) p35•
- 8.Lee and Shlain, Acid Dreams, p. 22.

- 9. The Trip (dir. Roger Corman, American International Pictures, 1967), starring Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg, Bruce Dern and Dennis Hopper.
- 10. Warren Hodge, "The Other Cary Grant," New York Times Magazine, July 3, 1977. Reprinted in Wildest Dreams: An Anthology of Drug-Related Literature by Richard Rudgely (Little, Brown, 1999).
- u. The Man Who Turned On The World, Michael Hollingshead (Blond and Briggs/New English Library, 1973).
- 12.Leary, Flashbacks, pp. 118-9.
- 13.Lachman, Turn off Your Mind, pp. 163-4. Leary's ideas were popularised by Eric Berne in his 1964 bestseller Games People Play (Grove Press, 1964).
- 14. Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 33.
- 15. Strictly speaking there are far more than the usual five senses that we are taught at school. As well as sight, sound, touch, taste and smell, we are also aware of things like temperature, blood pressure, hunger, the position of limbs and the status of our bladder. In New Scientist (29 January 2005), Bruce Durie from the University of Strathclyde argues that there are at least 22 senses, and probably many more.
- 16.Because of this, a common claim from both proponents and critics of distinct realities is that there is no such thing as an objective reality "out there." This argument can be long-winded and unproductive, as it is, so far, impossible to prove or disprove either way. Those who investigate the nature of "true reality," such as quantum physicists or Buddhist monks, describe it as being so weird and incomprehensible that we may never understand what "true reality" is, assuming of course that it exists in the first place.
- 17. This is one of Tim's ideas that has been expressed much better by the writer Robert Anton Wilson than by Leary himself. Indeed, Wilson is often credited with creating the phrase "reality tunnels," but when asked about it he is quick to give Leary the credit.
- 18.Discordianism is a deliberately confusing modern religious movement which is dedicated to chaos. There is some debate as to whether Discordianism is an elaborate joke disguised as a genuine religion, or a genuine religion disguised as an elaborate joke.
- 19. The danger here is that a mass of synchronized reality tunnels can feel that their claim to "right" and "truth" is threatened by another, different, mass of synchronized realities which has very different definitions of these terms. They can then be controlled by leaders and used to attack this other group of people, in either an ideological or a violent "crusade."
- 20. Lachman, Turn off Your Mind, p. 163.
- 21. Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 53

- 22. Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 56.
- 23.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 66.
- 24. Email from Ralph Metzner to author, August 2005.
- 25.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, pp. 47-8.
- 26.Letter to Doctor Osmond, quoted in Aldous Huxley: A Biography, Volume 2: The Turning Points 1939-1963 (Sybille Bedford, Chatto & Windus, 1974), p. 335.
- 27.Indeed, the CIA were so intertwined with the emergence of psychedelics in the mid-to-late twentieth century that they were even discovered to have provided funding for R. Gordon Wasson's Mexican trip in the mid 1950s, when he discovered magic mushrooms. Simply put, there was little about psychedelic research that the CIA wasn't aware of at the time.
- 28.In Flashbacks (pp. 138-9), Tim gives an account of a meeting with Marilyn Monroe at such a party, claiming that she woke him up one night and asked him to guide her on a trip. This is probably untrue, as the first that any of his friends who were interviewed for this book had heard about it was in 1983, when Flashbacks was published. If Leary had met Monroe it would be expected that he would have talked about it constantly. It seems more likely that this story was intended as a dig at his fourth wife Rosemary, who had once slept with Joe DiMaggio.
- 29. See, for example, A Very Private Woman: The Life and Unsolved Murder of Presidential Mistress Mary Meyer (Nina Burleigh, Bantam, 1999).
- 30. Tim initially only publicly hinted, albeit strongly, that JFK had taken acid. When he knew that he was dying, however, his reticence left him and he started stating it unambiguously. See, for example, the DVD of the documentary Timothy Leary's Dead. His story is consistent, however, because in private he told friends that JFK had taken acid much earlier than this. Tim also made it sound as if his relationship with Meyer was platonic when, according to Robert Anton Wilson, they did have an affair. It's interesting to note that Albert Hofmann has claimed that President Gorbachev was also given LSD, and this has been credited with influencing the formation of his policy of perestroika.
- 31.Ralph Metzner, "From Harvard to Zihuatanejo" in Robert Forte (ed.), Timothy Leary: Outside Looking In (Park Street Press, 1999).
- 32.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 114.
- 33. Diana Trilling, We Must March My Darlings (Harvest/HBJ, 1978), p. 16.
- 34.In particular, the Human Ecology Fund, which was a CIA front for research intended to benefit the MK-Ultra program. Although it has been implied that Kelman's attack on Leary was at the request of the CIA, there is no evidence of this, and it seems unlikely that Kelman knew of the links between the CIA and the Human Ecology Fund at the time. For more on the CIA and the Human Ecology

- Fund, see Acid: A New Secret History of LSD by David Black (Vision Paperbacks, revised edition 2001).
- 35.See "The Harvard Crimson Story," an interview with Andrew Weil by Robert Forte (ed.) in Timothy Leary: Outside Looking In.
- 36. See Lee and Shlain, Acid Dreams, pp. 89-95 for a discussion on these events.
- 37.Black, Acid: A New Secret History of LSD, p. 61.
- 38.An "Appointments Terminated" section appeared in the 8 June 1963 edition of the Harvard Alumni Bulletin. Hidden away towards the back of the magazine, and in a smaller typeface than the regular text, it explained the reasons for both Richard and Tim's dismissals. For Tim, it states that, "On May 6, 1963, the Harvard Corporation: VOTED, because Timothy F. Leary, Lecturer on Clinical Psychology, has failed to keep his classroom appointments and has absented himself from Cambridge during term time without permission, to relieve from further teaching duty and to terminate his salary as of April 30 1963."
- 39. Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 70.
- 40.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 70.
- 41. Aldous Huxley, Island (Vintage, 2005).
- 42.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 192. For Laura Huxley's account of Aldous's passing see her memoir This Timeless Moment: A Personal View of Aldous Huxley (Celestial Arts, 1975).
- 43. Bedford, Aldous Huxley, A Biography: Volume 2 p. 358.
 - 5: JESUS CHRIST, Do I HAVE TO FUCK EVERY GIRL WHO COMES TO THIS PLACE?
- 1."Set and setting" was an existing concept in the field of psychology. Leary was the first, however, to apply it to arranging a psychedelic trip.
- 2.A similar incident occurred in professional baseball. On June 12, 1970, Pitsburgh Pirates pitcher Doc Ellis achieved the Holy Grail of baseball achievements, in a game against the San Diego Padres. He pitched a "nohitter," in which the opposing team was prevented from hitting the ball for the entire game. In his autobiography In the Country of Baseball (coauthored by Donald Hall, Fireside, 1989), Ellis admitted that he was on LSD during the game. He saw "comet trails" streaking from each ball he pitched. "The ball was small sometimes, the ball was large sometimes; sometimes I saw the catcher, sometimes I didn't," he wrote. "I can only remember bits and pieces of the game. I was psyched, I had a feeling of euphoria. I was zeroed in on the catcher's glove."
- 3. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 143.

- 4.Metzner, "From Harvard to Zihuatanejo" in Forte (ed.), Outside Looking In, p. 191.
- 5.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 171.
- 6.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 76.
- 7. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 175.
- 8. Ten issues of the Psychedelic Review would be published between 1963 and 1971. Leary's writings were prominently featured, especially in the early editions. Editors included Ralph Metzner, Gunther Weil and Dr Paul Lee.
- 9.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 78.
- 10.Ram Dass speaking to Peter Gorman, May 5, 1966. Published in High Times: Timothy Leary Special Issue 1996.
- 11.Ram Dass interviewed for Timothy Leary's Last Trip (dir. A. J. Catoline and O. B. Babbs, Winstar, 1996), DVD special features (Shout Factory, 2003).
- 12. This quote appears in Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary, p. 84, and is attributed to Art Kleps's Millbrook: The True Story of the Early Years of the Psychedelic Revolution (Bench Press, 1977). The quote does not appear in the revised 1997 edition of Millbrook, however, so it has either been cut during a revision, or Bryan had mistakenly attributed it to the wrong text.
- 13. The New York Times, December 15, 1963, p. 64.

14."Tim Leary's Straight Scene," Newsweek, July 27,1974

- 15.Reviews of these shows were extremely mixed, ranging from transcendent to embarrassing. For an interesting account of a New York show, see Diana Trilling's essay "Celebrating With Dr. Leary," included in her book We Must March My Darlings.
- 16.Lachman, Turn Off Your Mind, pp. 181-2.
- 17. Email from Joanna Harcourt-Smith to the author, November 2004.
- i8.Kleps, Millbrook, ch. 3.
- 19. Trilling, We Must March My Darlings, p. 32. Any drug use by children was separate from the "work" being done at Millbrook. As Ralph Metzner wrote in an August 2005 email to the author, "In general, both [at the Newton Center Commune] and Millbrook, the adults in the community protected the kids, and the latter did NOT participate in sessions. It would have been an exceptional event. We all lived together, so kids definitely knew that sessions were going on, and would hear people talking about their experiences as they came down and socialised more-but they had their own circle of friends and interests, like all

teenagers."

20.Letter from Leary to his mother, November 1, 1964, Castalia Foundation letterhead, Leary archive.

6: THOU SHALT NOT ALTER THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THY FELLOW MAN

- 1.Ram Dass interviewed for Timothy Leary's Last Trip, DVD special features.
- 2.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 211.
- 3. The Realist, September 1966. Reprinted in The Politics of Ecstasy.
- 4. Leary, The Politics of Ecstasy, p. 299.
- 5.Black, Acid: A New Secret History of LSD, p. 115.
- 6. Tom Wolfe, The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test (Bantam, 1971), p. 99.
- 7. Leary, The Politics of Ecstasy, p. 87.
- 8. Letter from Kleps to Leary, postmarked i December 1968, Leary archive.

7: EVERYONE, COMPARED TO HIM, WAS BORING

- 1.Rosemary Woodruff Leary, "Peyote Equinox" in Cynthia Palmer and Michael Horowitz (eds.), Shaman Woman, Mainline Lady: Women's Writing on the Drug Experience (William Morrow & Co., 1982), p. 226.
- 2. Rosemary Woodruff, "Illusions" in Forte (ed.), Timothy Leary: Outside Looking In.
- 3. Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 29.
- 4. Tim, Rosemary and G. Gordon Liddy all give accounts of the raid in their respective autobiographies (Tim in Flashbacks, Liddy in Will, and Rosemary in The Magician's Daughter (unpublished, but excerpted in the High Times Timothy Leary Special)). Liddy's is strangely preoccupied with sexual matters, to the extent that his version moves the initial confrontation from the bedroom to a staircase, with Timothy standing above him, trouserless.
- 5. Particularly magazines like Time and Life that were run by Henry Luce. Luce and his wife were early users of LSD and had a number of positive trips together
- 6.See John H. Halpern et al, "Psychological and Cognitive Effects of LongTerm Peyote Use Among Native Americans," Biological Psychiatry, October 15, 2005.
- 7.See, for example, www.snopes.com/horrors/drugs/linklttr.htm
- 8. See, for example, Ronson, The Men Who Stare at Goats.
- 9. Michael Horowitz, Apologia for Timothy Leary (Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library, 1974), p. 4
- 10. Another factor that would influence this is that the typical dose of LSD was generally smaller in the 70's than in the 60's.
- 11. Testimony to the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency 1966, reprinted in

Horowitz, Apologia for Timothy Leary.

- 12."She Comes in Colors," Playboy September 1966.
- i3.Lee and Shlain, Acid Dreams, p. 152.
- 14. This attitude was captured perfectly by the satirical magazine and website The Onion, whose creators produced a spoof report on the Senate hearings entitled "Timothy Leary Defends Research on Face-Eating Monkeys." This detailed how the Harvard professor of psychology testified in support of keeping the investigation of face-eating monkeys in the domain of scientific research. "Leary denied claims from some members of the panel that the face-eating monkeys are dangerous," Onion editors reported in the book Our Dumb Century (Three Rivers Press, 1999). "Before they eat my face, the monkeys sing beautiful songs and perform a slow, sensuous dance which puts me in a very relaxed state." Leary said. "While the initial sensation of having your nose chewed off can be alarming, it becomes more and more comfortable with each face-eating session." Leary then presented his face for inspection to the Congressmen. His face appeared normal except for his fully dilated pupils."
- 15.Lee and Shlain, Acid Dreams, p. 149.

8: I WANT TO HIT IT RIGHT SQUARE IN THE PUSS

- i.Pete Von Sholly and George Dicaprio, Neurocomics, March 1979
- 2. This is the conservative estimate. Other sources state 50,000 or 60,000 people attended.
- 3. Published by the Communication Company, and reprinted in a number of underground newspapers across America.
- 4.Oval Office Conversation, 505:4, May 26,1971,10:03 a.m-11:35 a.m.
- 5.Oval Office Conversation, 498:5, May 13, 1971, 10:30 a.m-12:30 a.m.
- 6.Berkeley Barb, June 20,1974.
- 7. Joe Eszterhas, "The Strange Case of the Hippie Mafia," Rolling Stone, December 7, 1972.
- 8.Leary, Flashbacks, pp. 273-4
- 9.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary? p. 182.
- lo.New York Times, March 21,1970.
- 11. Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary? p. 194.
- 12.Known as the "Eagle Brief," this was later published by City Lights in San Francisco. It is possible that this poem was inspired by the countryside that surrounds the prison at San Luis Obispo. A giant American Eagle is painted onto a nearby hillside, and turkeys from local farms can be seen in the vicinity.
- 13.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 289.

9: WARNING: I AM ARMED AND SHOULD BE CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

- i. The first-hand accounts of Tim's escape become increasingly unreliable once he is outside the jail, for the individuals involved have not been identified and facts have been altered to protect them. The account in this chapter is based primarily on Leary's Confessions of a Hope Fiend. I have been able to remove or correct a number of untruths, such as the journey to St. Louis, or Leary's claim that he was rescued by the daughter of a senator-a terrifically mischievous lie he added in order to force the FBI to investigate the families of any senator with a teenage daughter. I have kept to the names used by Leary, which are undoubtedly false, but I have referred to them as "code names." Where I have been unable to reconcile conflicting details I have accepted the version in Confessions. Note that Ayers's account differs in that he has Leary being picked up by a man named Ernie, and he has two children in the camper van instead of Confession's one.
- 2. Although the plan was undoubtedly to leave the clothes south of the prison, press reports claim that they were actually found in a service station wash room four miles east of San Luis Obispo (see, for example, San Francisco Chronicle, September 14,1970). Bill Ayers claimed in Fugitive Days that the clothes had been splashed with blood "for dramatic effect," but this detail does not appear in the contemporary press reports.
- 3.Mark Rudd, "Columbia: Notes on the Spring Rebellion" in Carl Oglesby (ed.), The New Left (Grove Press, 1969). Reprinted in James Haskins and Kathleen Benson, The 6o's Reader (Viking Kestrel, 1988).
- 4. Todd Gitlin, The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage (Bantam, 1987), P. 395.
- 5. Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, p. 135.
- 6. This recording is included in full on the DVD edition of the documentary The Weather Underground by Sam Green and Bill Siegel.
- 7. Ayers, Fugitive Days, p. 247.
- 8. Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, p. 136.
- 9. Jonah Raskin, "Leary's Last Tape" in High Times Timothy Leary Special Tribute, 1996.
- 10.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 298.
- 11.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 299.
- 12.Lee & Shlain, Acid Dreams, pp. 264-5.
- 13.Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, pp. 101-3.
- 14.Lee & Shlain, Acid Dreams, p. 166.
- 15.Kesey would later apologize publicly for the "crack about one more nut with a gun," in an interview with Paul Krassner in The Realist.

- 16. Printed in the Los Angeles Free Press, October 9, 1970.
- 17. Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, pp. 148-9.
- 18.Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, p. 161.

10: THE GIRL BEGAN TO SING ARABIC LOVE SONGS

- 1. Cleaver in an interview with Henry Louis Gates, Jr., spring 1997.
- 2. Quoted in Mark Kurlansky, 1968 The Year That Rocked The World (Jonathan Cape 2004), p. 111.
- 3.Leary has claimed he was expected and welcomed by Cleaver, but Rosemary's unpublished memoirs The Magician's Daughter, which describes a more suspicious arrival, are more convincing.
- 4."Leary In Limbo" by Donn Pearce, published in Playboy, July 1971.
- 5. Leary, Flashbacks, pp. 300-1.
- 6.Ibid.
- 7."Dr. Leary the Cosmic Whore," Oz no. 45, November 1972, reprinted in Brian Barritt's The Road of Excess (PSI Publishing, 1998).
- 8. Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, p. 137.
- 9. Describedby Rosemary Leary in her unpublished autobiography The Magician's Daughter. Also see Barritt's The Road of Excess.
- 10."She Comes in Colors," Playboy September 1966, reprinted in The Politics of Ecstasy.
- ii."Behind The Veil," a chapter of Rosemary Leary's unpublished autobiography The Magician's Daughter.
- 12.Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, p. 179.

11: JUST SAY THAT ON JANUARY THE NINTH WE BUSTED LEARY

- 1. Pearce, "Leary In Limbo," Playboy 1971.
- 2.Letter from Tim Leary, headed "Dear Brothers," February 25, 1971 (Leary archive).
- 3. Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, pp. 223-225.
- 4. Pearce, "Leary In Limbo," Playboy 1971.
- 5. Rosemary Leary quoted by Michael Zwerin, Village Voice, February 4, 1971.
- 6.Barritt, The Road of Excess, pp. 114-5.
- 7. Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, p. 240.
- 8.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 211.

9. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 305.

10.Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, pp. 292-3.

12: HE IS NOT GOING TO DIE: THEY WILL HAVE TO KILL HIM

- 1.Leary, Confessions of a Hope Fiend, pp. 194-5. Leary may be exaggerating here, but not by much. Brian did die many years later, after an overdose of heroin, cocaine and speed during the eighties. But he soon recovered. He woke, found his clothes and left hospital to return home, telling the startled nurse who had declared him dead that he "felt fine." It was only after he had left the hospital that he realized that he should have kept the death certificate. He now claims that if he ever dies again he will be "very disappointed."
- 2. Information on Barritt's early life comes from interviews with the author. His time in London and India is detailed in The Road of Excess.
- 3. Barritt nearly missed out on Cyprus, because one of his unauthorized absences overran, and he was reduced to a desperate ten mile dash on a stolen bicycle in order to return to the barracks before the squadron shipped out. Arriving at the wall that surrounded the parade ground, he assumed that the silence meant that the coast was clear. He hurled himself over the wall, unaware that he was in full view of the entire regiment, who were assembled and undergoing a final inspection in the yard. As this small, shambolic figure appeared in front of them and dropped to the ground, the massed ranks of soldiers had to somehow find it in themselves to keep a straight face and not burst out laughing in front of their superior officers.
- 4. Barritt, The Road of Excess, p. 3.
- 5.See Barritt, The Road of Excess pp. 3-6 for a description of this trip. Like Leary's first mushroom trip, there was a good deal of laughter and recognition of "the Cosmic Joke." There is also a vision of Pan, some intergalactic beings, and a few days of sex.
- 6.Lachman, Turn off Your Mind, p. 175. Before long the press discovered what Hollingshead was doing, and it was the resulting scandal following a March 1966 expose in the Sunday People that led to LSD being made illegal in the UK.
- 7.It's a source of great pride for Barritt that his first attempt at writing received glowing reviews from William Burroughs, Alexander Trocchi and Timothy Leary.
- 8. The lecture "The Seven Tongues of God" from 1963, printed in Psychedelic Review no. 3 (1964), and the "Eight Circuit Model" in Design for Dying (cowritten with R. U. Sirius, Harper San Francisco, 1997), pp. 82-90, are the first and last recorded versions of this system. The clearest description is probably in Neurologic (1973).
- 9.Lee and Shlain, Acid Dreams, p. 22.

- 10.Bryan (Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary, p. 46) notes that LSD seems to affect the portions of the brain in which data from the senses is decoded and processed, and inhibits the production of serotonin. But, as he points out, "No one's sure just how acid works."
- 11.It is also argued that closing down vast areas of awareness, to leave the current, rational Western mind, is a good thing. It has allowed us to focus, get some useful work done and improve our material lives immeasurably. Evolution has shut off this expanded awareness, it has been argued, as an effective survival mechanism. But if these extra states do actually exist, then they are still deserving of scientific attention. They are also undeniably sources of great pleasure for many who, like Leary, really enjoyed them.
- 12. See, for example, Dr. John C. Lilly, The Centre of the Cyclone (Paladin, 1973) or Robert A. Monroe, Journeys Out of the Body (Main Street Books, 1971) for roughly contemporary attempts to classify and describe the inner territories.

13: FORTUNATELY, NEUBERG HAD BEEN ARMED WITH A CONSECRATED MAGICAL DAGGER

- i.Barritt, The Road of Excess, pp. 125-9.
- 2. The phrase essentially means "reduce and reform," *i.e.* take something apart and use the bits to create something new.
- 3.Lachman, Turn off Your Mind, p. 198, referring to events described in Aleister Crowley, The Confessions of Aleister Crowley (Jonathan Cape, 1969).
- 4. Crowley, Confessions of Aleister Crowley, p. 622.
- 5. Crowley, Confessions of Aleister Crowley, p. 623.
- 6.Letter to Tim Leary from Michael Horowitz and Rob Barker, 28 September 1971 (Leary archives).
- 7. This was reinforced when, during his Swiss exile, Tim asked a deck of Crowley Tarot cards, "Who am I and what is my destiny?" He cut the pack at the Ace of Discs, which featured the words "The Great Beast" in Greek. This was Crowley's name for himself and this was the card that Crowley believed represented him. This convinced Leary that he was continuing Crowley's "Great Work," that of bringing about a change in human consciousness.
- 8. Crowley was also aware of similarities between his and Neuberg's work and that of Dee and Kelly. He believed, however, that he was the reincarnation of Kelly, as opposed to Dee. It is very much in character that he would want to be viewed as the most wicked.
- 9. Paul Davies, "That Mysterious Flow," Scientific American, 15:3 pp. 82-88.
- 10. Eventually published as Confessions of a Hope Fiend in 1973.

14: I PLEDGE THAT (1) I SHALL AT No TIME POSSESS ANY ILLEGAL DRUG

- 1. Dick Lee & Colin Pratt, Operation Julie (W.H. Allen, 1978), pp. 340-2.
- 2. Joanna Harcourt-Smith, Paramour (unpublished).
- 3. Barritt, The Road of Excess, p.158
- 4.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary, p. 213.
- 5. Letter from Leary to Dr. Mastronardi, 27 May 1971, Leary archive.
- 6.Copy of contract headed "Entre Mr. LEARY et Mr. HAUCHARD a ete convenu et arrete la convention suivante," signed by both Leary and Hauchard on 19 June 1971, Barritt archive.
- 7. A number of sources claim that it was Hauchard who set up Tim and arranged for his arrest, for example Lee & Pratt, Operation Julie, or Black, Acid: A New Secret History of LSD. These are based on comments that Dennis Martino, the twin brother of Tim's son-in-law, would later make to American officials. Martino's information here was secondhand, for he did not enter Switzerland until October i. People who knew Hauchard however, such as Joanna Harcourt-Smith, confirm that a set up was the sort of thing Hauchard would be prepared to do if he saw some personal gain. Tim and Rosemary also believed that the reason he is so good at getting people out of prison "is because he puts them in in the first place." The case for him being behind Timothy's imprisonment, however, is largely conjecture. His motivation for doing so has been suggested as either a failed attempt at reaching a lucrative deal with the CIA, or as a ruse to make Tim sign away his book rights in return for Michel's assistance in gaining his freedom. The flaw here, however, is that Tim signed his rights away to Michel on June 19, 11 days before he was arrested, so it is difficult to see what Michel would have gained from Tim's imprisonment. The California governor's office claimed that they requested the Swiss police arrest Tim, once his presence in Villars-sur-Ollon had become known. It is also not true that it was Hauchard who secured Leary's release, as the money for his bail came not from him but from American friends.
- 8. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 317.
- 9.Letter from Leary to Dr. Mastronardi, July 3,1971, Leary archive.
- 10."Swiss Arrest of Leary," San Francisco Chronicle, July 2,1971.
- 11.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 216.
- 12.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 215.
- 13. Printed in Psychedelic Review issue 2, pp. 167-182, 1963 and Leary, The Politics of Ecstasy pp. 146-159.
- 14. Note dated September 3, 1971, Leary archive.
- 15. Airgram from the American Embassy in Bern to the US Department of State,

January 17,1972, containing an English translation of the Swiss decision, Leary archive.

Leary quoted from this document in a most disingenuous manner in his autobiography Flashbacks. In the notes to chapter 36, he quotes selectively from the statement issued by the Swiss Police Department to give the impression that the Swiss viewed him as a persecuted American political prisoner, wrongly and illegally jailed to prevent him from running for governor of California. The quoted statements, however, are not the Swiss judgment but an overview of the petitions supplied by Leary's defense. That Leary was deliberately attempting to create a misleading impression can be seen by notes in his own handwriting on the document, for example the word "omit" by the paragraph that stated that the Swiss would have extradited him if the extradition request had contained sufficient material.

16.Ibid.

15: A BLIZZARD DESCENDED ON THE MOUNTAINS

- 1. Interview with Brian Barritt, January 21, 2005.
- 2.Letter from Rosemary Leary addressed to "Dearest Ones," April 27, 1971, quoted in The Magician's Daughter.
- 3. Dennis Martino's Swiss diary (A5 notebook), Leary archive.
- 4. Tim Leary diary, marked 1972 on cover but written in 1971, Barritt archive.
- 5. Conversation between Liz Elliot and author, November 2004.
- 6.In a New York Times article to mark Hofmann's 1006 Birthday (Father of LSD, now 100, and his "Problem Child," by Craig S. Smith, New York Times January 9, 2006), Hofmann was quoted as saying that the indiscriminate distribution by Timothy Leary and others was "a crime." When asked about this by Robert Forte a couple of days later, Hofmann denied ever saying this and claimed that this invention had marred an otherwise good article. It was interesting to note that when Hofmann spoke at the closing ceremony of an LSD conference in Basel, Switzerland, which was held to mark his tooth birthday, he told the 2000 assembled delegates to go and spread the word about the drug, in terms not dissimilar to those used by Leary.
- 7. Albert Hofmann, LSD: My Problem Child (J. P. Tarcher Inc., 1979).
- 8.Letters to Leary, Barritt archive.
- 9. Typed document entitled "Brief Summary of the history of the manuscript How to

Escape by Timothy Leary," signed by Leary March 14, 1972, Barritt archive. 10.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 219.

16: THE MUSIC OF PARADISE

- i.Quotes from Gottsching are taken from an interview with the author on November 26, 2001.
- 2.International Times, March 1973.
- 3. Julian Cope, Krautrocksampler, p. 101 & pp. 72-3.
- 4. Brian Barritt interviewed by the author, October 2, 2001.
- 5. The levels are ordered according to when they would normally occur during the development of an individual, but it is not intended to imply that one is in any way "better" than another.
- 6.A child is born with a number of inbuilt reflexes, the most important behaviourally being the instincts to suckle at a breast and to grip onto things (an ability generally assumed to be useful in preventing our distant ancestors from falling out of the trees), and also the capacity to feel pain and recoil from it. These are "level one" decisions. All other behavior is learned over time.
- 7. Another method that Tim liked to use to describe the four normal levels was to compare them to the Buddhist concept of the "wheel of life." This is the normal path of birth, parenthood and death that an unenlightened soul goes through in one incarnation. It is the aim of a Buddhist to go beyond this, to break free of the circle and go beyond it toward enlightenment.
- 8. Alcohol is an unusual drug in this respect, as it can stimulate levels one, two, three or four depending on the amount consumed.
- 9.Leary would write that psilocybin or magic mushrooms stimulate level six, while LSD activates level seven. When he came to add an eighth level, he associated this with Ketamine. However, the association of higher levels with specific psychedelics does not tend to work out as neatly as this in practice. Leary's first mushroom trip, for example, clearly activated level seven as well as level six, and what we think of as "acid art" is a representation of level six rather than level seven. With regard to which psychedelic activates which level, the strength of the drug, dosage, and set and setting all seem to play a part.
- 10. This supports the argument that any religion or organization that preaches against personal pleasure, although they may well be protecting society from the chaos that can follow, is actually keeping people from reaching their full spiritual potential.

- ii.Leary believed that as the higher circuits were operated, the mind was picking up and interpreting signals from an ever-increasing number of sources. Although normally constrained to the input from the regular senses, the "expanded" mind would become consciously aware of signals from first the body, then individual cells, then the DNA in each cell, even eventually from individual atoms. This is the source of the confusing descriptions such as "cellular consciousness" or "atomic consciousness" that are frequently used in his writing.
- 12. Tim used this seven-level model as a basis for using Tarot cards. His system was this: He took the 22 cards of the major arcana and discarded the rest. These were then shuffled and dealt, face up, in seven rows of three cards. The seven rows represented the seven levels in ascending order. The three cards in each row represented the background, present situation and outcome of that particular circuit in the shuffler of the cards, in accordance with the usual meaning of the cards" archetypal images. Leary paid no attention to whether the cards were dealt the correct way or upside down. After the 21 cards had been dealt the Fool was found and removed, and the remaining, 22nd card was put in its place. This card and its position was considered to be the focus of the reading, and the answer to any question asked of the cards before the reading began. If the 22nd card was the Fool, Leary claimed that it was an inauspicious time to perform the reading and it would be abandoned.
- 13. Email from Klaus D. Mueller to author, November 22, 2001.
- 14. Leary's Seven Up notes, Barritt archive.
- 15.Brian Barritt interviewed by the author, October 2, 2001. Most of the principal members of the band deny taking part.
- 16.Dennis Martino's diary, A4 blue notebook covering August 7 to 31, 1972, Leary archive.
- 17."Dear Friend" letter, undated, Barritt archive. The likelihood is that this was a letter to Ram Dass and was written on August 17, 1972.
- 18. Interview with the author, November 26, 2001.
- i9.Julian Cope, Krautrocksampler, p. 103.
- 20."Dear Friend" letter, undated, Barritt archive. The likelihood is that this was a letter to Ram Dass and was written on August 17.
- 21.Ibid.
- 22.It would be Kaiser's response to a chance comment by Brian, however, that led to his downfall.

Brian remarked that music could be made in a "cut up" style, reminiscent of the writing of Burroughs and Joyce, by taking existing recordings and splicing parts together in different ways. This was a remarkably forwardthinking idea for 1972, considering the current importance of sampling in contemporary music. Kaiser, however, leaped on the idea in a totally unethical way. He took old recordings and instrumental jams never intended for release, and with considerably studio flair he produced a string of five albums under the name of the Cosmic Jokers. As the sleeves proclaimed, this was a "supergroup" that seemed to feature almost everyone from the progressive German music scene. What he did not do, however, is pay these musicians, some of whom were penniless and on the verge of pawning their instruments. Kaiser was sued by his own musicians, and his increasingly erratic behavior finished him in the German music business that he helped create. He disappeared in the late seventies. "Over the years I've heard some rumors about his whereabouts," says Gottsching. "Some say that he lives in Australia, one said that he had seen him in Bavaria." But nobody knows for sure.

23.Enke would soon leave the music business after suffering some form of mental problem, most likely triggered by LSD. "During our last concert in Cologne in February '73," remembers Gottsching. "Hartmut stopped playing bass in the middle of the concert and just sat down on the stage. Klaus and me, we looked at each other, and we continued to play, thinking maybe he wanted a break. And after the concert we asked him, 'Hartmut, what happened?' and then he said, 'yeah, the music that you played was just so beautiful I didn't know what to play. I preferred to listen to it."' He left the band shortly afterward.

17: 30 GALLONS OF HASH OIL, 2.5 TONS OF HASHISH, 1.5 MILLION LSD TABLETS AND TENS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN CASH

- 1.The album was never completed, but eight songs were planned. They were called "Busted," "Life Sentence: I'll Free You Love," "Penitentiary Blues," "Escape: Over the Live Wire," "Underground with Weathermen: Shoot to Live; Aim for Life," "Exile: White Slavery in Algeria; Voodoo Magic"; "Sahara sunrise: Dune Visions," and "Escape to Switzerland: Free."
- 2.Letter from Leary to Mike Pindar ("Dear Mike et al'), undated but circa late August to early September 1972, Barritt archive.
- 3. Barritt, The Road of Excess, p. 247.
- 4.Leary, Flashbacks, pp. 322-3 and Barritt, The Road of Excess, p. 247.
- 5. Letter from Tim Leary to Susan Martino, November 2, 1972, Barritt archive.
- 6.Letter from Tim Leary addressed "Dear Carol," November 21,1972, Barritt archive.
- 7.Barritt, The Road of Excess, p. 249.
- 8. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 323.
- 9.Joe Eszterhas, "The Strange Case of the Hippie Mafia," Rolling Stone December 7, 1972.

- io. There is some confusion surrounding the exact cause of Griggs' death, which has led to rumors that he was poisoned. Writing in Rolling Stone in 1972, Joe Eszterhas reports that Griggs told his wife that he had "taken too much psilocybin," and that 108 milligrams of psilocybin were found in his urine. This is unusual because psilocybin is not usually considered to be physically dangerous. Other sources (e.g. Lee and Shlain) have claimed the drug was PCP, or "Angel Dust." Leary claims in Flashbacks that Griggs had taken a dose of psilocybin from an underground chemist in Los Angeles, which was later found to be contaminated with strychnine.
- ii.For more about Stark see David Black, Acid: A New Secret History of LSD.
- 12. Constance Dillon, "Chief Hopes to Publish," Record Searchlight October 19, 2005.
- 13. Joe Eszterhas, "The Strange Case of the Hippie Mafia," Rolling Stone December 7, 1972.
- 14. Financial information from the period based on letters, accounts and a check book stub in the Barritt archive.
- 15. Tim would describe the Porsche as "golden" in Flashbacks, although those who saw it insist that it was yellow. Of course, as he was taking acid almost daily at the time, it may well have looked golden to him.

18: I WILL DIE BEFORE I Go BACK TO AMERICA!

- i. This account of Joanna Harcourt-Smith's early life comes from her two unpublished manuscripts (Paramour and The Gift of Life); a three-page biography of her issued in 1973 by the Starseed Foundation; and interviews with the author.
- 2. This film eventually appeared under the title Release (16mm documentary, Vienna 1972).
- 3.In Flashbacks, Leary wrote that it was the female Afghani officer who stole their passports, while the "pleasant young man" from the American Embassy approached afterward and explained that they would be arrested. This is another example of Leary's pro-American rewriting of minor incidents that occurs throughout this book. The fact that it was the American and not the Afghan who stole the passport is confirmed by both Joanna Harcourt-Smith and by an audio recording of the interview Tim gave three days after the incident.
- q.Interview with Timothy Leary and Joanna Harcourt-Smith in Kabul, Barritt archive.
- 5.Reprinted in Flashbacks, p. 402. The name of the individual who had alerted the embassy to Leary's arrival has been blanked out of the telegram.

19: I'M NOT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

- i.Note quoted from Paramour by Harcourt-Smith. Leary mentions the event in Flashbacks but, not having seen the notes, makes up a similar wording with the request that the London Daily Mail be contacted. Of all the British papers, the Daily Mail would easily have been the least sympathetic.
- 2. The plane was scheduled to fly from Kabul to Paris but was diverted to Frankfurt. This may have been a knock-on effect of the delay to the plane as it waited in Kabul for Tim, or it may have been a result of the BNDD overhearing Joanna's plans to contact her diplomatic contacts in Paris in order to prevent the deportation. It's interesting to note, however, that when Tim was arrested in Kabul, Brian Barritt was told that the Baider Meinhof gang were planning to have the plane diverted to Frankfurt, where they would attempt to rescue him. They intended to call in a bomb threat on the plane using the correct terrorist codename to ensure that the threat was taken seriously. If this was the cause of the flight change, however, then it was in vain, for no rescue was attempted.
- 3. Daily Express, Friday January i8, 1973.
- 4. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 331.
- 5.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 333.
- 6. Timothy Leary and Joanna Leary, Neurologic, Starseed Information Center, 1973.
- 7. Robert Anton Wilson, "The Unreachable Stars" in Robert Forte (ed.) Outside Looking In.
- 8. Quotes from Leary's testimony taken from Horowitz, Apologia for Timothy Leary and Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?
- 9.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 334.
- 10. The word "panspermia" was coined by the pre-Socratic Greek philosopher Anaxagoras (500 BCE-428 BCE). It means "all seeds." Anaxagoras believed that all life, and indeed all things, originated by the combining of tiny seeds that pervade the cosmos. Tim used the word but it is unlikely that he would have coined such a "male dominant" name himself. He has argued, for example, that the idea that conception is a competition between sperm, with only the fittest and fastest able to penetrate the egg, is wrong. According to Tim, the sperm are pretty helpless, it is the female egg that chooses one sperm and allows it to enter.
- ii.Bryson, A Short History of Nearly Everything (2003), p. 357. 12 ibid.
- 13.Mark Henderson, "Milky Way's Sweet Center May Be the Flavor of Life," The Times September 22, 2004, p. 14•
- 14. For Crick's thoughts on panspermia, see his 1973 paper "Directed Panspermia" (co-written with Leslie E. Orgel, Icarus 19 (1973), 341-346); or his 1981 book

Life Itself. Its Origin and Nature (Simon & Schuster, 1981). Crick wrote about panspermia before the role of ribozymes in cellular biology was understood, and with this information the emergence of self-replicating life from dead matter becomes less of an implausible "chicken or egg" scenario. That said, the time when life appeared on Earth has since been shown to be much earlier than previously thought, allowing much less time for this to happen. Current thinking on panspermia favours the idea that whether life first formed on Earth or in space is not necessarily an "either/or" situation. It could well be that complex molecules came from space, and were instrumental in the creation of the first replicating cells, but that life itself started on Earth.

- 15.Leary, Starseed: A Psi Phy Comet Tale (Level Press, 1973), p. 7. Also see Leary, Exopsychology (Starseed/Peace Press, 1977).
- 16.Leary, Starseed, p. 24.
- 17. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 345.
- 18.Ultimately the lawyers would discover that the marriage to Rosemary was never properly recorded and could be considered void. Some commentators have questioned whether Joanna really did have her name changed, and whether she simply started calling herself Joanna Leary. It is possible that this confusion arises because on the documents she is not listed as Joanna Harcourt-Smith, the name she used, but as Joanna D'Amecourt, her true legal name following her previous marriage. She became Joanna Leary on April 16, 1973, order number 657-076.
- 19.Letter to Leary in Folsom from Marysia Harcourt-Smith in Marbella, November i9, 1973. Leary archives.
- 20.Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 230.
- 21. Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, p. 231.
- 22.Dr. Albert Hofmann, statement to High Times, June 5, 1976.
- 23.Letter to Joanna Leary from Cornell University, Center for Radiophysics and Space Research, Laboratory for Planetary Studies, dated December 22, 1973, Leary archives. Only the first page of this letter has survived and the name of its author has been lost.
- 24. Ibid. There was one person for whom the appearance of the comet was not a disappointment, however. The band Hawkwind played a gig in the Hayden Planetarium in New York to celebrate the arrival of the comet. Hawkwind's bassplayer Lemmy, now better known for his band Motorhead, wrote about the event in his autobiography White Line Fever. He recalled seeing Stevie Wonder at the Planetarium being led around by a minder, who acted as his eyes and guided his hands to touch exhibits such as moon rocks. Presumably the minder did not want to disappoint his boss, as Lemmy overheard him telling Stevie that the comet

- was "going across now Stevie, left to right."
- 25. These details come from a revised version of Leary's "Starseed" essay, which was published in 1988 in Neuropolitique (New Falcon Press, 1991). This version replaces the original near-messianic ending quoted above with this disappointed ending, and a joke about the comet being, in the hippy slang of the time, "an out-of-sight comet."

20: NAKED APART FROM A PAIR OF LONG WHITE GLOVES AND A SHOTGUN

- 1."Leary Ready To Leave Planet?" Berkeley Barb, February 14-20, 1975.
- 2."Tim Leary's Narc Friend Denounces PILL People," Berkeley Barb December 13-19, 1974.
- 3. This certificate is now in the Leary archive. It is kept in an envelope bearing the hallmark of the Watergate Hotel. The December 10, 1972 New York vaccination is unarguable, because it is stamped, signed and dated in different handwriting in two different places.
- 4.Dennis had made trips to Canada, where he had Brotherhood connections, and it is possible that he could have traveled to Canada and sneaked into the US that way. This possibility, however, does not explain why he went to New York, or why he kept the trip secret from his close Swiss circle.
- 5. Joanna Harcourt-Smith interviewed by the author, April 14, 2005
- 6. There was nothing in the book that was dangerous to the Weathermen. While in Algeria Tim sent an early draft to the Weathermen to check that it contained nothing that they did not want published. They replied that it was fine.
- 7.Letter from Richard Metzger (not to be confused with the Harvard and Millbrook member Richard Metzner), printed in Black, Acid: A New Secret History of LSD, p. 135.
- 8. Interview with Dennis Martino in the Los Angeles Free Press, reprinted in Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary, p. 261.
- 9."It's Official-Leary is Singing," Berkeley Barb December 13-19,1974.
- lo. San Francisco Chronicle, January lo, 1975.

21: CAN I SHOOT YOU?

- 1. Craig Vetter, "Bring Me The Head of Timothy Leary," Playboy September 1975.
- 2."Leary Ready to Leave Planet," Berkeley Barb February 14-20, 1975.
- 3. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 358.
- 4. Joanna Harcourt-Smith interviewed by the author, April 14, 2005.
- 5. Joanna Harcourt-Smith interviewed by the author, April 14, 2005.

- 6. This letter has since been lost.
- 7.Dr. Wes Hiler quoted in Bryan, Whatever Happened to Timothy Leary?, PP. 259-60.
- 8. Leary, Flashbacks, p. 360.
- 9.Inside the suit was a well-known counterculture newspaper columnist known as Dr. Hippocrates. "Dr. Hip" would later boast to Tim that he paid to sleep with Joanna while he was in jail.
- lo. Also published in City Magazine, October 2-15, 1974.
- 11.Leary, Flashbacks, p. 207.
- 12.Leary seems never to have forgiven Ram Dass for this. When Ram Dass visited Leary in Switzerland, for example, they immediately embraced and appeared overjoyed to see each other. As they ended the embrace, Tim looked him in the eye and said, in front of a room full of people, "So, Richard, are you still fucking asses?" In public Leary was always positive about Ram Dass, but the private comments of some of Tim's friends reveal a general homophobic disdain for him in Leary's immediate circle. Dennis Martino, for example, frequently called him "Rammed Ass" in his diaries.
- 13. Bryan, Whatever Happened To Timothy Leary?, pp. 272-3.
- 14."Son Has Acid Comments About Tim Leary," New York Post, September 18, 1974.
- 15."Celebrating Leary the Traitor," letter printed in the Berkeley Barb February 7, 1975, written by the "Bay Area Research Collective."
- 16."Timothy Leary Has A Suntan," San Francisco Chronicle, January 29, 1975. Dr. Hiler had been dismissed from his position for supplying a taped interview with Leary to Joanna Harcourt-Smith, and Tim had been called as a witness during the appeal.
- 17. For example, Allen Ginsberg's application to visit Leary in Folsom produced the following response: "Your application for visiting with Leary B26358 has been rejected for the following reasons: Due to our limited space in the visiting area, which after requirements necessary for security are met, must be reserved for the inmates immediate family and close personal friends of long standing. Since you live in New York and considering other factors, I don't feel that Leary B26358 can benefit in your relationship. Therefore, your application for visiting privileges is denied. Yours very Truly Jacob B Gunn, Warden." Paperwork in Leary archive.
- 18.Later reports mention acute gastritis and peritonitis (a ruptured appendix). There are conflicting accounts, however, as to whether an autopsy ever took place.
- '9.Steve Long,"Mystery Death Of Leary's Friend," Berkeley Barb March 21-27, 1975•

22: SCUM! FUCKING TRAITOR!

- 1.During this period Tim and Joanna also spent time with Stanislav Ulam, who was at the time still a consultant at the Los Alamos Laboratory in New Mexico. Ulam was Marysia's first cousin, but the pair grew up together and he was regarded as an uncle to Joanna. Ulam was the mathematician who helped develop the Teller-Ulam design, which powered the Hydrogen Bomb. Teller is usually described as the "father of the H-Bomb" although, in the words of the Nobel Prizewinning physicist Hans Bethe, "I think it is more precise to say that Ulam is the father, because he provided the seed, and Teller is the mother, because he remained with the child." Leary and Ulam discussed the idea that LSD was the "inner H-Bomb" at some length when they met.
- 2. Epilogue to Flashbacks, in which Leary writes "All along Joanna and I had sensed that our partnership would not endure after my release." The passage needs to be taken with a pinch of salt, however, for it also contains one of the biggest untruths in the book, where he states that he and Joanna "parted amicably."
- 3.Interview with Joanna Harcourt-Smith, November 2004. The issue of parentage will only be solved by DNA testing. The son in question, however, has so far not wanted to pursue this option, out of an understandable loyalty to the man who raised him.
- 4. This is the reason that Joanna did not try to persuade her son to visit Timothy before he died; she feared that Tim would reject him again.
- 5.Exo-Psychology, Neuropolitics, The Intelligence Agents and The Game of Life.
- 6. What Does Woman Want? is a heavily autobiographical novel based on Leary's exile years. It borrows its central idea, that of a hero sent on a question to find out what women really want, from the classic Le Morte D'Arthur. In this story Sir Gawain travels from the court of King Arthur and eventually discovers that what all women want is to have their own way.
- 7. Leary, Neuropolitique, Introduction.
- 8. The first sentence is from Leary, Starseed: A Psi Phy Comet Tale, from the pamphlet printed in 1973. The second is from the version of the same essay reprinted in Neuropolitique in 1991.
- 9.In doing so, he raised the question as to where the level seven experience, particularly the awareness of your own "genetic history," comes from. Leary insisted that it was not external, but that our DNA included a record of previous generations, like a series of computer data backups. To many, this was not a convincing argument. Timothy would have been delighted, therefore, that a study published in Nature in March 2005 has shown that some plants have the ability to correct genetic mistakes from their parents' DNA by referring to a stored,

"backup" copy of their grandparents' DNA. See S. J. Lolle, J. L. Victor, J. M. Young and R. E. Pruitt, "Genome-wide non-mendelian inheritance of extragenomic information in Arabidopsis," Nature 434, 505-509. There is no suggestion, of course, that the genetic backup extends beyond grandparents, to the start of life itself, as Leary believed. There are other evolutionary theories that allow for level seven experience, however, but these are equally controversially. For one, see Ted Dace's essay "The False Dilemma between Neo-Darwinism and Intelligent Design," at

www.skepticalinvestigations.org/controversies/Dace evolution. ht m

- io. The Nova Convention Conversations, LP, Giorno Poetry Systems GPS 014-015, 1979.
- u.Leary, Flashbacks, Epilogue.
- 12.Flashbacks, p. 322. This book is the clearest example of the lengths that Tim went to in an attempt to rebuild his reputation during the early eighties. The book suffers because it takes the view that he never did anything wrong, and that he was right about pretty much everything. It is also less than accurate on numerous occasions, with Leary happy to include what he called his "Irish facts" into the narrative. According to Leary, an "Irish fact" was similar to a normal fact, but better.
- 13.J.P. Tarcher, "Let's Do Lunch" in Forte (ed.), Timothy Leary: Outside Looking In.
- 14. For example, Leary's "The Role of the Free Agent in the Computer Culture" in The Guide to Computer Living, October 1986, 3:6.
- 15.Leary, Neuropolitique, Introduction.
- 16.Interview with Brian Barritt, March 21, 2005.
- 17. By living to bury his daughter, Leary joined a terrible synchronicity that has affected his three major occult influences. Aleister Crowley, Brian Barritt and Robert Anton Wilson have all had to bury their daughters. Nuit Crowley died of polio, Britannia Barritt was killed in a car accident near Glastonbury and Luna Wilson was murdered during a robbery at a shop where she worked.

23: ON HOUDINI'S GRAVE AT HALLOWEEN

- 1. Quoted in Contemporary Authors: Biography-Leary, Timothy (Francis) (1920-1996), Gale Reference Team (Ebook).
- 2. Forte (ed.), Timothy Leary: Outside Looking In, introduction. p. i.
- 3. Open letter to Timothy Leary from Ken Kesey, 1970, reprinted in Lee & Shlain, Acid Dreams.
- 4. George Walker interviewed in Timothy Leary's Last Trip (dir. Catoline and Babbs,

1996).

- 5.Literature is perhaps the art form least affected by the emergence of psychedelics, if only because writers such as James Joyce and William Burroughs had produced a similar revolution years before the emergence of LSI).
- 6.See, in particular, John Markoff, What the Dormouse Said: How the Sixties Counterculture Shaped the Personal Computer Industry (Viking, 2005).
- 7. Markoff, What the Dormouse Said, p. 109.
- 8.Markoff, What the Dormouse Said, p. xix. Leary also described Jobs and Apple cofounder Steve Wozniac to the writer Todd Brendan Fahey as being "barefoot, longhaired acid-freaks" at the time they founded Apple.
- 9.It should be noted that LSD was legal at the time, and that this in no way diminishes the importance of James Watson's or Rosalind Franklin's contributions to this discovery. Before his death, Crick was asked about his LSD use by the journalist Alun Rees, who had heard the story from Kemp. He did not deny it. According to Rees, Crick "listened with rapt, amused attention to what I told him about the role of LSD in his Nobel Prizewinning discovery. He gave no intimation of surprise. When I had finished, he said: 'Print a word of it and I'll sue.'"
- io. See Kary Mullis, Dancing Naked in the Mind Field (Vintage, 2000). What is not clear is whether there are important discoveries in other scientific fields that have had a psychedelic inspiration. There is no doubt that psychedelic use certainly goes on in many scientific and academic circles, but the importance of reputation in these fields means that it has to be kept secret. It is possible that there is some quality of the psychedelic experience that provides insights into the workings of DNA but not into other areas of science. There is some circumstantial evidence to support this idea, such as Leary's belief in "DNA consciousness" or the French anthropologist Jeremy Narby's interpretation of shamanic drug use in Peruvian Indians (see his book The Cosmic Serpent: DNA and the Origins of Knowledge [Tarcher/ Putnam, 1998]). Of course, it is also possible that scientists in other fields are just more discreet than molecular biologists.
- ii.Quoted in Francis Wheen, How Mumbo-Jumbo Conquered The World (Fourth Estate, 2004), pp. 83-4.
- 12. For example, consider the influence of LSD on the ideas of the Situationalists. In April 1968 this group judged that it was time to "go public" and change their focus from constructing theory to spreading action, such as their involvement in the May Events at the Sorbonne. Guy Debord may have previously ejected Alexander Trocchi from the movement for his allegiance to "impure" thinkers like Leary and RD Laing, but the psychedelic influence had already tainted, and is certainly detectable in, Situationalist ideas.

- 13. William Burroughs, "Briefly" in Forte (ed.), Timothy Leary: Outside Looking In, p. 36.
- 14.Leary, "Why Not? Why Not?," Beyond Life with Timothy Leary (Mercury Records, 1997).
- 15. Timothy Leary & RU Sirius, Design For Dying (Harper San Francisco, 1997), p. 3. Published posthumously.
- 16. Forte, Timothy's Bon Voyage, archived on www.maps.org.
- 17. Charles Slack, "Tim the Unsinkable," Psychology Today, January 1973.
- 18. John Powers, "Winona on a Role," Vogue, December 1996.
- 19.Comet C/1996 B2 Hyakutake, "the great comet of 1996," which had a tail of up to loo degrees in length.
- 20.Email quoted in Wilson "The Unreachable Stars" in Forte (ed.) Timothy Leary: Outside Looking In P328. Wilson confirmed the story, and the fact that no one had confessed to sending the email, to the author in December 2004. It is interesting to compare this to the claimed post-death message from Aldous Huxley. Huxley's widow Laura visited a medium who told her that there was a message for her on page 17, line 23 of the fifth book on a certain shelf in Aldous's library. She returned home and found the book was a collection of essays on modern writers. On page 17, line 23 she read, "Aldous Huxley does not surprise us in this admirable communication in which paradox and erudition in the poetic sense and the sense of humour are interlaced in such an efficacious form." (Wilson, Cosmic Trigger, p. 64). It seems fitting somehow that if there really was post-death communication from Leary that he would not bother with such an elaborate and literate set-up: He would just send an email instead.
- 21. See, for example, Leary, Flashbacks, pp. 219-220. See also Leary's Neurologic and Neuropolitique.
- 22.Ram Dass speaking to Peter Gorman, May 5, 1996, published in the High Times Timothy Leary Special Tribute Issue, 1996, p. 23.
- 23. See www.disinfo.com; or Black, Acid: A New Secret History, appendix 1, pp. 197-200.
- 24. Huston Smith interviewed by Forte (ed.) in Timothy Leary: Outside Looking In, p. 267.

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